September 28, 1940

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Happier Hunting Grounds

By COREY FORD
and ALASTAIR MAC BAIN

THE HELL ON DEVIL'S ISLAND

By W. B. Courtney

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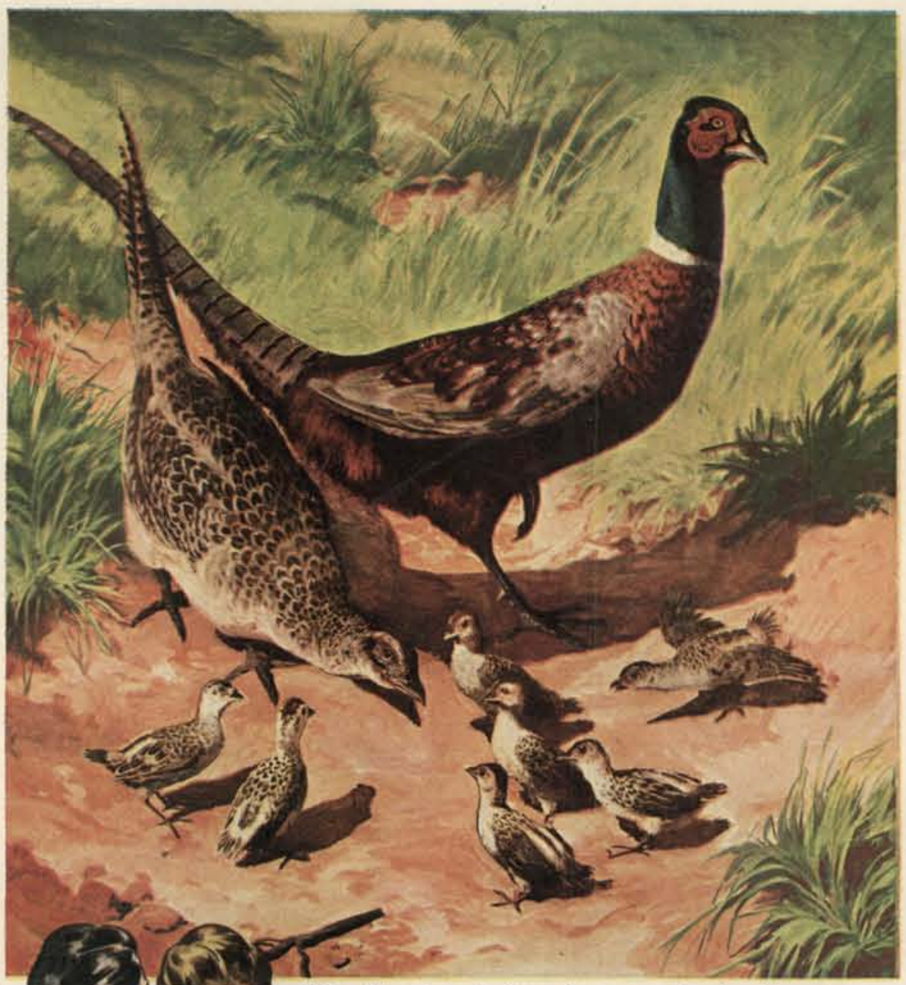
EPT. 28, 1940

NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE PHEASANT



JIM: Good painting, but you don't often see pheasants out in the open like that.

TIM: And a good thing for the pheasant. Otherwise the hawks would soon clean up the whole species.

JIM: Here's where you usually find the birds—in good heavy cover like this.

TIM: A swell example of Protective Blending; those birds fade into the background. Takes a sharp eye to see them.

CALVERT'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING

protects the flavor and good taste of Calvert Whiskey

JIM: Calvert gives me everything I ask of a truly fine whiskey in my cocktails and highballs.

TIM: That's because those qualities are protected by Calvert's exclusive method of Protective Blending.

JIM: Right you are! It certainly *does* something for this mellow whiskey to increase a man's drinking enjoyment—*all-ways!*

RICHER
LIGHTER
Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert
SPECIAL

BUY BETTER WHISKEY—BUY CALVERT

"RESERVE": Millions gladly pay a little more for this *richer* premium blend.

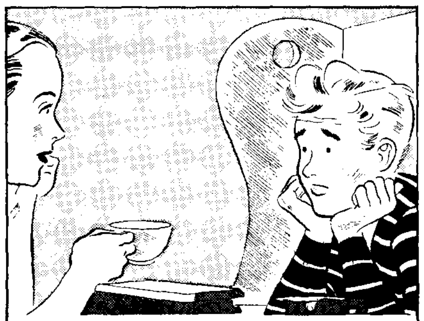
"SPECIAL": Favorite of millions who prefer a *lighter* whiskey. Costs a little less.

CLEAR HEADS (CLEAR-HEADED BUYERS) CALL FOR Calvert

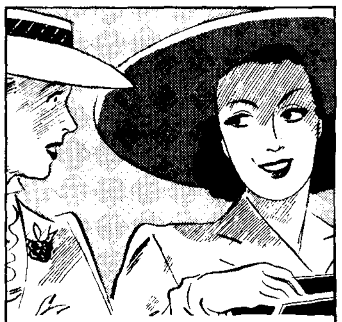
BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copyright 1940, Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City.

Little stories about a common scalp condition

MY CHILD WAS SUFFERING AGONIES OF EMBARRASSMENT!



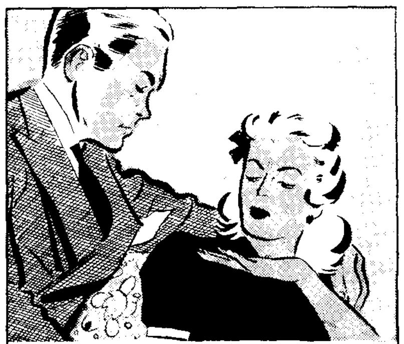
CHILDREN CAN BE BRUTES! The boys at school kidded my Jackie unmercifully about scratching his head! His scalp was inflamed and he *refused* to wear his new blue suit because "the dandruff shows on it!" I *had* to find some way to help him! . . .



THE MOTHER OF one of Jackie's school mates told me about Listerine. "My son," she said, "had a mean case of infectious dandruff which showed wonderful improvement in less than a month!"

JACKIE'S HIS OLD SELF thanks to Listerine's help! He actually *loves* giving his head a good work-out morning and evening with Listerine Antiseptic because "It feels so good, Mom!". . . What's more, he's proudly wearing that blue suit he hated!

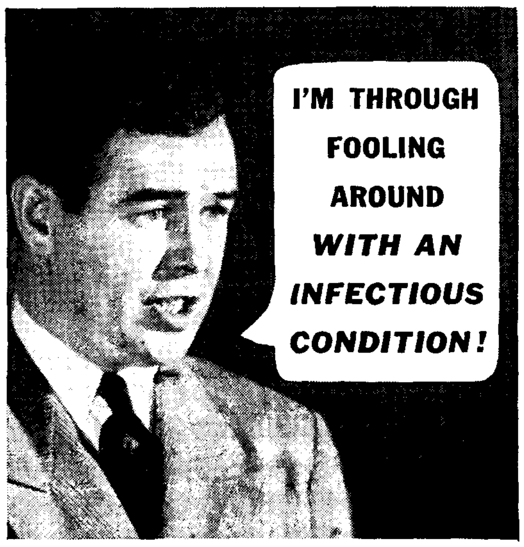
I HAD TROUBLE BEFORE WE WERE ENGAGED!

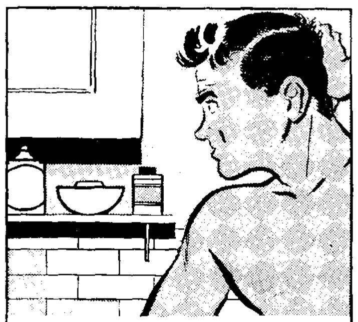


IT SNOWED DANDRUFF every time my fiance ran his hand through my hair! My heart almost stopped when I saw the look of surprise on his face! I didn't blame him. Dandruff is so annoying.

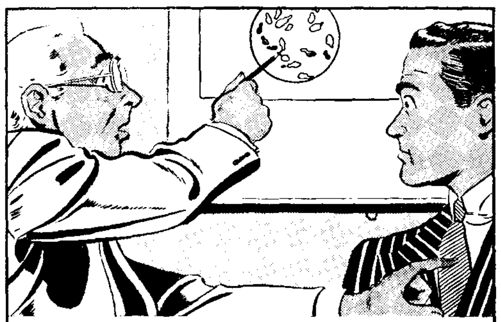
MY SISTER SAID, "I bet you have *infectious dandruff*—you have the symptoms!" Right then and there she insisted I give myself a Listerine Antiseptic massage. How my scalp tingled and glowed! I could feel those dandruff flakes disappearing.

IT'S WONDERFUL to have clean hair and scalp again, and to hear Joe's compliments. I'm giving all the credit in the world to Listerine Antiseptic for the job it did.


I'M THROUGH FOOLING AROUND *WITH AN INFECTIOUS CONDITION!*



WHAT TO TRY NEXT? That dandruff was so unbelievably stubborn! I was sure upset—suppose this was infectious! When my wife suggested Listerine Antiseptic, I said, "First, I'll ask Doctor Joe!"



BOY! WAS I GLAD TO HEAR from the good old Doc *that Listerine Antiseptic kills millions* of germs associated with infectious dandruff! Hope at last! I'd *try* Listerine and massage. It helped other dandruff victims—would it help me? I could hardly wait to get started!

AFTER A WEEK I WAS CONVINCED! *The itching let up—ugly scales* began to go! . . . my scalp felt more vigorous and healthy. Take it from me, massaging with Listerine Antiseptic morning and night sure did a swell job for me.

If you have any of the symptoms of that common scalp condition, infectious dandruff—*itching, inflammation, flakes, scales*—don't neglect them. If you do, you may regret it. Start this very day to give your hair and scalp antiseptic baths with Listerine Antiseptic.

KILLS "BOTTLE BACILLUS"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with infectious-type dandruff. Yes—and it destroys, on contact, hosts of the insidious "bottle bacillus" which leading specialists recognize as a causative agent of the condition.

Just look at the results of one of the clinical tests on men and women who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day . . . 76% of these sufferers showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within 30 days.

If you have signs of a dandruff condition, it may be infectious, so get after them *today* with the treatment thousands follow.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Don't let infectious dandruff get a head start:

USE LISTERINE NOW!

Collier's

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SEPTEMBER 28, 1940

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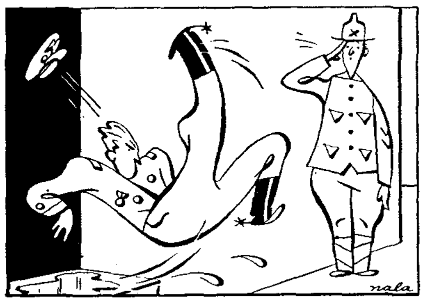
COVER LEMUEL PALMER

ANY WEEK

WE'RE not regarding our country's military future calmly, a bit of news we're offering both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Willkie now, knowing that they'll find it out sooner or later anyway. Our pessimism was born of a conversation we had with an officer of the United States Army Quartermaster Corps. He not only showed us the field rations our soldiers are eating these days but gave us four tins of the stuff. When we asked what had become of the monkey meat we fed on when we were making the world safe for democracy in 1918 he gave us that withering sneer that only the fanatical dietitian can produce. He just about told us that had we been fed on the latest rations democracy would have been saved for all time and we shouldn't have been in the fix we find ourselves now. The first can he gave us was a meat-and-vegetable hash—potatoes, onions, beef and pork. We still have our doubts but we'll admit it smells better than monkey meat. The second can contained a meat-and-vegetable stew—carrots, beans, tomato juice and beef. Grudgingly we admit it's not bad but, unlike canned Willie, you taste it only once—when you eat it. The third was pretty tasty—a cunning arrangement of meat and beans. To be truthful about it, it's darned good.



Our quartermaster gave us a fourth can out of which we fished nine highly edible biscuits, three cubes of sugar and an ounce of soluble coffee. All of which was very fine, enormously nutritious and warranted to pack the warrior with vitamins and similar sustaining components. As food, the contents of those cans may be unbeatable but we persisted in thinking of 1918's monkey meat. These new containers are virtually self-opening. But monkey meat had to be attacked with a bayonet or a sharp rock. Sometimes we opened it with a .45. Moreover, when you opened your monkey meat you came first to an inch of good rancid grease that was fine for softening leather-goods, particularly hobnail brogans and mule harness. Once we coated the steps of the officers' mess shack with it and with satisfactorily disastrous results. And the monkey meat itself was wonderful rat bait. You didn't need a trap at all. The unhappy creatures died on the first nibble. To our jaundiced way of thinking we feel that there's something "shoppe" about this new army ration. Soldiers fed like this aren't going to be in a hurry to lick the enemy and go home.

NEVERTHELESS, these rations awoke our martial spirit. The only thing we could think of doing about it was to have our hair cut. We did so, marching to the barber's whistling God Bless America. We're glad we went. Mr. Ruvalo, the gentleman who does his share in the somewhat difficult process of keeping us neat, told us that while very few of his customers wear beards, unbarbered whiskers are by no means dead. He knows a shop, for example, where a large proportion of the customers are or have been bearded gentlemen. But the country's fifth-column scare is taking its hairy toll. "People are beginning to suspect guys with beards," Mr. Ruvalo said. "Never know whether they're real or phony. So up where my friend works the barbers are up to their knees in beards. Before Thanksgiving there won't be an honest beard in America at this rate."

MAYBE there are other ways of becoming a great bird artist; we only know about Lemuel Palmer. You meet Mr. Palmer's birds—on the cover and elsewhere in this issue—for the first time in any magazine, a fact Collier's mentions with satisfaction. Mr. Palmer himself has been a pomologist, map maker, bartender, tree surgeon and guard on a rumrunner. In 1935 he landed the hardest and least interesting job of his career. It was to make 300 pen-and-ink drawings of birds for a juvenile dictionary. That showed him how bad most bird drawings are, and he set out to do something about it in his spare time. His paintings of birds are now the best in the world. Their life, accuracy, character, exactness of color—oh, take a look for yourself.

FROM Mr. George B. MacThurne of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, we have another mild rebuke. But this time it was Mr. MacThurne's mistake, not ours. Mr. MacThurne is a successful engineer although there were days in his undergraduate years that it would have seemed foolhardy to bet that he'd make a go of it. And yet somehow he came through nicely. "Having read in your magazine what a 'Basic College Wardrobe' must consist of if a fellow's to get anywhere at all, it becomes perfectly clear to me why I had so much trouble making the grade. I had no opera hat. I was absolutely innocent of a camel's-hair polo coat or reversible balmacaan. I had no Norwegian peasant slippers and I haven't any yet. And I'll bet ten bucks that you haven't any. Miserable me, I had no tattersall waistcoat, pigskin gloves for town, tail coat, dinner jacket, club-striped belt, evening-wear suspenders, silk foulard handkerchief or black silk cummerbund. I had a cap—one of the few lids of any kind in my class. I had brogues, one pair, and they served for dancing and field work. And I had two hickory shirts one of which I still own—almost good as new after twenty-two years. As I remember, it cost seventy-five cents and has been used for everything from a towel to a draft-crack stopper. I have fought under, over and through that shirt, God save it. But I'm much obliged to you. Your dressy Mr. Jackson, my fine-feathered birdie, has given me the answer to my oldest problem: What was wrong with me in college? I almost blamed it on the faculty."

WE HAVE just met a lady who is undergoing the rigors of being "discovered" by Hollywood as a future star of almost unbearable magnitude. She was given a small part in a picture you'll see one of these days and did so well with it that Warner Brothers decided to build her part up—make it bigger, more impressive. Originally her part consisted in standing behind a cigar counter and when Mr. Humphrey Bogart threw down fifteen cents and asked for a pack of cigarettes, saying, "Sorry, they're two bits." So several expensive writers were called in to build up the part. After three weeks of grinding labor the scene was shot over. Now, built up, she says: "Pardon, they're twenty-five cents." They told us that it's terrific.

RIDING west determined to discover what the American electorate intends to do about the presidency this fall, we paused at a small but vigorous establishment near Dallas, Texas, which restored some of our flagging faith. A large sign informed us: "Joe's Machine Shop. All Jobs Done Quick. Mr. Roosevelt, Our Phone is 149-J."

AS a fellow traveler we had a beautiful young woman whose singing is broadcast to the profit of a great manufacturer and the delight of millions. She had a radio with her. She tuned in around the dial with less than satisfactory results. Suddenly she switched it off. "What's the use?" she sighed. Then, as an afterthought: "But I'm not on tonight anyway."

SO WE were reconciled . . . W. D.

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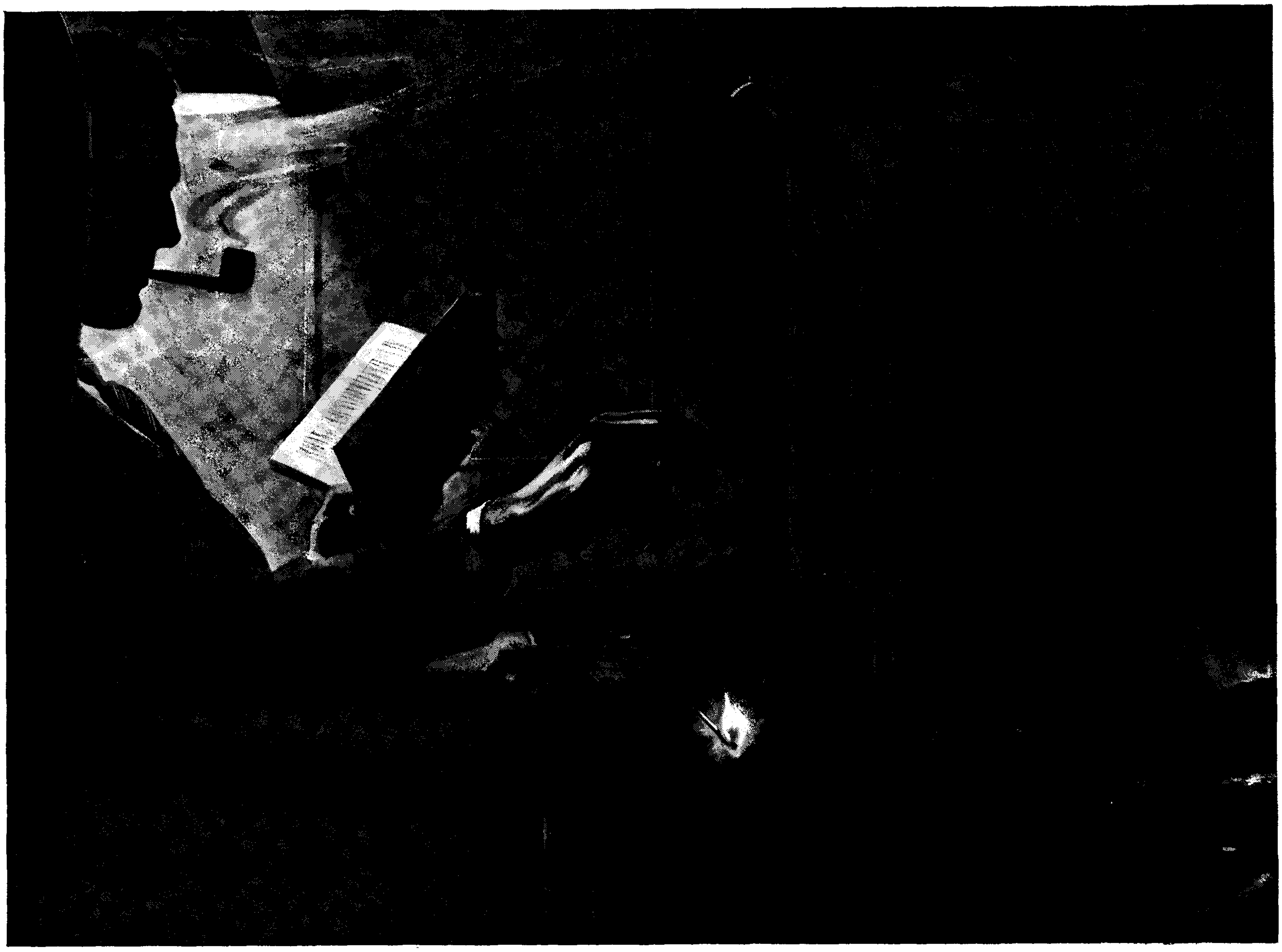

Be careful of that match!

THE FAMILIAR, helpful match *can* turn into a dangerous enemy.

Employed carelessly, discarded thoughtlessly, or left within reach of children, the match ranks among the foremost causes of approximately 360,000 household fires which account for most of this country's 10,000 annual deaths from burns.

Naturally, the match isn't the *only* fire hazard we must guard against in our homes. Many other things we make use of every day are dangerous if misused.

In *your* home, for instance, are the following fire precautions strictly observed? . . .

▶ Are you sure that all electrical appliances are equipped with only standard, approved connection cords and wiring, and are in good condition?

▶ Do you avoid the use of gasoline and other flammable liquids for cleaning in the home?. . . the use of kerosene for lighting fires?

▶ Do you keep your gas burners clear of grease which might catch fire? Are your burners regulated to prevent too high a flame—particularly when broiling or frying fats? Do you tie back curtains and other flammable material which might blow onto the flame?

▶ Is every stove, furnace, or hot pipe shielded adequately from wooden surfaces? . . . Are ashes placed only in metal containers?

These are just a few of the highly important safety measures which deserve your attention. There can be no doubt that, if more of us had a thorough understanding of the various fire hazards, of fire prevention, and of effective fire fighting, the annual toll of 10,000 lives would be reduced, and an enormous saving could be made in the nation's annual fire loss—*a loss which last year was estimated at more than $313,000,000.*

To help you safeguard your home and your family against fires and other accidents, Metropolitan offers a *new*, interesting, free booklet, "Home Safety Quiz." Co-operate with your local organizations during National Fire Prevention Week—beginning October 6th—by checking up on possible fire hazards in your home.

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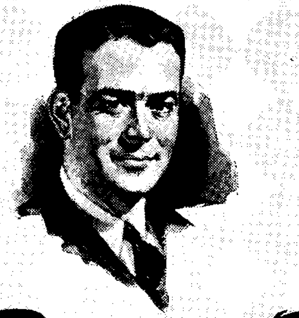
Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the
New York World's Fair *and at the*
Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco



Your Florsheim Dealer

IS FEATURING

SADDLE STITCHING

Florsheim Dealers are quick to sense shoe styles that are bound to take hold. They sponsored Florsheim "Saddle Stitching" and already these shoes are high on the list of national best-sellers. Because he knows the *style* men want, as well as the comfort they need, your Florsheim Dealer has won the confidence of his customers and the leadership in his community.

The VIKING
The COASTER

Florsheim "Saddle Stitching" not only sews up the Fall style situation, but offers, at the same time, the season's most practical innovation in shoe making. Multiple rows of stitching, applied as only Florsheim skilled craftsmen know how, strengthen and reinforce the seams—giving new meaning to the famous Florsheim tradition of extra wear. *Most Styles* $8.95 *and* $10

THE Florsheim SHOE

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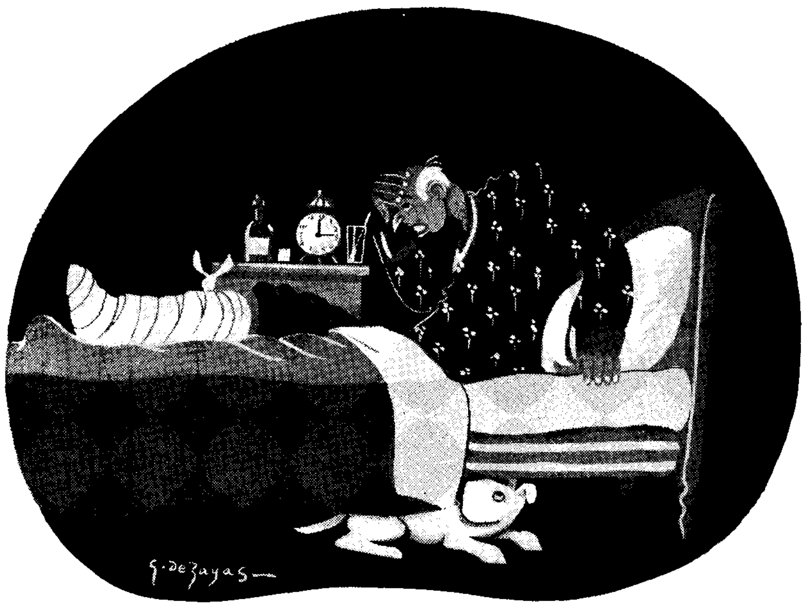


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A peculiarity of gout is that its painful paroxysms almost always occur between two and three o'clock in the morning.—*By Marion Signor, New York, New York.*

Ordinary ice will not float in alcohol and ice made under high pressure will not float in ordinary water.—*By Carl J. Likes, Charleston, South Carolina.*

Many temples of worship, particularly those of Ethiopia, are still surmounted by a cross whose points are covered with ostrich eggs, symbolic of the ancient belief that the world was created from an egg.

The meadow lark is the only bird that enjoys the distinction of having been chosen out of a thousand different American species as the "official" bird of seven states.

A girl in the rural section of Korea rarely ever sees the man she is to marry until the day after the wedding. Her parents make all the arrangements with his parents and, throughout the wedding day and night, her eyelids are sealed together.

The discovery of America prior to the voyage of Columbus has been claimed by ten different peoples—the Arabians, Basques, Chinese, Danes, Dutch, Icelanders, Irish, Portuguese, Venetians and the Welsh.—*By Evangeline Pugsley, Framingham, Massachusetts.*

In a forty-volume Chinese dictionary now being compiled, each word will not only be defined, but also given in each compound word and every type of phrase in which it can be used. For instance, the word "yi" has 11,000 different listings. In order to use this dictionary, therefore, constant reference will have to be made to its four-volume index.

Chicago and St. Louis are the only cities in this country from which through passenger trains or through sleeping cars depart for all parts of the United States.—*By Geoffrey Creyke, Washington, D. C.*

One of the peculiarities of infra-red or invisible light, now being used in factories to hasten the drying of painted and lacquered products, is that it makes the finishes dry from the bottom up instead of from the top down.

Among the many things that are found in their natural state in a variety of distinct colors are diamonds, gold, honey, icebergs, ivory, jade, lightning, pearls, rain, sand, snow and sponges.

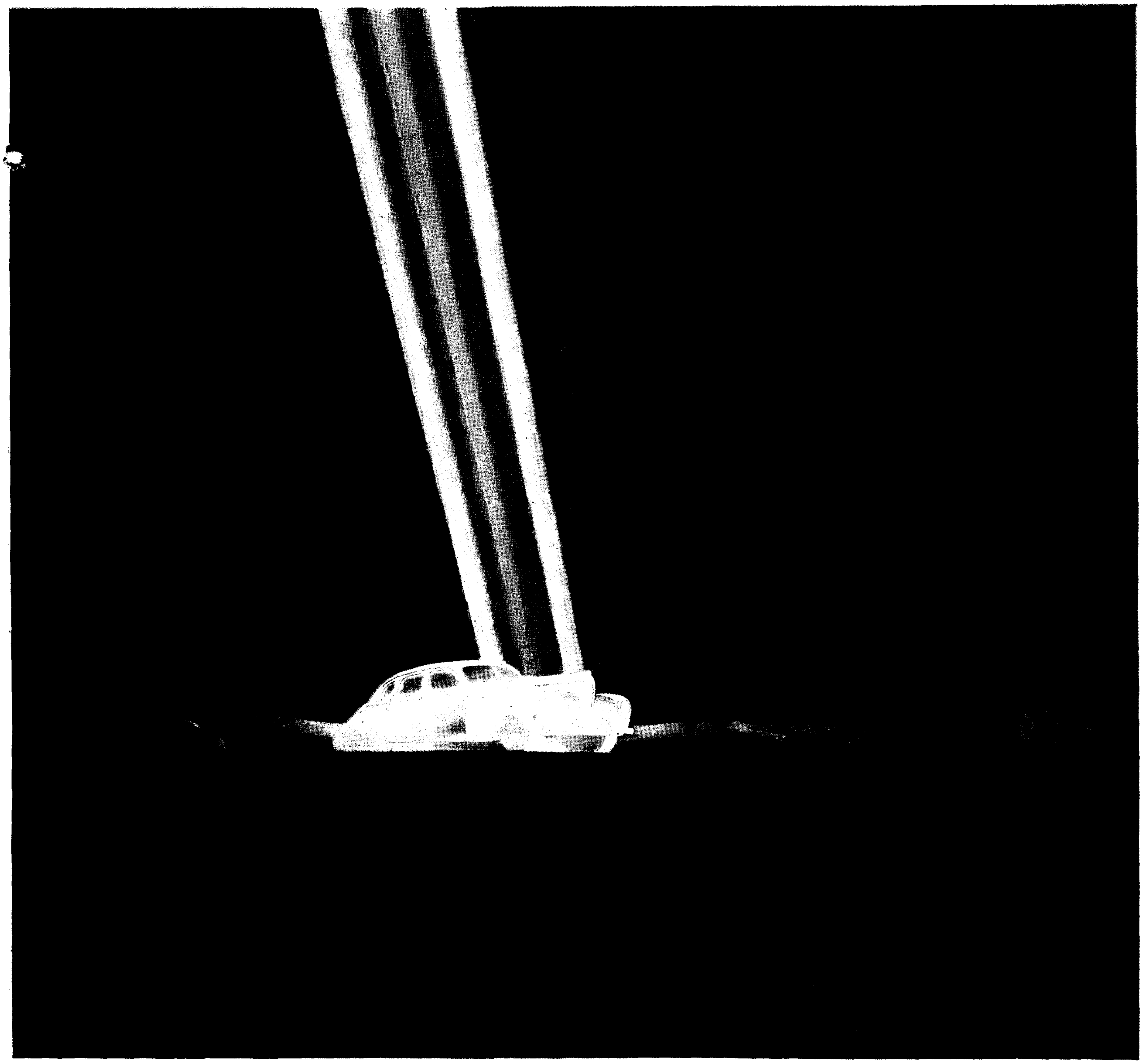
In Arizona, a gun or other weapon that has been used to kill game unlawfully is confiscated by the state. But a weapon that has killed a person must be returned to the defendant, if unconvicted, or to an heir, if convicted, after the trial is over.—*By Charles L. Ewing, Prescott, Arizona.*

No law prohibits the total destruction of United States coins. But there is a federal statute against cleaning and polishing them because of the resultant abrasion and undue wear.—*By Joe Sherman, Clemson, South Carolina.*

The Hallelujah Chorus of Handel's Messiah is the most famous musical piece, excluding national anthems and hymns, that audiences honor by standing while it is played.—*By Mrs. Harry A. Kidston, Centreville, Nova Scotia.*

Not only do the animal stars in Hollywood receive much fan mail and many requests for their autographs (paw or nose prints), but they are also awarded trophies, or Oscars, for outstanding performances. Such silver cups are owned by Charmaine, the female donkey that won her laurels in The Fighting Sixty-ninth, and by Skippy, the male dog that became famous in the part of Asta in the Thin Man pictures.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



As you read this, a fleet of cars is silently winging homeward across the continent . . . bringing, from a two-year test, records for performance that we predict will amaze everyone who owns an automobile.

Nash can state this now: the long-heralded day when a large car can do 25 to 30 miles to the gallon of gasoline—*is here!*

For something of startling import has been discovered by an independent company. Certain principles of the streamline train and stratosphere plane have been applied by Nash to the development of a *new kind* of automobile.

The size of it . . . the comfort of it . . . the price of it . . . and, above all, its revolutionary economy . . . will vitally interest everyone, for it will be available in price to every new car buyer in America.

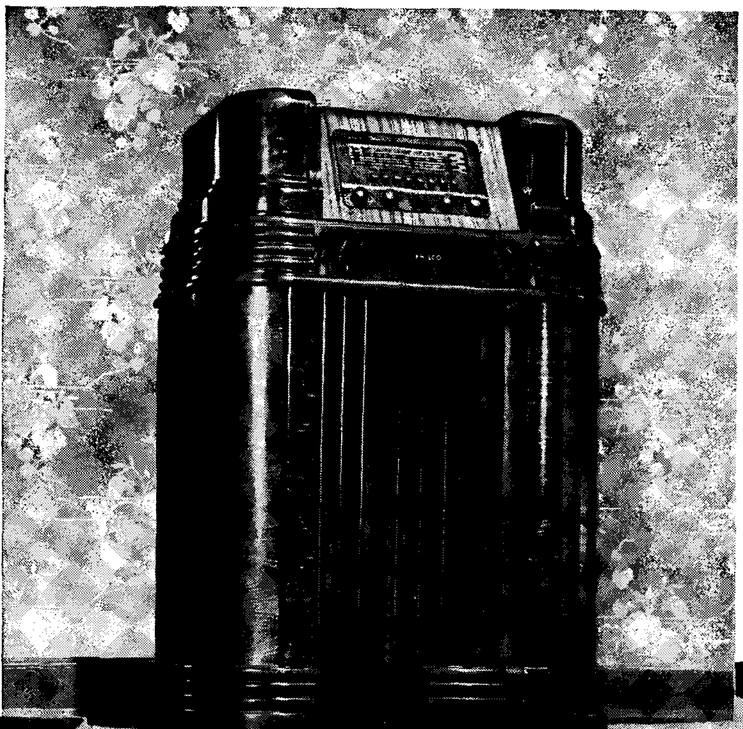
Very soon you will be able to judge for yourself.

Look forward to the thrill of your whole car-owning experience when you take the wheel of a 1941 Nash Ambassador!

Nash Motors Div. of Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.
(*A call to your Nash dealer now will assure an early demonstration*)

A NEW KIND OF CAR . . . TO SAVE YOU MONEY EVERY MILE

New PHILCO Inventions bring you *new delights* in the enjoyment of Radio and Recorded Music!



Whether you choose a radio or radio-phonograph, the Philco you buy today is a *new kind* of musical instrument . . . thanks to the genius of Philco engineers. Exclusive 1941 inventions have made tone more glorious, performance more thrilling and have brought you amazing improvements in use and convenience.

A brand-new radio circuit makes foreign reception five times stronger, clearer and easier to tune. Selectivity is doubled, noise and interference are reduced by 5 to 1. With more tubes, bigger speakers and lovely cabinet designs, the 1941 Philco excels in all that has made it *America's Favorite Radio!*

The new Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph plays any record on a *BEAM OF LIGHT* . . . a new miracle of radio science! The pointed, *scraping* needle is gone. Instead, a rounded jewel that *never needs changing* floats gently over the record grooves and reflects the music on a light beam from a tiny mirror to a photo-electric cell. *Record life is increased by ten times . . .* you can enjoy your valuable records for 700 playings without fear of wear! And never have you heard such glorious tone . . . rich, deep "lows," clear, brilliant "highs," *unmarred by surface noise!*

The Tilt-Front Cabinet gives you new convenience. No lid to raise, no need to remove decorations, no dark, unhandy compartments. Just tilt the grille forward and place your records . . . easily and without groping. *Only Philco has it!*

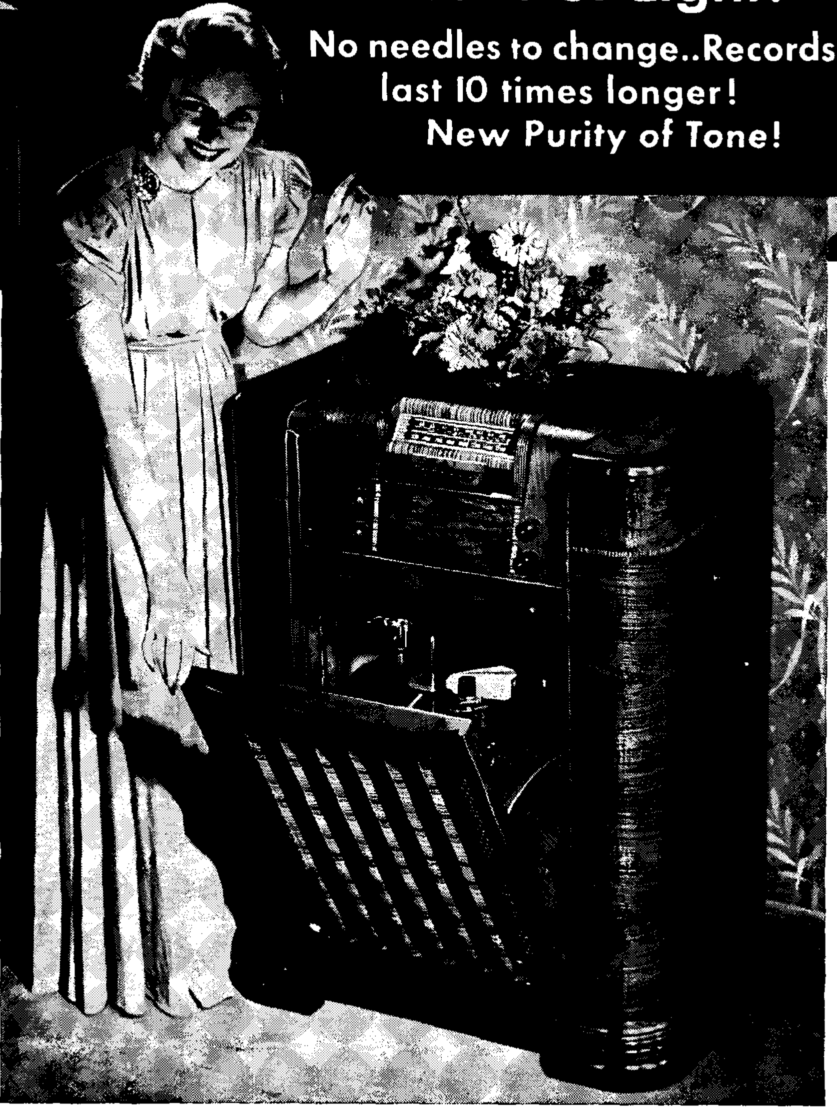
Make Your Own Records at Home. The Philco Home Recording Unit is *optional equipment* with every Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph. Record family voices, radio programs; many fascinating uses!

New Radio Circuit...

reduces noise and interference by 5 to 1. Brings in Europe 5 times stronger, 5 times easier to tune!

Music on a Beam of Light!

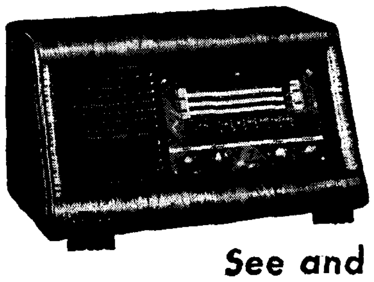
No needles to change..Records last 10 times longer! New Purity of Tone!



PHILCO 280X Radio Console (*above*). One of a wide selection of radio console designs. Powerful 8-tube circuit, new kind of Overseas Wave-Band that brings in Europe 5 times stronger and clearer, new Built-In American and Overseas Aerial System. Eight Electric Push Buttons. Large, impressive cabinet of highly figured Walnut. No installation; just plug in and play. *Yours for only $6.95 down. Liberal trade-in allowance.*

PHILCO 608P Radio-Phonograph (*right*). Philco's new, history-making achievements are yours *at a popular price* in this amazing 9-tube Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph. Plays any record on a beam of light. Floating, permanent jewel—no needles to change. Tilt-Front Cabinet, no lid to raise, no dark, awkward compartments. Automatic Record Changer for 12 records. American and Foreign radio reception with new kind of Overseas Wave-Band. Handsome cabinet of costly, hand-rubbed Walnut woods. *A sensational value and yours for only $12.95 down. Liberal trade-in allowance.*

PHILCO 255T (*below*). The finest table model radio money can buy. Powerful 9-tube circuit gives amazing sensitivity and selectivity. Lovely Walnut cabinet. *Only $5.95 down.*



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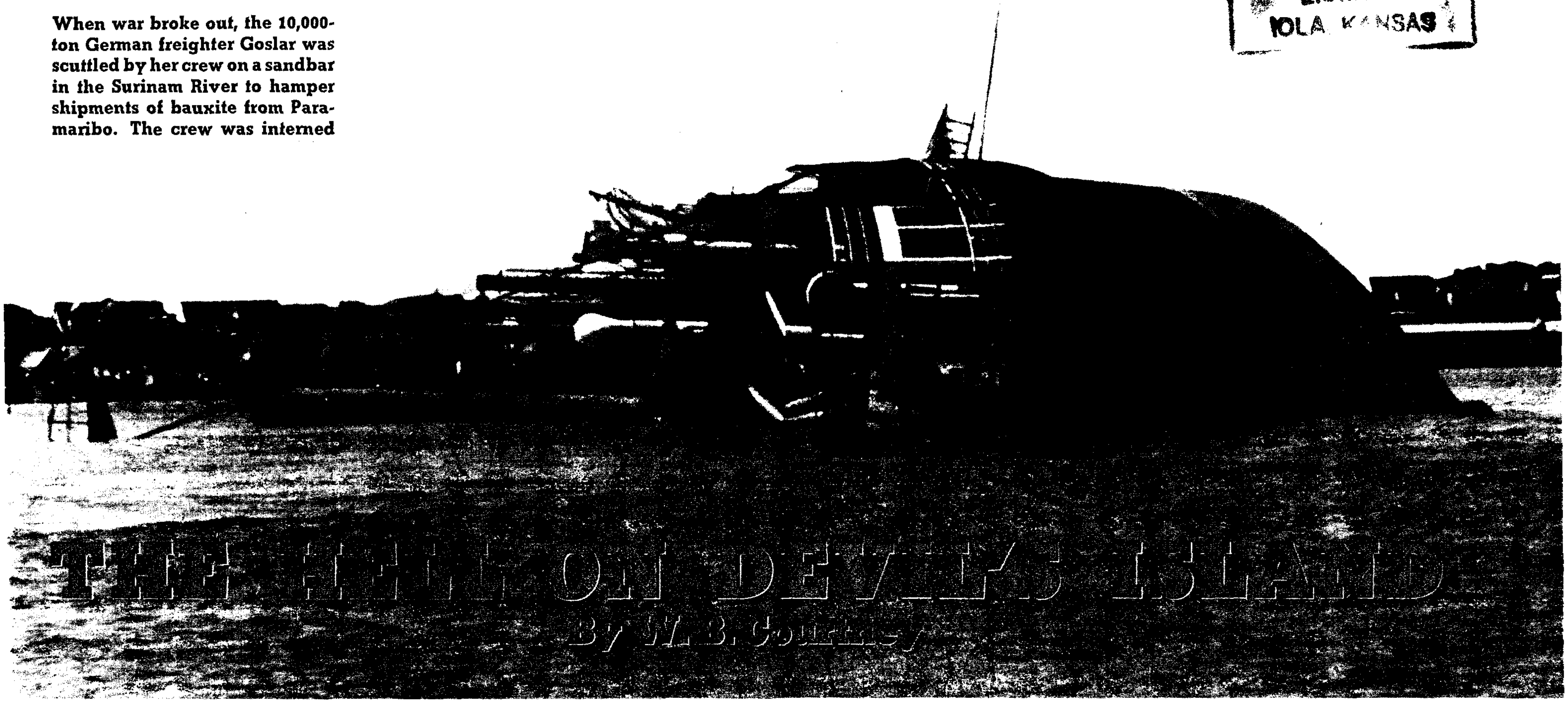
Collier's The National Weekly for September 28, 1940

IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY IOLA KANSAS

When war broke out, the 10,000-ton German freighter Goslar was scuttled by her crew on a sandbar in the Surinam River to hamper shipments of bauxite from Paramaribo. The crew was interned



THE HELL ON DEVIL'S ISLAND

By W. B. Courtney

Collier's staff writer, reporting from the scene, tells you about Devil's Island and the worst criminals on earth—15,000 desperate men, who, abandoned by a defeated France, threaten the anxious people of Dutch Guiana

THE last and most vicious and terrible story of Devil's Island today waits momentarily to be written in terms of murder and rape and pillage.

More than a hundred and fifty thousand practically helpless people in Dutch Guiana—several thousand of them whites, gathered chiefly in the town of Paramaribo on the seaward edge of the jungle—live from noon to night to morning in fearful surmise.

Across the narrow and easily broached frontier set by the Maroni River is "La Guyane"—French Guiana, scene of Cayenne and Ile du Diable, of Kourou and St. Laurent and all the other infamous hellspots of the penal colony that for generations have been for South America the only visible at-hand example and monument of France's democracy. Here thousands of embittered and hunger-maddened convicts, the most depraved scum of France's underworld, lurk restlessly. Their guards are deserting and fleeing. In a single week of August forty-five skipped: a fifth of the nondeportee wardens.

The starving criminals, deserted by their home government, detested by the officials of their broken-down local government who for one reason or another have not been able to leave, feared by the native blacks who know full well they will commit murder—and have often done so—for a rag of clothing or a hunk of meat, now heft the machetes and the picks and shovels with which they have contributed, driven by whips, to France's wealth—and glare covetously across into Dutch Guiana. It is readily accessible by riverways and highways to its very heart. It offers none of the lurid and incredible hardships of travel that fiction writers have overpainted. In years past hundreds of escapees have got jobs there in the bauxite and gold camps and sugar plantations—often in Paramaribo itself. Only Holland's modern extradition treaty with France quite lately put a stop to this easy out. Thus, co-operation is expected on the other side: the criminals have their Fifth Column of old pals. So the desperate men of French Guiana look to Dutch Guiana for loot and food.

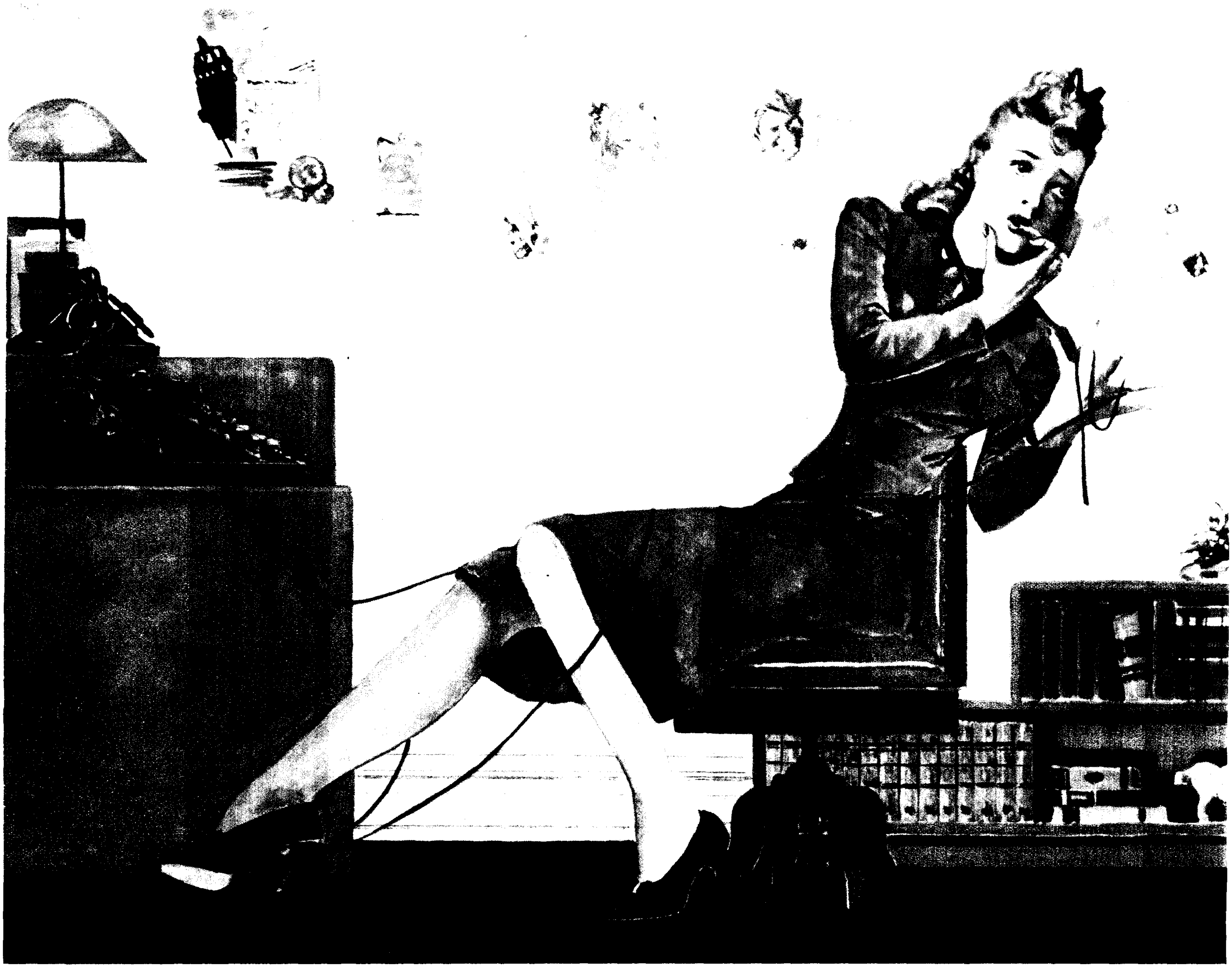
Of loot there is abundance. There are few lands naturally richer: no equatorial towns prettier or better furnished. But there is no food in Dutch Guiana, which right up to spring of this year made enormous offerings to the personal treasure chest of the Queen of the Netherlands, and the bank accounts of their absentee speculators. Every day in Paramaribo you can see the police ration out handfuls of rice to the lucky who are in the forefront of the mob and *can pay for it*—then beat away with rubber bludgeons the bewildered, wailing latecomers and leftovers, and the penniless.

Meanwhile, in French Guiana, no one, including the governor, knows exact figures of that colony—either census, or

(Continued on page 35)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

The author talks with Bush Negroes, descendants of escaped slaves and the only people in Dutch Guiana who need not fear an uprising of felons. They can live safely in remote jungles. Even these illiterates would prefer rule by the U. S.



He sprang toward the machine. "Look! I just had an idea! How does this sound—"

Idea Man

By Meyer Levin

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

The pursuit of success, like happiness, is a business requiring the right sort of girl

FOR a time, this fellow had Angela fooled. He looked just like the others. Round-point collars on his shirts. And tweedy. There was confident informality in his manner. Besides, Mr. Nate was immediately willing to see him, and presently they emerged from Mr. Nate's office, evidently bound for a bar, with this fellow talking a streak.

And yet there was something about him that was not like the others. Mr. Nate and his crowd had a pulsating quality; live wires. Looking at any one of them, you could practically see the current charging through the wire. When Mr. Nate passed through a room he seemed to drain it of energy. Now, this fellow was equally full-charged. Yet he did not seem to drain his surroundings, as did those others. Perhaps, instead, he left something. She could not quite tell.

At first she had figured he was one of them, an idea man full of projects, promotion stunts, advertising tricks for taking a nothing item and ballooning it into millions. Like Mr. Nate had done with energy tablets, with reducing juices, with nail dress. Then she figured this fellow was some sort of consultant, maybe a money-wise man. Next, she decided he was just a personal friend, though Mr. Nate scarcely knew any men who might be put in such a category.

Finally, she decided this Mr. Garland was on the other side: trying to sell something. That was one day when Mr. Nate had her make Mr. Garland sit. For the first time Angela got the idea that Mr. Garland was perhaps putting up a front. And glad of a chance to relax under it. For he did not sit with the irked condescension of a Mr. Nate. He sat with the ease of a man who is not unused to being kept waiting.

GARLAND had been parked there for a good while; Angela happened to be changing her typewriter ribbon when she felt that he was watching her more than casually. She must be a comedy all right. Always got black from head to foot when she tangled with a ribbon. Probably had a carbon smudge on her nose by now.

"What do you pay for that ribbon?" he asked.

So that was all he was interested in. The ribbon. "I don't know," she said. The office boy or somebody bought them by the box. Probably about fifty cents apiece. Nobody in this joint would bother to get a quantity reduction.

"How often do you change it?"

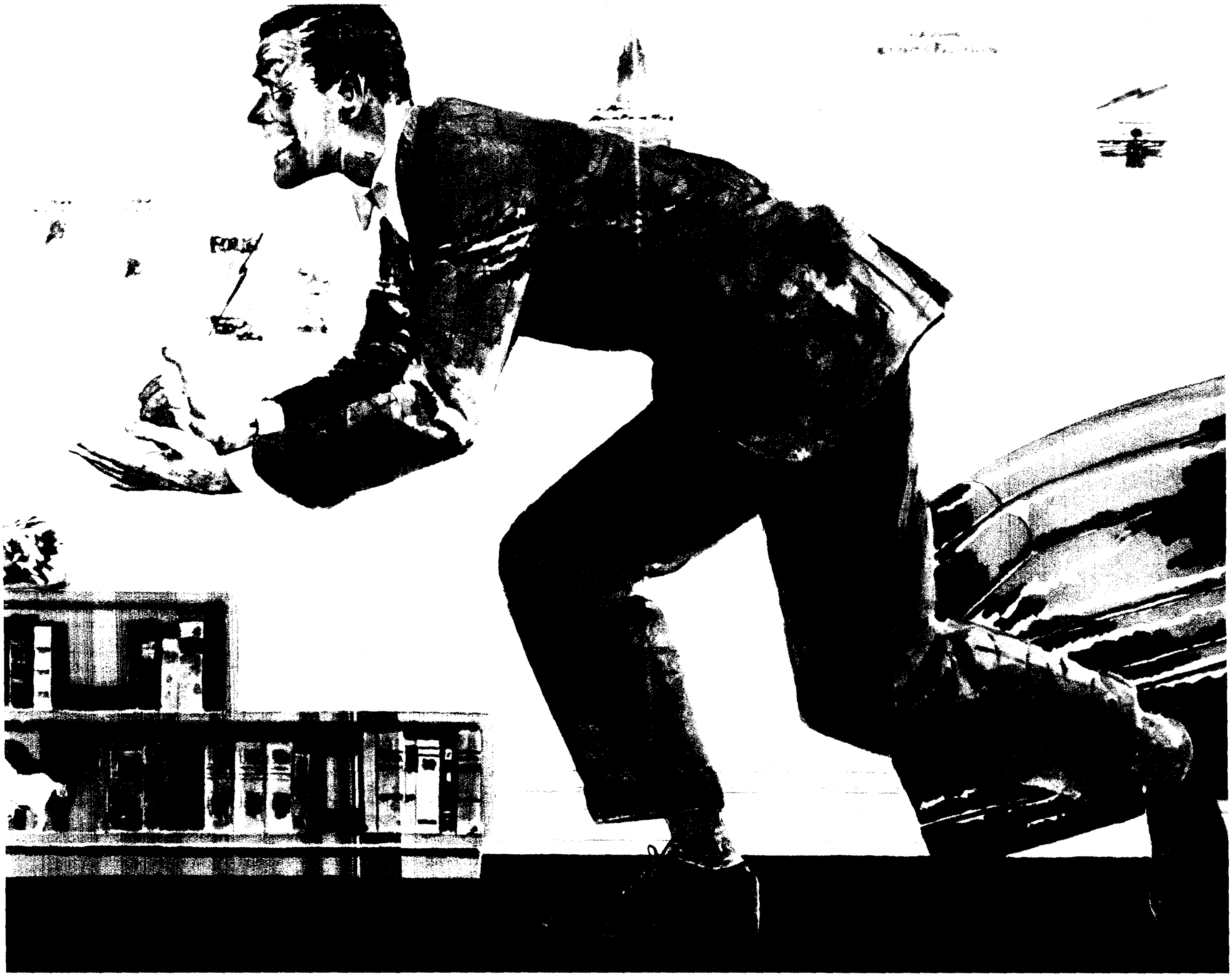
At that moment she had a couple of yards of the old ribbon looped over her knees. "Too often!" Angela growled.

"Once every few weeks, I suppose," he speculated. "And there must be at least twenty machines in this office—"

Angela cracked her nail trying to get the ribbon through the guides; she leaned back, exasperated, exhausted. He continued, "And I suppose you need a new manicure every time you—"

"Yes!" she snapped. "And a bath." At least the baboon might offer to help.

He sprang toward the machine. "Look! I just had an idea! How does this sound—suppose there was a way to re-ink the old ribbon, automatically, right on the machine—" he was inventing it on the spot. A gadget to be at-



tached where the ribbon came from the spool. A tiny inking pad. As the ramifications and possibilities of the device came sparking out of him, he was exactly like Mr. Nate in the throes of a brain storm. Ribbon would always be even black. Save money. Save time. Save annoyance.

"It does sound practical," Angela admitted. "Why don't you get it patented?"

"Kid, if it comes through, I'll make you vice-president! What's your name?"

She told him. He squeezed her hand. "Angela, it's a deal. And I will always say you were my inspiration!"

Just then she caught a look at her face, in the mirror she kept in the top drawer. They laughed together. Her nose and chin were a black exclamation point.

MR. NATE buzzed for her to admit Garland. The fellow bounced to the door; of course he would try to sell Mr. Nate on the new idea. And now she knew just what he was. He wasn't what they were—Mr. Nate and the crowd—he was just trying to be what they were like. This ribbon idea was a good idea, and seemed practical, and yet it suddenly seemed pitiful to her; Angela felt concerned for the man.

This time Mr. Nate emerged with Garland, seeing him to the outer door. The friendly rush-out. Angela caught the words, "Listen Nate, there was another idea I wanted to tell you about—"

At the door, Mr. Nate said, "Sure, drop in any day." And as the boss passed her, returning to his private domain, Angela half expected the instruction to give that fellow the out-of-town business hereafter. Mr. Nate paused, looked at her typewriter, pushed down one of the keys, speculatively. "Angela, how often do you have to change the ribbon?" he asked.

She smiled, and told him, adding, "That sounded like a pretty good idea of Mr. Garland's."

"Oh, he tell you about it? Yah. Sounded like it might work. But you know—" Mr. Nate shook his head, dismissing the whole thing. "Aw, it's piddling. If a business is solvent, they're not going to worry about saving a dime on a typewriter ribbon. Naw. Not for me. That's the trouble with Gar, always something piddling about those million-dollar ideas of his."

"What does he do?" she asked.

"Do? Guess he's floating, just now. We used to be at Levering's, in the old days. When I started up here I had him on as a salesman, for a while, but—" he shook his head again. "Not Gar."

"What's the matter with him?" she asked, sensing that something not so white had happened, back there. Maybe Mr. Nate had caused Garland to leave a good job, and then dropped him. "Can't he sell?"

Mr. Nate laughed. "You can't sell advertising if you're always figuring out how to save the customer money. But Gar's got a good head on him. I suppose he'll hit something sometime. Hit the jack pot and he'll be all right."

THE man was certainly trying hard enough. He was Hydra-headed with ideas; knock one down and up would pop three more. He seemed even worse than the boss, who was always in a ferment with new stunts.

And Garland took to telling her his ideas, as the waits in Mr. Nate's reception room grew longer. It was difficult to say just what was off about his projects; maybe there was nothing wrong with them, maybe it was just that they came from him, and you had the feeling that Garland was not precisely intended to be an idea man. Some of his projects sounded just about like dozens of stunts she had seen successfully carried through by Mr. Nate. There was the radio program with a week in Washington as a prize, for advertising books; but, as Mr. Nate pointed out, publishers just wouldn't buy big time. Then Garland had a kind of Information Please idea that didn't quite click, and then, as he grew more desperate, some of his ideas grew utterly fantastic.

Like, one day he came in bursting with a plan about midgets. While she tried to keep a straight face, he elaborated: the World's Fair was closing and what would all the midgets do in winter? His idea was to set up a midget village in the court of Radio City, a permanent midget capital of the world! Think of the contrast, the tiny village among the mightiest skyscrapers! And did she know how many visitors passed through New York every month? And if each paid twenty-five cents—! Moreover, the midgets could be set up in a souvenir-toy industry, so they would have security instead of starving between occasional show jobs—

"You don't realize what those poor creatures have to go through!" he said; and suddenly, ridiculous as the whole project was, she got it his way. She knew what had started him on it. Not so much the million-dollar dream. But the need to fix a dislocation, to help people—little folk who, he thought, were more distressed than himself. Midgets. She could look directly into his earnest eyes, without the least desire to laugh.

And yet, in these tough circles, a lamb like Mr. Garland was without a chance. He'd never get anywhere. And only one thing might wake him out of his illusion. A stinging smack.

"You know, Mr. Garland," Angela said, "this is just typical of all your ideas. Midgets. Big ideas! Imagine suggesting that to Mr. Nate!" She gave it to him directly, including the laugh. "Midgets!"

His eyes hardened; and for the first time, Angela knew he was focusing on

(Continued on page 27)

ACME

It was pitch or get out of baseball for Bucky Walters (above) and Paul Derringer. Result: 52 games and a pennant for the Reds last season

ACME

One-Two Punch

By Bob Considine

Bucky Walters and Paul Derringer, pitching pride and joy of the Cincinnati Reds, are the greatest double act in baseball. And both of them were considered failures a few years ago

THEY say there is nothing new under the baseball sun, except petitions against managers. But how about this: a broken-down third baseman and a fifth-rate catcher have become—in the evening of their careers—one of the greatest pitching combinations in diamond history.

William Henry Walters, known to the craft as Bucky, was about to evaporate from the big-league scene as a frustrated third baseman when his manager, Jimmy Wilson, kindled a dormant pitching genius in him. Walters stood on the brink of failure. The Phillies were giving up on him.

Paul Derringer, known on the Cincinnati bench as Duke, peeled off the armor of his chosen career one day—the armor being a catcher's equipment—and strode out to the mound to pitch the last few innings of a game in Springfield, Kentucky, his native clime. Every other pitcher on the team had been battered into helplessness, and, if that had not been so, Derringer might have disappeared a few years ago as an obscure catcher in an obscure league.

Today the two made-over ballplayers have vitalized and propelled a team from last place in the National League in 1937 to first place in 1939; from the red ink to a $400,000 profit in two years. The Reds drew one million cash customers in 1939, an all-time record for a town of less than 500,000 a fact that enabled the National League to outdraw the American for one of the few times in the last twenty years. Thanks to Walters and Derringer the Reds will draw another million this year.

A Place with the Immortals

Without this pair the Reds would have finished armpit-deep in the second division of the league last season. Between them they won fifty-two games, and lost only eighteen. This season Cincinnati's One-Two Punch was still so potent that the Reds soared into August with a fat nine-game lead over the second-place Dodgers. Every other day either Walters or Derringer was in there firing. And if one failed, the other came through.

The Walters-Derringer combine will go down in diamond history along with the immortal pitching teammates of old. In 1904 Christy Mathewson and Iron Man McGinnity won a total of 68 games for the Giants. Matty and Rube Marquard won 50 for the Giants in 1911. Rudolph and James won 53 for the 1914 Braves; and Alexander and Rixey 55 for the 1916 Phillies. Vance and Grimes of the Dodgers, Grove and Earnshaw of the Athletics and the Brothers Dean of the Cardinals were other deathless duos. But these men were born pitchers, great hurlers fulfilling their destiny. Walters and Derringer are ersatz.

Ballplayers have shifted positions before this, and will again. But most of the versatile athletes step down to easier tasks. Babe Ruth went from the anguish of the pitcher's box to the pastoral quiet of the outfield. Hank Greenberg found the same sanctuary, after an active career around first base. Roger Bresnahan gave up pitching to become a great catcher. What Walters and Derringer did, in effect, was to stop digging ditches to take a chance on making their livings as watchmakers.

Walters was forced to make the leap. Derringer did it accidentally. But once they were pitchers each was faced with backbreaking work. They had to feel their way along. Each scraped bottom. In 1933 Derringer came close to setting a new record for futility by losing twenty-seven games. Three years later Walters lost twenty-one games. Both marks led the majors in sheer frustration.

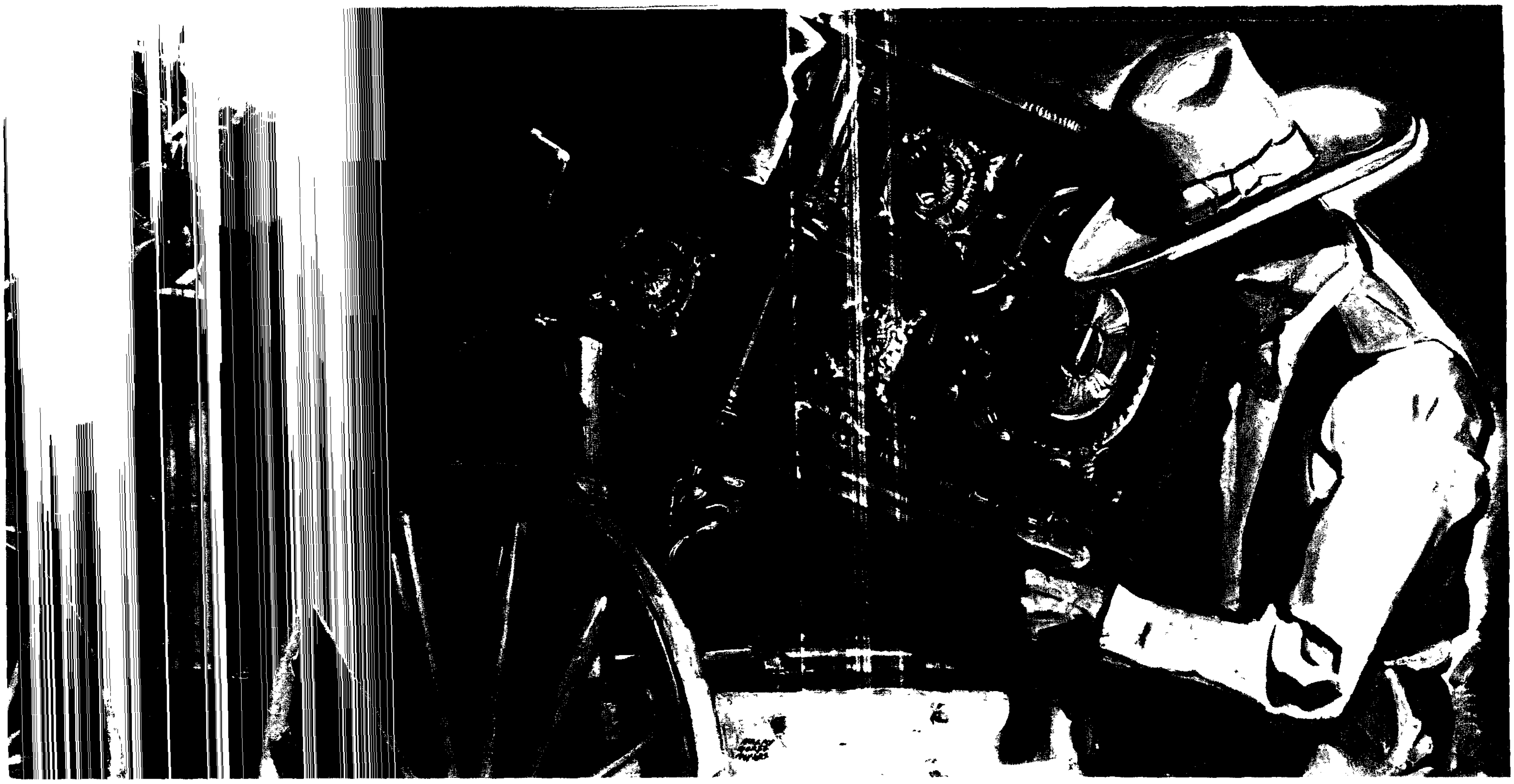
A Literal Flop

The first day Walters pitched in the big leagues he walked four men, hit two others and gave up a bundle of assorted hits in the same inning before being led away by the hand, his livelihood strictly in peril. When Derringer was given his first pitching assignment for the Cardinals at spring training camp he strode to the mound with jaw set, grimly determined to impress his elders. He cocked his left leg high in the air, the way he believed the big leaguers did, and, to his horror and the eternal delight of the critical old Cards, his spikes somehow became impaled in the webbing of his glove. And when he swung his leg down to the ground he pulled himself into a somersault.

Derringer became a pitcher because he didn't want to miss a fishing trip. He was catching a listless game in Springfield when he realized that the game would make him late for the car that was taking him on the fishing trip. His team's pitchers were taking a fierce beating when Paul called time, took off his mask, went over to the manager and said, "Lemme pitch, will you? I can get this game over with." He did, too, by dint of a whistling fast ball that mowed down the other side through the last four innings. Paul went on the fishing trip, and when he got back another fellow had his catching job. "You're a pitcher now," his manager told him.

Walters started in 1929 with High Point of the Piedmont League. During that season he played every position except behind the plate, and the only reason he didn't catch was that the team's masks wouldn't fit his broad, high-cheekboned face. He even pitched, winning five games and losing six.

(Continued on page 65)



He lifted the stove into the wagon. She heard him say, "Nine o'clock now"

The Claim Jumpers

By Ernest Haycox

The surest way to remember the hurt a woman has done is to try too hard to forget it

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

NEAR this warm day's end the sun turned the western world afire with its last burst of flame. Blue-yellow smoke covered the land and nothing stirred abroad and the silence was a thousand miles deep.

Elizabeth Marsh sat in Curtis Kilrain's shanty beside the bed on which the newspaperman Barney McNair lay. Moisture made an oil film on her face and the air was so thin that she could not draw enough of it into her lungs. Acutely uncomfortable, she nevertheless held away the reflection of it from young Barney who watched her with his exhausted eyes. He was a long, extremely thin man who, having come to the prairie for his health, now had lost ground and no longer seemed to care.

He said: "Go out and get a breath of air. Don't bother about being kind."

"I'm not kind, Barney."

He lay quiet, studying her with a sick man's incurious way. She was one of the many people who, from diverse motives, had joined the land rush and had won a quarter section in the drawing; but she was an alien to this land in every respect—a really beautiful woman, not yet thirty, who reminded him of rustling silks and champagne suppers at Sherry's.

Curtis Kilrain came into the cabin with a stone jug. "I had this water buried overnight in the ground. It's pretty cool."

Elizabeth Marsh rose to fill a tin cup. She came to the bed with it and slid her hand beneath Barney McNair's back and boosted him upright for his drink. Curtis Kilrain, who had a cynic's sharp observation, noticed that although she didn't smile—she had never smiled since he had met her the first day of the land rush—a gentleness moved across her lips. Barney McNair dropped back on the bed with a shallow sigh.

"The sand just runs out. Why do you bother with me, Curtis?"

"Where else would you go?"

"Throw me out into the dust. That's where I'll soon be."

"Meanwhile," said Kilrain indifferently, "you keep me company, which saves me the discomfort of living with myself." He was brusque and impatient with Barney McNair. "If life was so damned important to you when you first got here why isn't it now?"

"Just tired of holding on," murmured Barney McNair.

Elizabeth Marsh said: "Was there a girl, Barney?"

"Was," he said, and moved his head on the bed. "What could I mean to a woman now?"

KILRAIN turned, hearing a horse move up from the prairie. Ingrid Berg's calm voice said, "Hello," and she came to the doorway, her hair burning out its pale flax yellow under the sun. She was sixteen, tall and robust with a round face, solemn and sweet and quite pretty. She had a jar in her hand and came to Barney McNair's bed with it. This is beef broth for you."

"Thanks," said Barney.

She was unsmiling but seemed to smile. Her arms were round, and turned amber by the sun; her body was straight and filled out. She put a hand on his cheek. "It is the heat. Wait until cool fall comes." Moving to the table, she left her jar of broth and went away. Elizabeth Marsh noticed the faint flare of confidence show itself in Barney McNair's eyes. She followed Kilrain outside and these two walked on until they were well away from the shanty.

"Make him want to live, Curtis."

"Sleep is better than misery. There's nothing precious about life."

"He's very young and he's terribly afraid. Help him."

"How can I do that?"

She said a thing to him then that rang odd in his mind. "You have deliberately buried your gifts, Curtis. One of those gifts could make him live." She turned, walking out across the prairie, a straight, rebellious shape in the day. The sun, suddenly, was gone from the earth and a blue light flowed beautifully all around and the stillness was greater than before. From a shanty half a mile away Mrs. Ellis, who had been watching through her window for a steady hour, watched Elizabeth leave Kilrain's. Mrs. Ellis moved her lips, murmuring, "Ah."

The moon was a thin red rind in the night black when Kilrain helped Barney McNair into the wagon bed and rode across the quarter section to pick up Elizabeth Marsh. Two miles west the lights of Harriet Rand's hotel winked out, and toward these lights people drifted, drawn by the need of neighborliness. Faint night wind drifted from the south to cut the clinging heat and to stir the strong earth incense. Kilrain stopped at Brewerton's for a supply of staples and found nobody at home, and drove on to the hotel.

Adam and Mrs. Brewerton and the Bergs and Websters were here, and Andy Pierce who ran the Wagonwheel cattle outfit, and Clyde Jacks. The elderly Jackson couple sat placidly back in the shadows near the Ellis family. The Zimmermans came in and the Maddens appeared. Tom Kertcher moved up from the prairie, walking beside Letty Brewerton. Women drifted into groups, softly catching up the day's gossip, and men squatted on the earth, their voices weary-drawling. Mrs. Rand said, "I have made some cold tea, as cold as it would get," and came over to the wagon, a small woman with great eyes in a soft, serious face and a voice that made its gentle melody. "Get down, Elizabeth."

KILRAIN listened to the way the talk of the other women in this yard faded into a silence that made a barrier against Elizabeth Marsh. She heard it as well and understood it and sat rigid and friendless and scornful on the wagon's seat, touched by the hotel's lamplight. "No," she murmured. "We're not staying long."

Tom Kertcher's voice moved into the awkward silence. "We've got a town started here. What we need next is a post office."

Brewerton said: "What's the name of this town going to be?"

An unknown man's voice came out of the farther shadows: "New York."

Andy Pierce drawled: "That would be

(Continued on page 52)

Happier Hunting Grounds

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

DRAWINGS BY LEMUEL PALMER

The hunter and the farmer, enemies for years, are now real pals. A law passed by Congress brought them together and, working side by side to their mutual advantage and profit, they are doing a fine job of restoring our depleted wild life by providing it with food and shelter. The man with the gun is proving himself the best friend wild life ever had

MALLARD DUCKS

YOU can hardly believe your own eyes, as the flat-bottomed skiff pokes its nose at last out of the reed-bordered ditch and starts across the riffled waters of Mattamuskeet Lake, on the eastern shore of North Carolina, and for the first time you see them, black-silhouetted against the copper dawn: birds, birds and more birds, by the thousands and tens of thousands, rising off the marshes in a solid cloud, soaring in V formation toward the horizon.

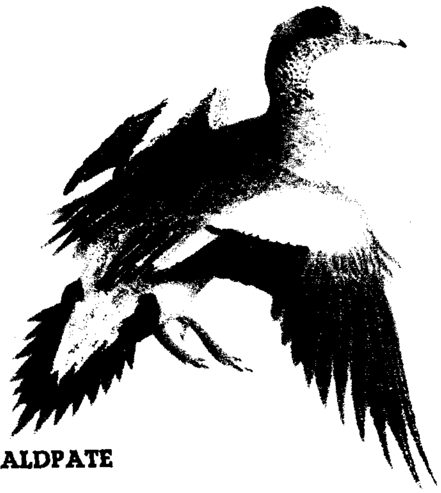
All last night, tossing restlessly in bed and dreaming you had slept through the alarm clock, you could hear them feeding in the weedy flats outside your window, their interminable scrabbling and quacking strident above the steady sigh of wind. Still, you could not be prepared for this sight that greets you now. Your gun across your knees, you squat in the bow as the guide poles the long, lean craft over the lake toward your designated blind, and gaze open-mouthed at the show. The stately squadrons of Canada gray geese. The fast-climbing teal, the plump widgeons streaking past like feathered cannon balls, the pintails—most numerous of all—and the mallard and blacks churning the water with frantic wings to take off at a steep angle. The scaup and redheads and ruddy ducks. The ringnecks and canvasbacks and hooded mergansers. The serene white swans, alighting and wheeling like baby carriages across the burnished surface of the lake.

"Reckon they'd be better'n a hundred thousand waterfowl here now," the guide replies to your question. "Come February, at height of the season, we got that many o' geese alone."

He steadies the boat as you climb into the sunken box, screened by a hedge of willow branches stuck into the shoal bottom. The average depth of the lake, you are surprised to learn, is only two feet; though Mattamuskeet itself covers over fifty thousand acres. Mattamuskeet was taken over in 1934 by the state and the Bureau of Biological Survey with funds allotted by the migratory waterfowl act. Today Mattamuskeet, its water level carefully controlled and its marshlands cultivated for duck feed, is one of the finest winter quarters in America for migratory waterfowl.

" 'Course, they only allow shooting in about a fifth of the area at a time," the guide explains, biting a cud of tobacco, as you rack your shells in front of you and finger your gun nervously. "Fifty blinds, two persons to a blind, that's a hundred guns a day during the season. That means about three thousand geese killed a year, and maybe four or five thousand ducks—less'n a tenth of the total birds, and the shootin' buys feed and pays for protection for all the rest. Which is a pretty fair proposition all around." He glances at the watch strapped to his shaggy wrist. "Better get your gun set, mister. It only lacks fifteen seconds of seven o'clock. . . ."

To your right, just around the point, comes the first salvo: the clean-cut whop! whop! of a nitro load, two round dots of sound in the white distance. Your pulse leaps. Beyond the inlet somewhere an automatic cuts loose with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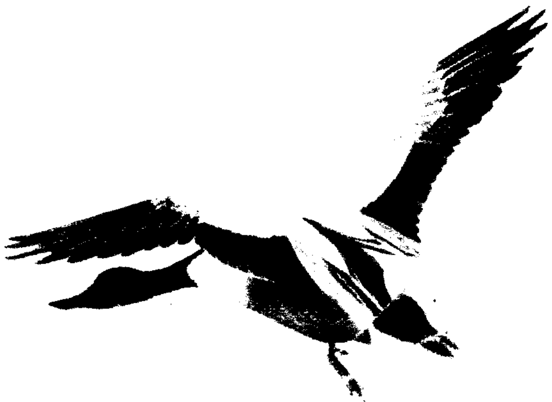
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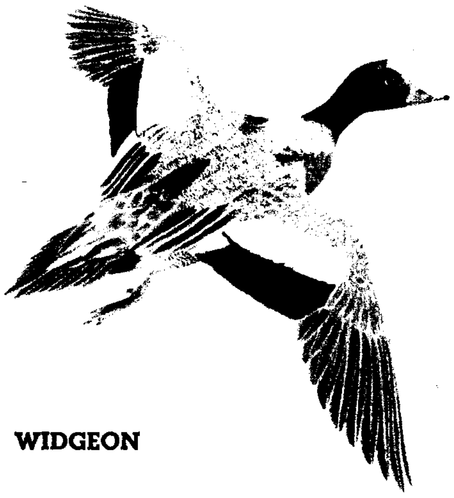
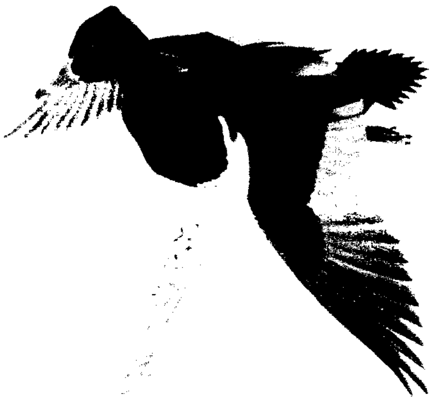
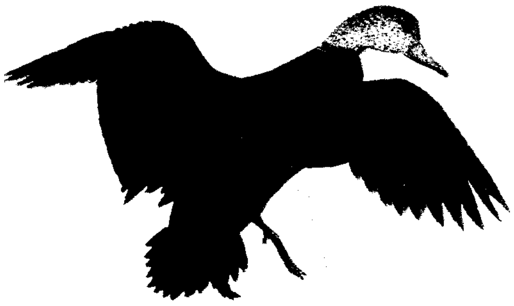

WIDGEON

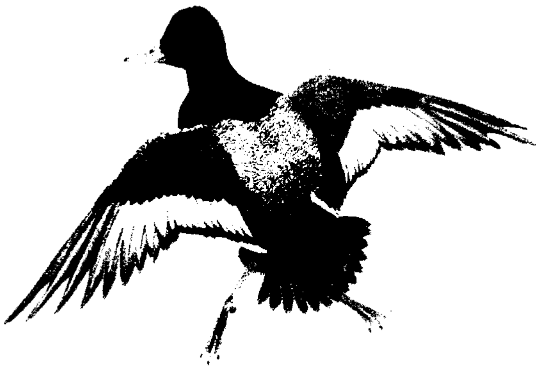

RING-NECKED DUCK

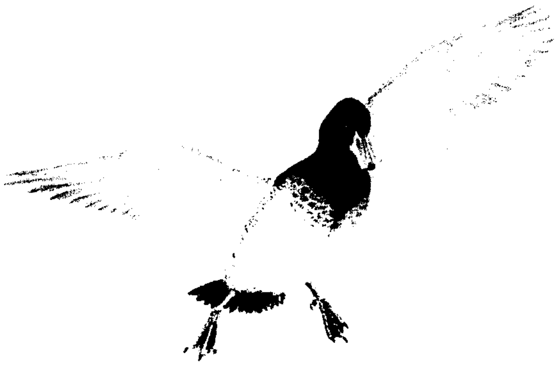

BLACK DUCK

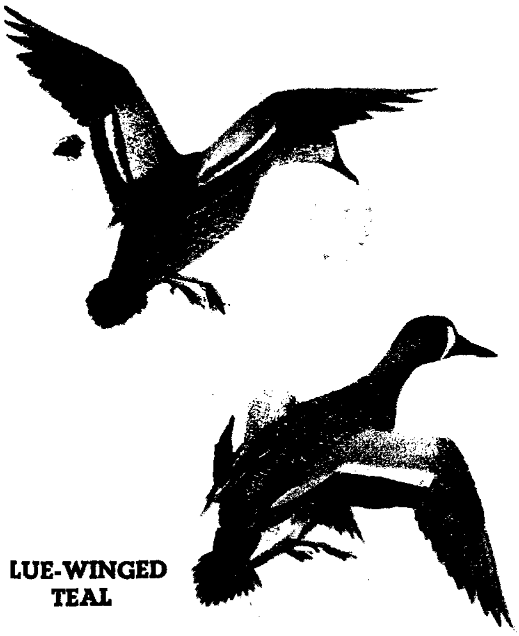
Migratory Game Birds

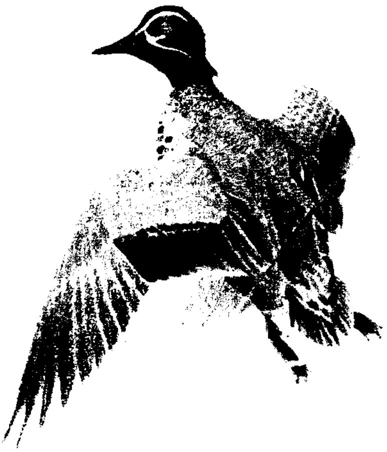
Waterfowl shooting—for ducks and geese—is usually done from a sunken blind, located at the edge of a lake or bay and screened from sight by branches and tall grass. Wooden decoys (live decoys and baiting are now forbidden by law) bob on the water before the blind, to lure the birds within gun range. Sometimes waterfowlers resort to pass shooting, a highly sporty kind of gunning that picks off the speeding birds as they flip over a concealed cover on their flights between feeding ground and roost. Of the ducks that may be taken legally during the season—a number of species of ducks, as well as wood ducks, curlews, plover and swan, are protected by law the year round—by far the most popular are the pintail and the mallard, although from an epicure's standpoint the sine qua non is the canvasback which, in the East, disdains fish and feeds almost entirely on wild celery in the Chesapeake, Currituck and Potomac basins. (As a rule, shallow-water ducks, or puddlers, feed on grain and vegetation; the deep-water ducks—such as mergansers and scoters—subsist largely on fish and are pretty unpalatable.) Another popular migratory game bird, the mourning dove, feeds in cornfields through the South; and the dove shooters crouch in makeshift blinds around the edge of the field, while for twenty-five cents a little colored boy keeps the birds milling in circles by wandering up and down the corn rows, whacking the ground with a dry stalk and shouting: "Gahn, y'all, git up an' fly fo' de gen'lemen. . . ."

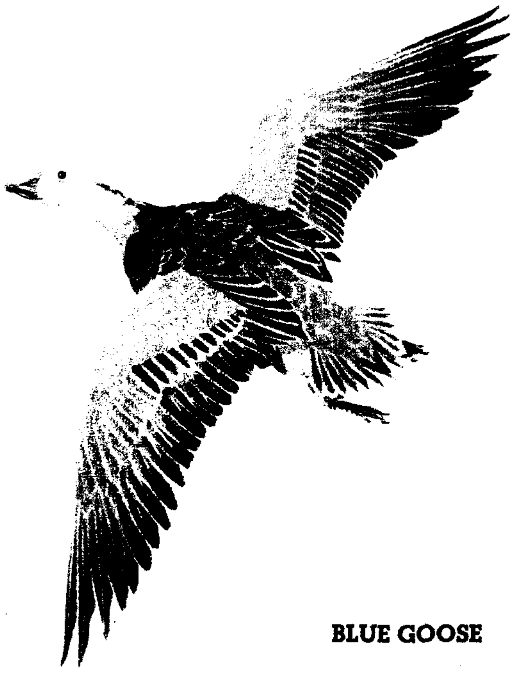
C. F. and A. M.

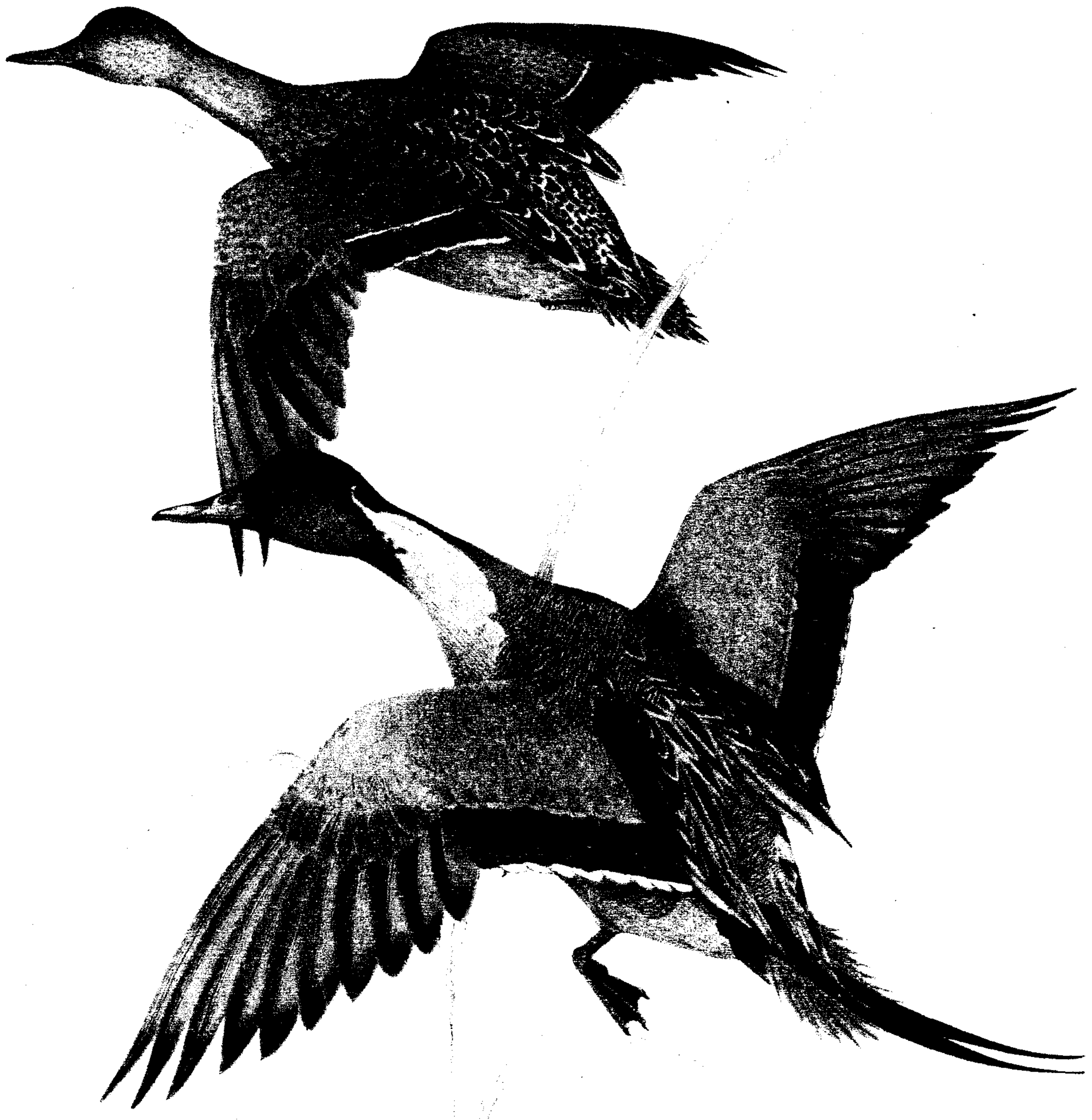

GREATER SCAUP


LESSER SCAUP

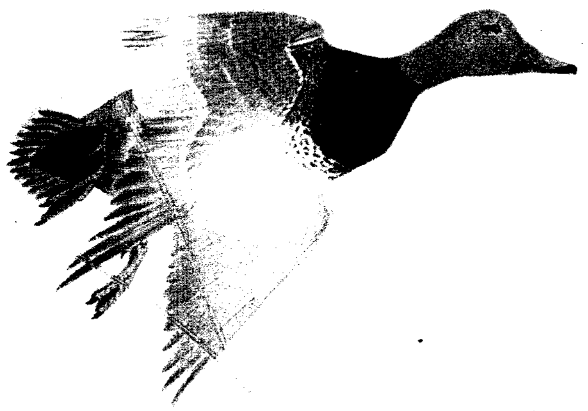

LUE-WINGED
TEAL


GREEN-WINGED TEAL

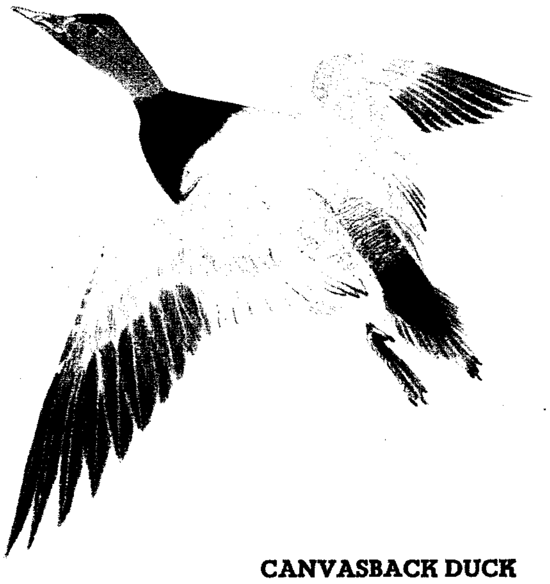

BLUE GOOSE



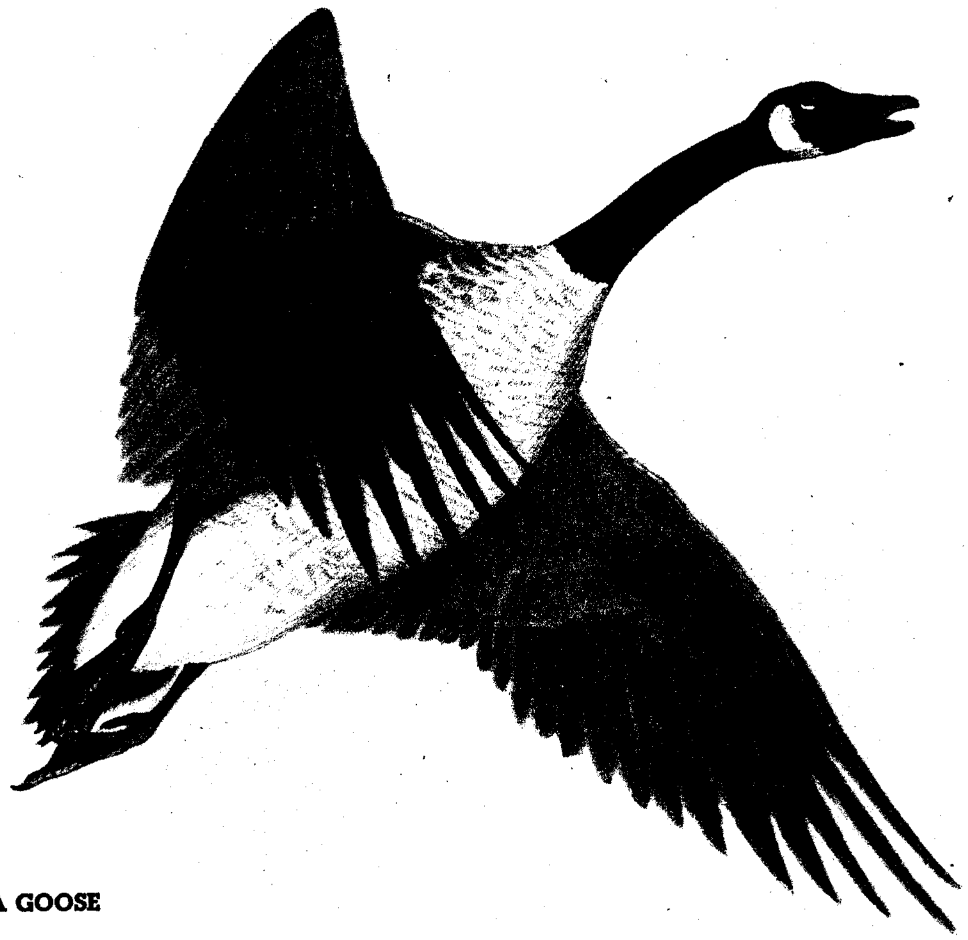
PINTAIL DUCKS



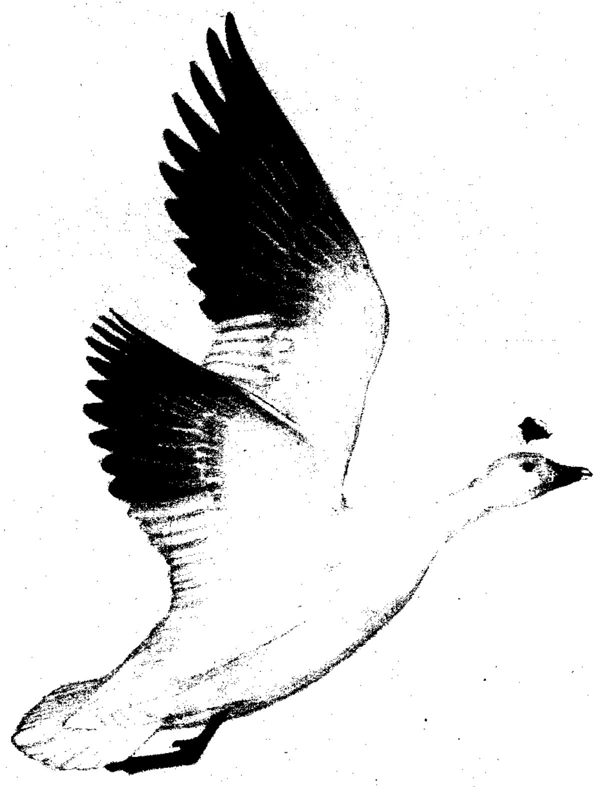
REDHEADED DUCK



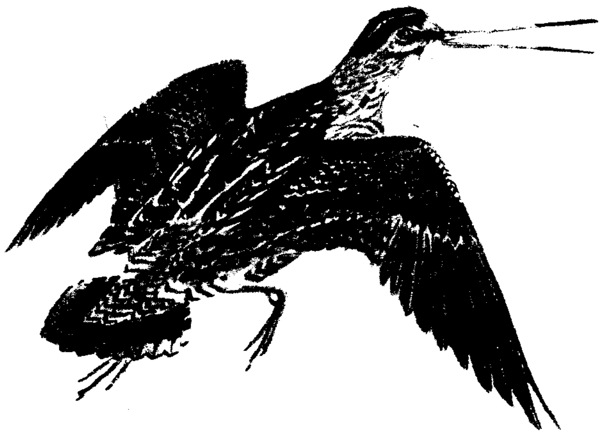
CANVASBACK DUCK



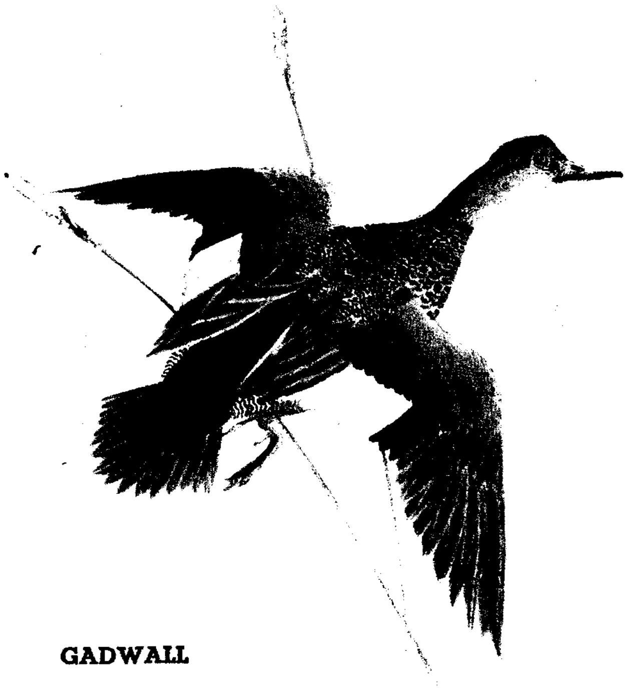
CANADA GOOSE



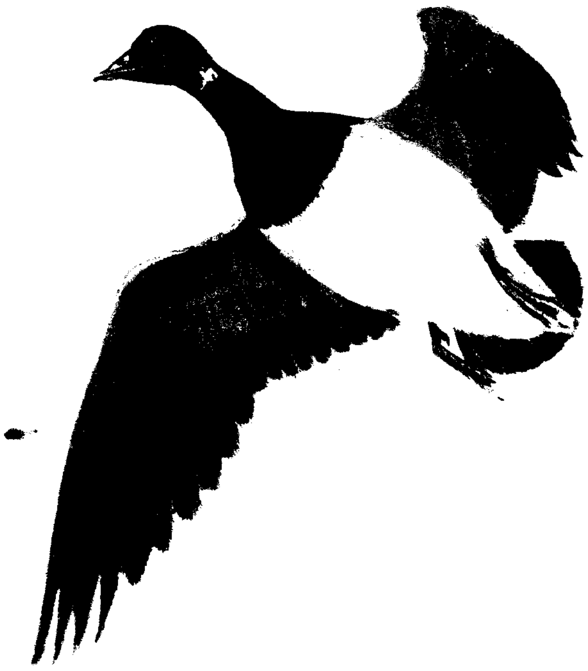
LESSER SNOW GOOSE



WILSON'S SNIPE



GADWALL



BRANT

three well-spaced shots, in confident rhythm: a seasoned old waterfowler, you assume, a veteran of the marshes. A pause, a single shot as he picks up a cripple. Now a wedge of geese comes out of the silver glare across the lake, and runs the gantlet of the blinds, and you hear the heavy boom-boomp! of a magnum ten, the crack-crack-crack of some enthusiast with a 20-gauge slide action, the twin detonations of a pair of double-barrels letting go. Your heart is pounding; the guns are opening up on all sides of you; the speeding birds cross the sky into the sun.

"Yonder come a couple," your guide whispers sharply. "Stand up an' take 'em, mister!"

The sun mounts higher, your bag is approaching its limit in the bottom of the blind; the little wavelets lap against the sunken boards, and your feet are chunks of ice; and still the guns sound, still the birds come rapidly, endlessly. Is there no end to them? you wonder.

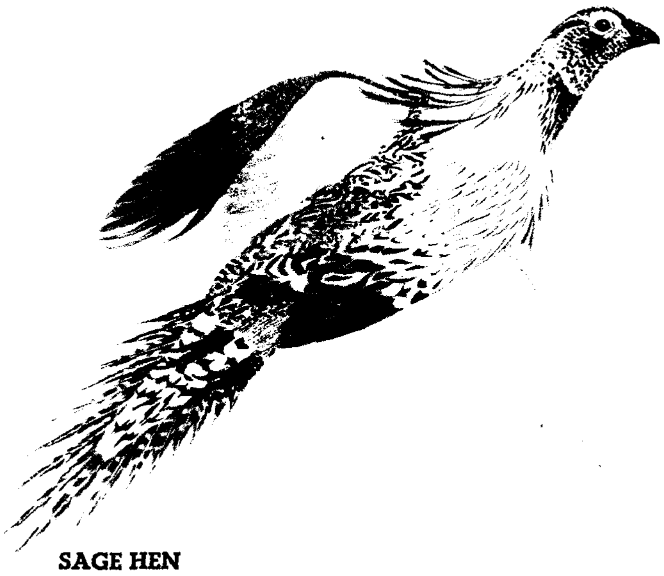
"Why, bless your heart, mister, they's more birds here every year," the guide smiles, biting another hunk of cut plug. "The geese have better'n doubled since this refuge started, while the ducks have increased some five or six times over. It's a funny thing," he ponders, "but it seems the more guns, the more game. . . ."

And that is the thing that is hardest to believe of all. For it is a fact—and the ever-mounting number of birds at Mattamuskeet offers a striking example—that hunting the game is actually the best way of insuring the supply. The increase of sportsmen in this country—paradoxical as it seems—has meant a corresponding increase in the wild life itself.

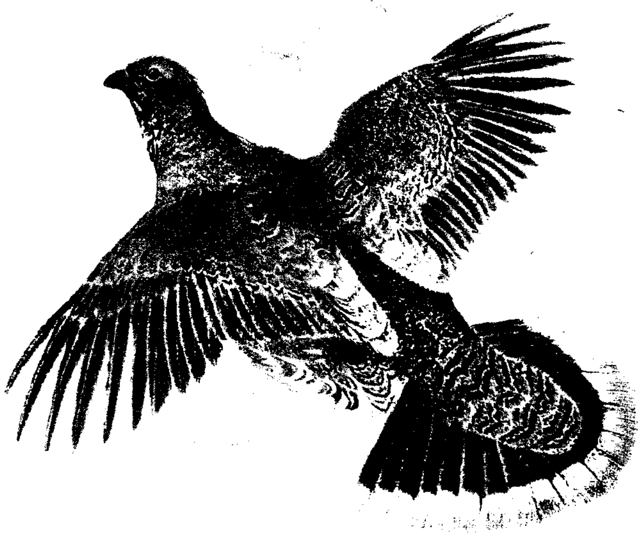
For years, of course, the sportsman has taken it on the chin. Whenever the game supply has dwindled, it has invariably been the hunter who has gotten the blame. Let the birds begin to fall off, and at once the sentimentalists and restrictionists, pointing accusing fingers at the gunners, demand a national closed season as the cure-all to bring back our vanishing wild life. Everything from the disappearance of the buffalo to the passing of the late-lamented heath hen is laid to the guy with the gun.

But give the guy a break. Look for a moment at the facts. Out of every hundred birds killed in a year, according to statistics, the much-maligned hunter accounts for less than five. Fifty birds a year—half the birds killed annually in this country—are the victims of wild life's dreaded fuehrer, the prowling domestic house cat. Another twenty per cent is destroyed by a sort of wild-life fifth column of predatory foxes, hawks, crows and weasels and skunks. The remainder are victims of forest fire and disease and miscellaneous causes. And the sportsman, in exchange for his modest annual toll of five birds, is wild life's most loyal year-round ally in its fight against all its other enemies.

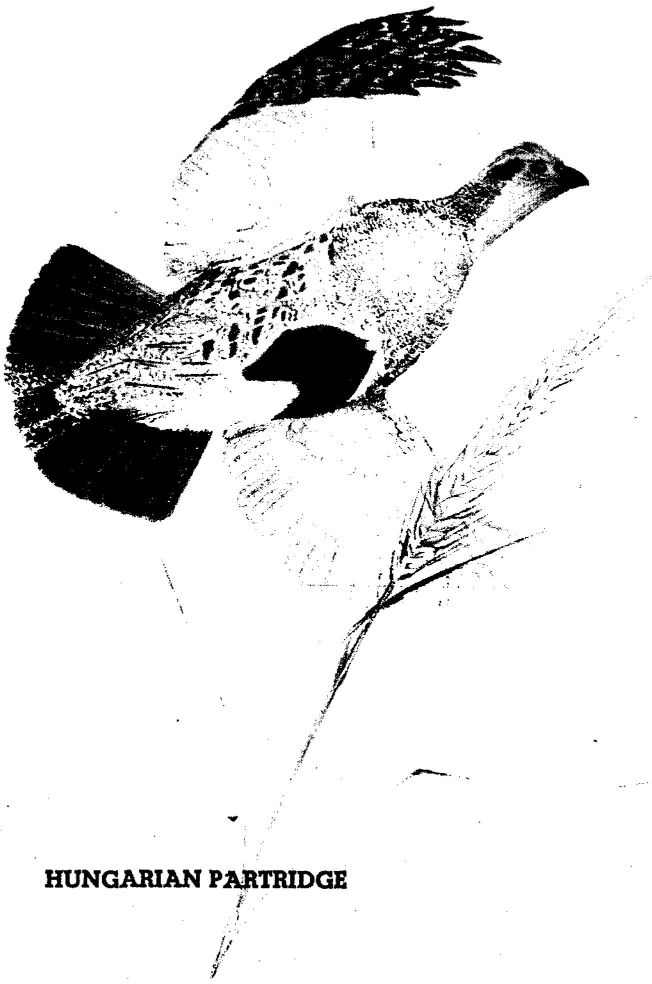
The sportsman does it for a selfish motive, of course. He wants to increase the supply for his personal pleasure. He has a sizable investment in firearms, equipment and dogs; hunting is his recreation; he has to have something to hunt. And so, if the game grows scarce, he takes steps to do something about it—and when six or eight million sportsmen take steps, they cover a lot of ground. He plants feed patches, and provides cover for nesting birds, and destroys the house cats and other predators that would destroy the young. He raises the cash—twelve million dollars in annual license fees, another three million in excise taxes, untold sums in local fish-and-game club dues—to purchase new breeding areas and refuges. (Mattamuskeet was paid for largely by duck-stamp funds.) In winter, he pulls on his leaky rubber boots—look at your newspaper pictures of last January and see who was risking double pneumonia, wading around out there in the icy salt marshes—and scatters grain in emergency feeding stations to offset the ravages of famine and cold.



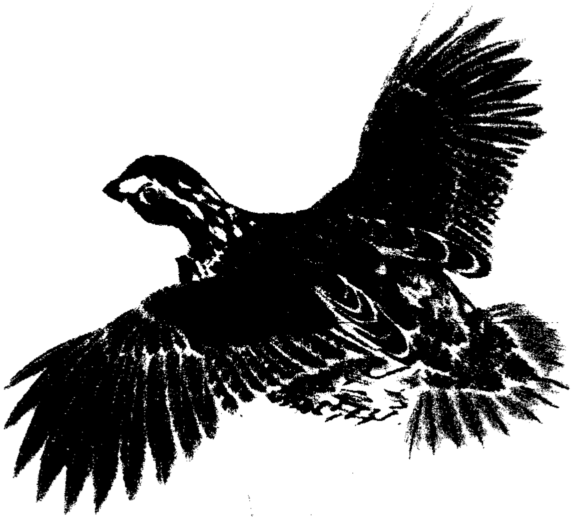
SAGE HEN



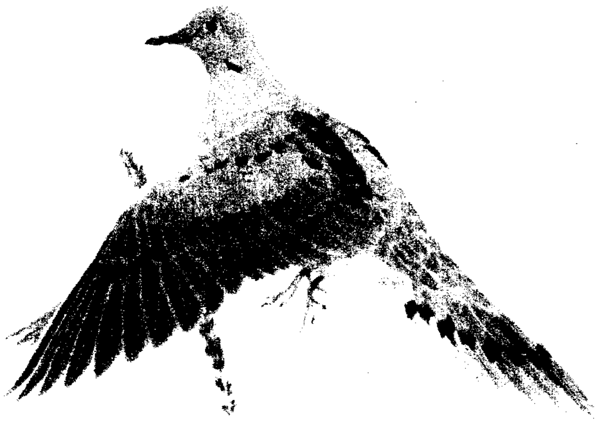
BLUE GROUSE



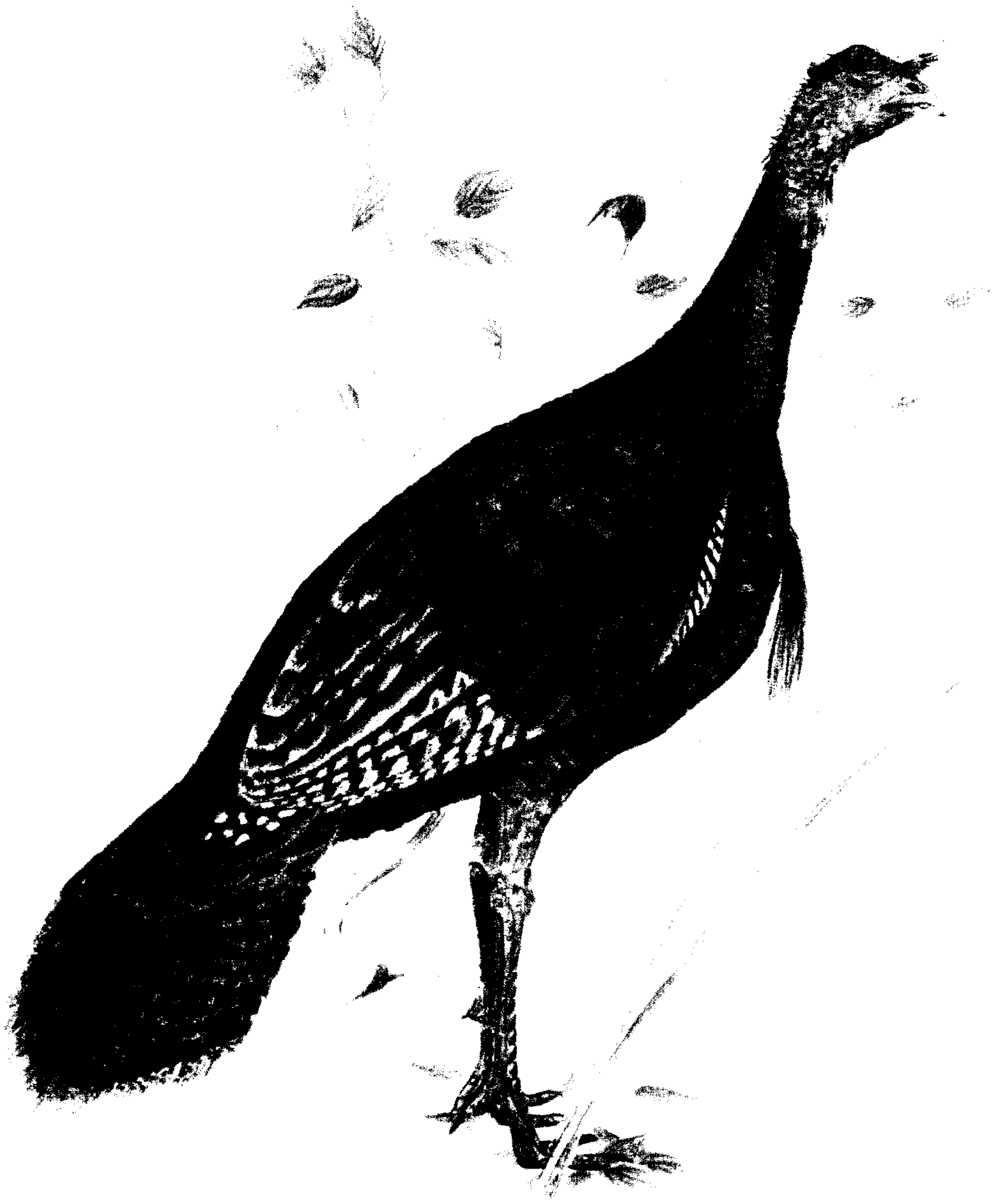
HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGE



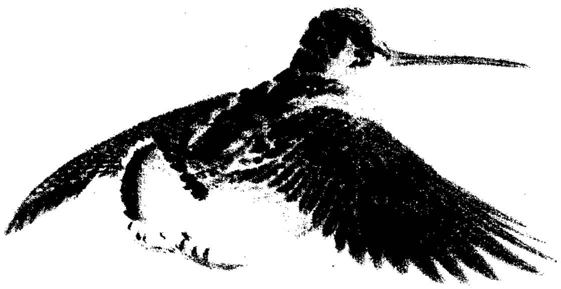
BOBWHITE QUAIL



MOURNING DOVE



WILD TURKEY



WOODCOCK

The sportsman has changed, you see. No longer is he the pothunter and game hog you used to know ten years ago, who measured his day's success by the size of his bag. No longer do you hear him brag at night: "Got my limit every day this week; yes, sir, got so many hanging out there in the woodshed now I can't even give 'em away. . . ." Perhaps it is because the increasing state restrictions have made getting one's limit no longer much of a feat. Or, perhaps, the sportsman himself has come to see things in a different light. Perhaps he has come to realize that there are other things to bring home at night: memory of the October hills, for example, the sumac bursting out of the gray mist in spurts of flame, the frosty ground crunching under his heavy boots as he sets out at dawn. The unforgettable hunting smell—burnt powder and gun oil and frost grapes and sweat. The hunting sounds—the double plop of ejected shells, the metallic thump of new loads dropping into the barrels, the crisp snap of the locking action as the gun is lifted for the next twisting timberdoodle coming out of the alders. The hunting feel—the car heading home at dusk, the shocks of corn ghostly in the twilight, the dogs panting and lapping themselves contentedly on the back seat. . . .

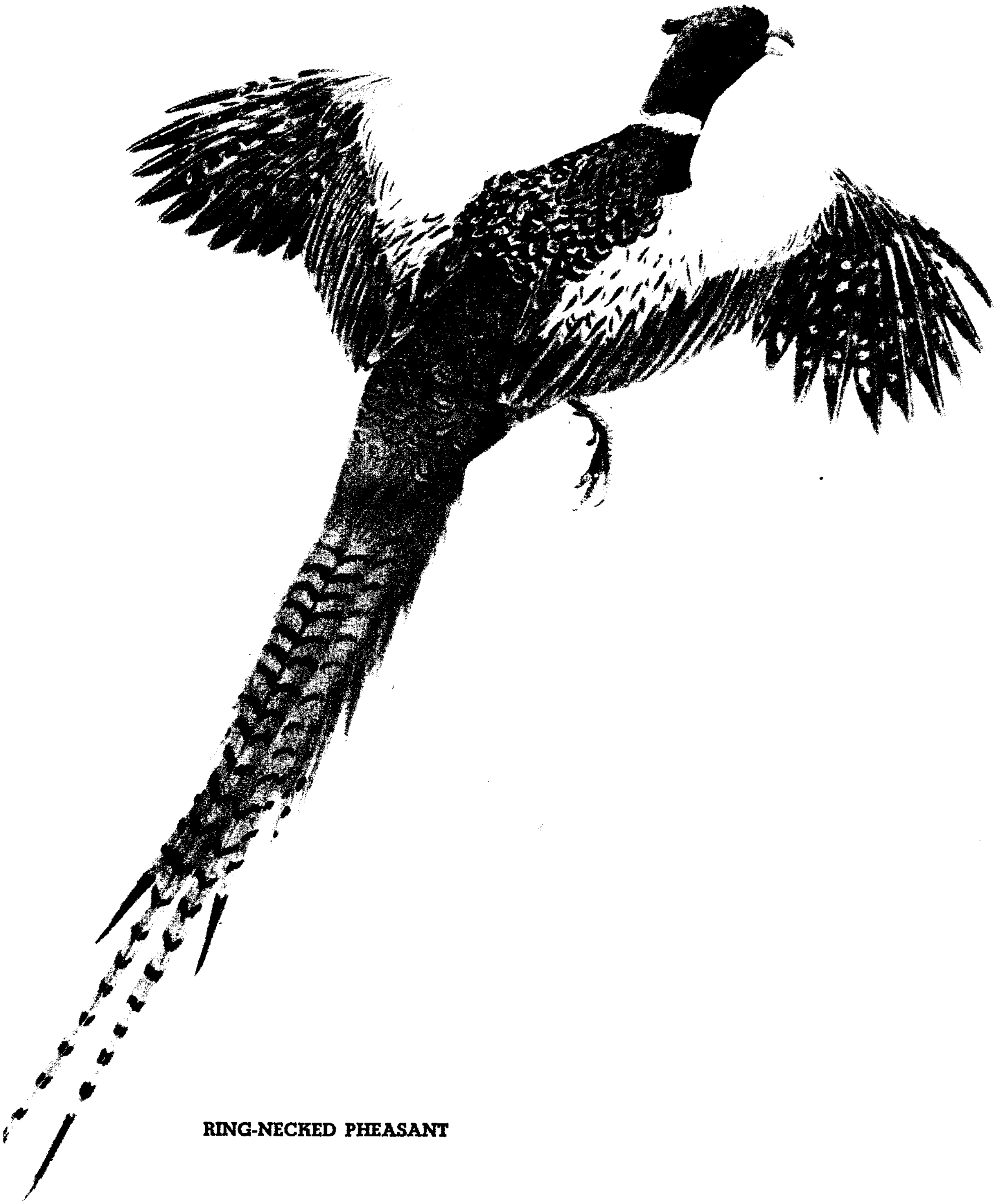
For the sportsman has a new ally now, curled asleep on his hunting coat in the corner, or sprawled before the fire with a wet muzzle resting across the instep of his outstretched hunting boot. Now you hear, not "How many did you get?" but "How did the new pup work?" The increasing use of the bird dog has not only saved game by retrieving cripples that might otherwise be lost; it has given the sportsman a new goal that has nothing to do with the size of the take. "I only took one out of the covey and let the rest go. I wanted to save 'em to work the pups on sometime." Now, when he goes hunting, he has something more engrossing than the number of birds he kills: the making of a dog, a puppy steady on his first point, a neat bit of work in close cover.

The sportsman has changed; and one of the first persons to notice the change is his ancient enemy, the farmer. For generations, it seems, the farmer and the sportsman had been at swords' points. You could not really blame the farmer. He had seen careless sportsmen break down his fences, and leave hobnailed boot marks over his spinach bed, and neglect to replace his pasture bars, and take pot shots at his pet heifer. Up went his bars and his barbed wire. Up went his ubiquitous sign with the N's upside down and the S's backward. "No Hunting Aloud. This Means You."

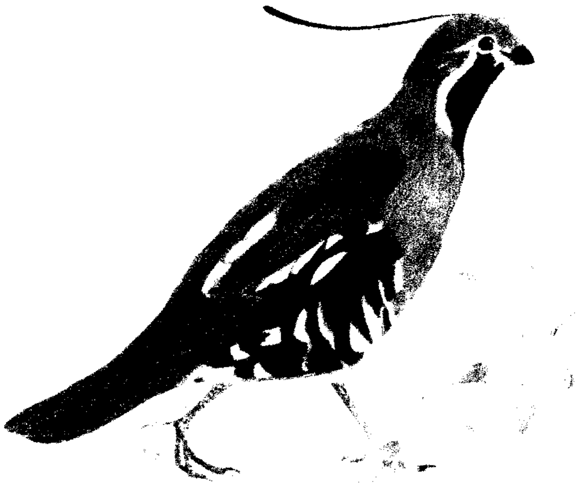
The farmer closed his land; but he closed it to protect the land, not the game. He had neither time nor money to spend on wild life. He had no idea game was worth fussing over, for that matter. Oh, a mess of quail for Sunday dinner, sure, or maybe a wild turkey for Christmas; but as for leaving hedgerows uncut, or planting feed patches, or spending his hard-earned cash to fence off nesting areas—don't make him laugh. What was it to him? What could he get out of it?

And so the predators increased, safe from the sportsmen's guns. And so the breeding grounds were burned over or trampled out by cattle, the winter-feed along the edges of the fields was hacked out with a brush hook, even the protective fence corners were plowed up to grow an extra bushel of corn. And so—because nine tenths of our game today is on private farm land—the national supply began to dwindle fast.

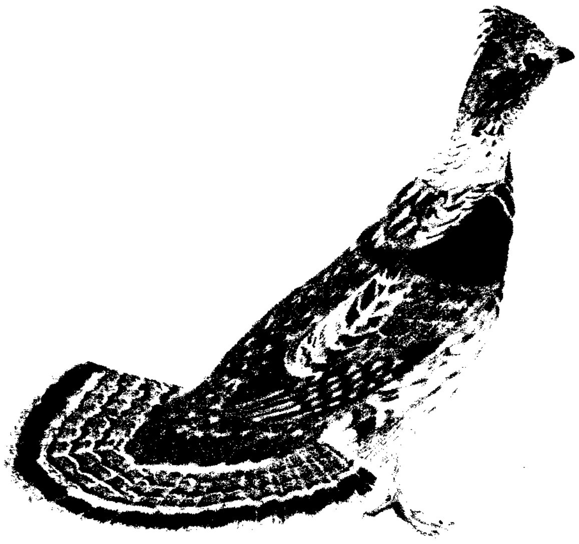
That was when the State stepped in. The wiser game



RING-NECKED PHEASANT



MOUNTAIN QUAIL



RUFFED GROUSE

commissioners—John D. Chalk of North Carolina, for example, whose efficient and farseeing commission is an acknowledged model today for other states to follow—realized that there was only one person basically interested in preserving wild life, and that was the man who hunted it. So Commissioner Chalk took the hunter by the arm, and marched him up to the front door of the farmhouse. "Brother Farmer," he said rapidly, as he noticed the menacing look in the landowner's eye, "meet Brother Sportsman. . . . No, don't kick him out. He's a customer of yours. He wants to buy a crop that you don't even know you can sell. He wants to help you raise that crop; and, when the time comes, he'll do the harvesting himself, and pay you for what he takes. I think it's high time you two gentlemen got together."

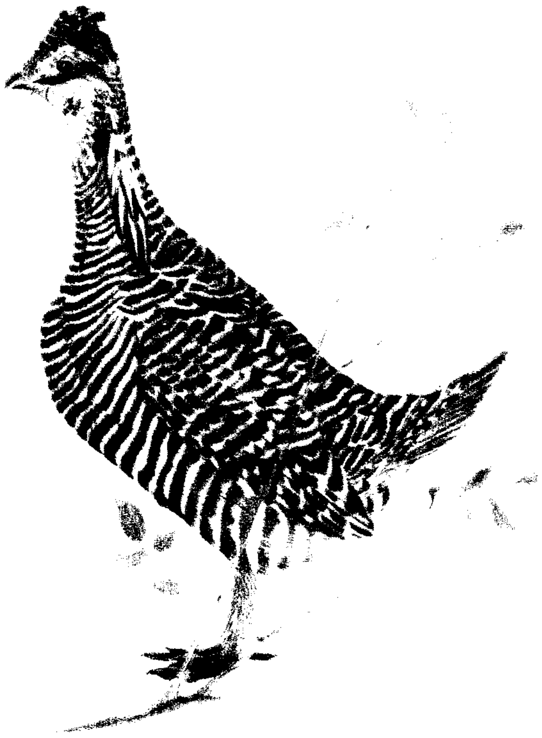
Already this national policy of farmer-sportsman co-operation—for Farm-Game Management in one form or another has spread to every state in the Union today—has brought our wild life back, in an astonishingly short period of time. Excellent jobs are being done in Pennsylvania, Missouri, Michigan, New York, Iowa, Oregon, Ohio, Texas, California and Wisconsin. Also deserving commendation for their

(Continued on page 70)

Upland Game Birds

You can argue with a sportsman about religion or politics but not about his favorite form of upland game. Your partridge hunter will insist there is no adversary to match that wise king of game birds, the ruffed grouse, which explodes out of an old apple tree, or a thicket of young beech or pine, at the very moment when you are halfway across a crumbling stone wall with a piece of barbed wire caught in your pants. Your woodcock hunter will claim that the grouselike timberdoodle outranks all the rest. Your quail hunter holds for the ubiquitous bobwhite—principal upland game bird of this country—that feeds in a covey at the edge of a cornfield and, as you walk past your pointing dog, bursts upward all at once like feathered shrapnel under your very nose. All the turkey hunter asks is to scatter a drove of roosting turkeys at night, and call them in at dawn with a chalk-coated cedar box and a piece of slate, picking off an inquisitive twenty-pound gobbler as he pokes his wary head around a stump. Your pheasant hunter, your prairie-chicken hunter, your sportsman who travels a thousand miles to hunt the fast-flying Hungarian partridge—all of them agree on just one thing: There's no other sport in the world to match upland game shooting.

C. F. and A. M.

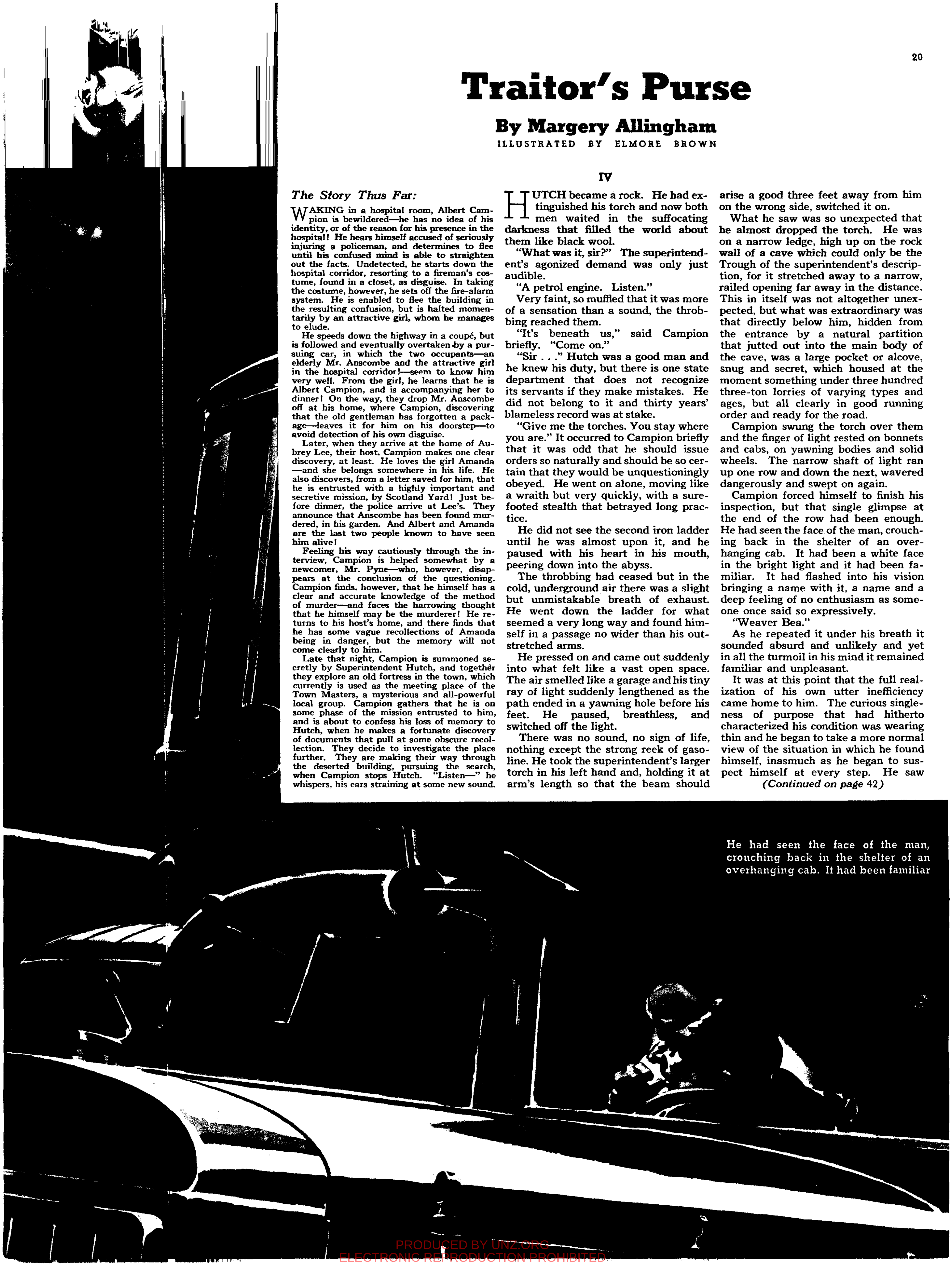


PRAIRIE CHICKEN

Traitor's Purse

By Margery Allingham

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



He had seen the face of the man, crouching back in the shelter of an overhanging cab. It had been familiar

IV

The Story Thus Far:

WAKING in a hospital room, Albert Campion is bewildered—he has no idea of his identity, or of the reason for his presence in the hospital! He hears himself accused of seriously injuring a policeman, and determines to flee until his confused mind is able to straighten out the facts. Undetected, he starts down the hospital corridor, resorting to a fireman's costume, found in a closet, as disguise. In taking the costume, however, he sets off the fire-alarm system. He is enabled to flee the building in the resulting confusion, but is halted momentarily by an attractive girl, whom he manages to elude.

He speeds down the highway in a coupé, but is followed and eventually overtaken by a pursuing car, in which the two occupants—an elderly Mr. Anscombe and the attractive girl in the hospital corridor!—seem to know him very well. From the girl, he learns that he is Albert Campion, and is accompanying her to dinner! On the way, they drop Mr. Anscombe off at his home, where Campion, discovering that the old gentleman has forgotten a package—leaves it for him on his doorstep—to avoid detection of his own disguise.

Later, when they arrive at the home of Aubrey Lee, their host, Campion makes one clear discovery, at least. He loves the girl Amanda—and she belongs somewhere in his life. He also discovers, from a letter saved for him, that he is entrusted with a highly important and secretive mission, by Scotland Yard! Just before dinner, the police arrive at Lee's. They announce that Anscombe has been found murdered, in his garden. And Albert and Amanda are the last two people known to have seen him alive!

Feeling his way cautiously through the interview, Campion is helped somewhat by a newcomer, Mr. Pyne—who, however, disappears at the conclusion of the questioning. Campion finds, however, that he himself has a clear and accurate knowledge of the method of murder—and faces the harrowing thought that he himself may be the murderer! He returns to his host's home, and there finds that he has some vague recollections of Amanda being in danger, but the memory will not come clearly to him.

Late that night, Campion is summoned secretly by Superintendent Hutch, and together they explore an old fortress in the town, which currently is used as the meeting place of the Town Masters, a mysterious and all-powerful local group. Campion gathers that he is on some phase of the mission entrusted to him, and is about to confess his loss of memory to Hutch, when he makes a fortunate discovery of documents that pull at some obscure recollection. They decide to investigate the place further. They are making their way through the deserted building, pursuing the search, when Campion stops Hutch. "Listen—" he whispers, his ears straining at some new sound.

HUTCH became a rock. He had extinguished his torch and now both men waited in the suffocating darkness that filled the world about them like black wool.

"What was it, sir?" The superintendent's agonized demand was only just audible.

"A petrol engine. Listen."

Very faint, so muffled that it was more of a sensation than a sound, the throbbing reached them.

"It's beneath us," said Campion briefly. "Come on."

"Sir . . ." Hutch was a good man and he knew his duty, but there is one state department that does not recognize its servants if they make mistakes. He did not belong to it and thirty years' blameless record was at stake.

"Give me the torches. You stay where you are." It occurred to Campion briefly that it was odd that he should issue orders so naturally and should be so certain that they would be unquestioningly obeyed. He went on alone, moving like a wraith but very quickly, with a surefooted stealth that betrayed long practice.

He did not see the second iron ladder until he was almost upon it, and he paused with his heart in his mouth, peering down into the abyss.

The throbbing had ceased but in the cold, underground air there was a slight but unmistakable breath of exhaust. He went down the ladder for what seemed a very long way and found himself in a passage no wider than his outstretched arms.

He pressed on and came out suddenly into what felt like a vast open space. The air smelled like a garage and his tiny ray of light suddenly lengthened as the path ended in a yawning hole before his feet. He paused, breathless, and switched off the light.

There was no sound, no sign of life, nothing except the strong reek of gasoline. He took the superintendent's larger torch in his left hand and, holding it at arm's length so that the beam should arise a good three feet away from him on the wrong side, switched it on.

What he saw was so unexpected that he almost dropped the torch. He was on a narrow ledge, high up on the rock wall of a cave which could only be the Trough of the superintendent's description, for it stretched away to a narrow, railed opening far away in the distance. This in itself was not altogether unexpected, but what was extraordinary was that directly below him, hidden from the entrance by a natural partition that jutted out into the main body of the cave, was a large pocket or alcove, snug and secret, which housed at the moment something under three hundred three-ton lorries of varying types and ages, but all clearly in good running order and ready for the road.

Campion swung the torch over them and the finger of light rested on bonnets and cabs, on yawning bodies and solid wheels. The narrow shaft of light ran up one row and down the next, wavered dangerously and swept on again.

Campion forced himself to finish his inspection, but that single glimpse at the end of the row had been enough. He had seen the face of the man, crouching back in the shelter of an overhanging cab. It had been a white face in the bright light and it had been familiar. It had flashed into his vision bringing a name with it, a name and a deep feeling of no enthusiasm as someone once said so expressively.

"Weaver Bea."

As he repeated it under his breath it sounded absurd and unlikely and yet in all the turmoil in his mind it remained familiar and unpleasant.

It was at this point that the full realization of his own utter inefficiency came home to him. The curious singleness of purpose that had hitherto characterized his condition was wearing thin and he began to take a more normal view of the situation in which he found himself, inasmuch as he began to suspect himself at every step. He saw

(Continued on page 42)

SMARTY

By Hagar Wilde

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

First dispatches from the war between Max Sanders and that girl with the serpent's tongue

THERE was nobody to see Max Sanders off on the S.S. Venida, bound for the Canal Zone and points south, because nobody knew he was going. He had nothing to do but watch the faces on the dock, the faces coming up the gangplank and the faces kissing other faces. He sighed. The law of the sea was that when the visitors-ashore signal sounded all the attractive people now milling about would get off leaving their unattractive friends and relatives to sail.

But fifteen minutes before sailing time a face arrived which was crowned by yellow hair; not the metallic sort that bounces sunlight off as though it were a rival but a soft, soothing yellow with tricky lights buried in it. Max had an excellent view of her hair because she carried her hat, a confection in felt that must have cost a pretty penny. Her retinue looked expensive, too.

There were four men. The first, dark and serious, probably spent his waking hours in a brokerage office. The orchids that she carried in a cellophane box had been sent by the second man. He was older than the girl by eight or ten years and had had as good a view of the world as one can get through the windows of foreign barrooms. The third young man had come for the champagne. Bringing up the rear was good old Charley.

Charley was the young-bachelor type who stays the young-bachelor type until he falls apart. He carried the hamper that, in all probability, contained the champagne.

The girl was leggy and walked as though she knew where she was going. When she gained the deck she said, "I'm in A21. Giggi, find the room steward and tell him I want six champagne glasses. Don't take any arguments and don't get lost."

So Charley's name was Giggi and there *was* champagne in the hamper. About the time they got the glasses filled the visitors-ashore signal would sound and they'd troop off leaving half-empty glasses and a litter in her cabin. She would come up to wave goodby and they'd shout things from the dock to the deck about being good and taking care of herself and being sure to write. Then, in a body, they'd go somewhere and drink to her gravely.

Presently, absently watching the dock, Max saw Stacey Maxwell come aboard frowning. The girl with Stacey had been crying. When he came abreast Max lifted his hat and said, "Hello, Stace."

"Sailing?" Stacey said.

"Yes."

"I'm in 15B. Come on down."

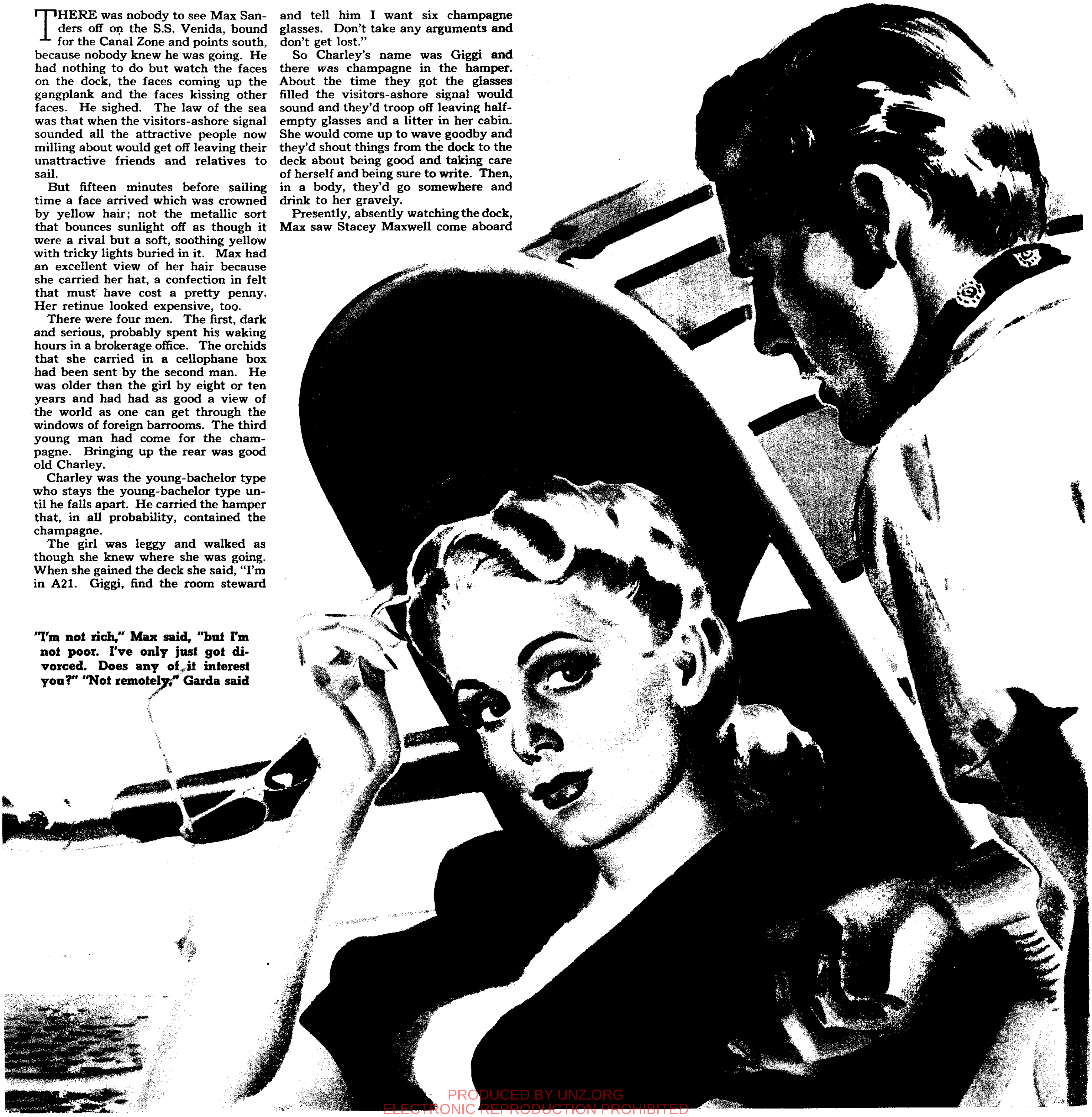
"Later."

Max watched the visitors stream ashore, the gangplank raised and the distance between deck and dock widen. The smarty hadn't come above to wave. He became aware of a presence at his elbow and turned to stare into a pair of large blue eyes that had read not wisely but too well the advertisement saying, "Bring out the natural beauty of your eyes. Use Cambellis." The black spikes rising from her eyelids bore no resemblance to eyelashes. They seemed, rather, to be belligerently guarding the portals of vision. She was big. A revoltingly new steamer coat, tightly belted at the waist, hid her figure and with it she wore patent-leather, round-toed pumps with four-inch spike heels. "I hope we have nice weather," she said in a voice as pleasant as a fingernail scratching a calcimined wall. "This is my first trip on a boat."

"A sea voyage is very relaxing," Max said.

Her shrill laugh sent shivers down his spine. "I need to relax, all right. My name is Mildred Corrigan. What is yours?"

(Continued on page 59)



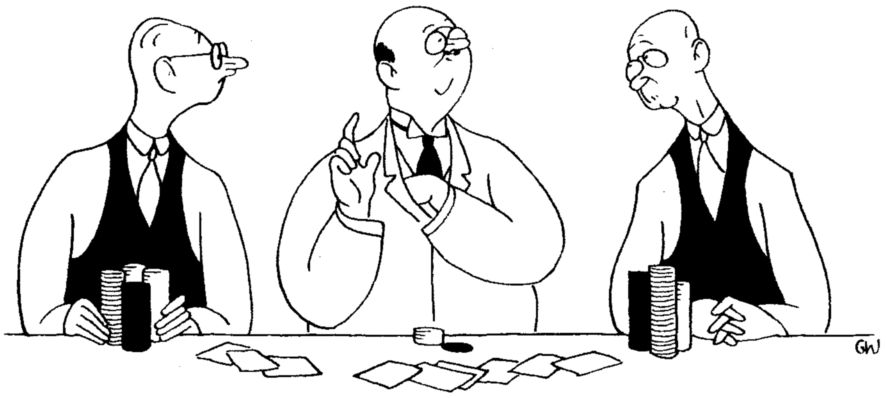
"I'm not rich," Max said, "but I'm not poor. I've only just got divorced. Does any of it interest you?" "Not remotely," Garda said

Hands Across the Table

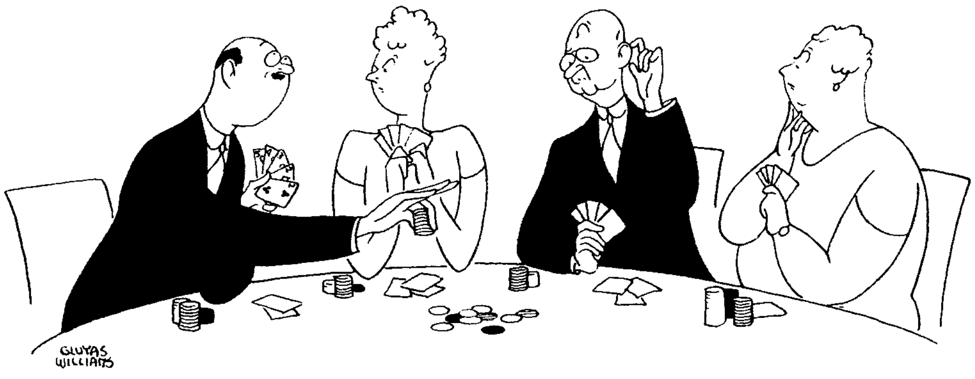
By Oswald Jacoby

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Poker has come out of the back room and into the parlor. Here's an expert cardsman's advice on playing the streamlined versions that make the game more interesting and more profitable than ever



When you lose, pay up. It's bad form to be caught without funds



The man who never bluffs never wins, because no one ever calls him

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Bookkeeping errors always lead to a certain amount of unpleasantness

THERE is a popular misconception that since poker is a gambling game it is pure luck. Actually nothing could be farther from the fact. Poker is the one game where a player may hold bad cards all evening and still come out a winner.

Poker is a game of money management—not card management. It is a game where the best hand need not win. It may be bluffed out. The good poker player must bluff on occasion. The man who never bluffs never wins, because, like the tight player, no one ever calls him.

This fine American game has always been popular among men. In late years women have taken it up also, and today it is played almost as much, if not as much, as bridge; and all this popularity in spite of the fact that the game operates under local rules that are varied from time to time as new situations arise.

True, there are so-called laws of poker, but these are antiquated and in no sense cover the modern streamlined game.

As long as people gamble there will be both losers and winners; and whatever the game—be it bingo, bridge or poker—and whatever the stakes, some of the losers will be losing more than they really can afford. In the old days this was particularly true of poker, which is one reason why, until recently, the game was held in considerable disrepute. Old-fashioned poker—i.e., straight, stud and draw—were essentially tough games in which the only amusement was obtained through the gambling element. Today the new games suggested in this article are sufficiently interesting to be played for nominal stakes. However, even though the stakes are nominal, people will still get hurt if certain rules aren't adhered to.

First there is the matter of stakes. In this connection our recommendation is to set the stake at as small a figure as you can without boring the players. And once the stake has been set, adhere to it rigidly. In particular it is inadvisable toward the close of a game to raise the limit or the ante. Remember, the stake you have set is always one the players can afford. When you raise the ante or the limit you are increasing the size of the game and someone may get hurt.

Second, set a quitting time. When play begins everyone is exactly even—there are no winners and no losers. The players should know when they want to stop and should set a time for this. Once this stopping time is set, it should be adhered to rigidly. In particular the habit of playing even an extra half-hour should be discouraged.

Let us consider a typical mixed poker game. Two or three married couples and perhaps a couple of bachelors get together to play one or two evenings a week. Everyone has to get up the next morning, and accordingly twelve-thirty is fixed as the stopping time. As long as they adhere to this time rigidly, there is no harm done. True, the players may be the least bit tired the next morning, but they are not so tired as to interfere with their efficiency.

You're starting trouble by asking for another hour of play

However, suppose they once play overtime, even half an hour. Let us see what happens. The next time they play some loser is sure to say at twelve-thirty: "You know last time we played till one. We ought to do it again tonight." No one can make any sound objection now, and instead of being a twelve-thirty game it has become a one-o'clock game.

This extra half-hour doesn't seem like much but it does represent trouble, because pretty soon we will find the game stopping at one-thirty, then at two, then at three, and finally we will have an all-night session, with the men rushing home at seven in the morning to shave and get to the office in no condition to be of any value to themselves or anyone else.

The next time the game is played everyone will resolve to quit early. They probably will—at, say, five o'clock, but not much before. The game, which has previously been a relaxation, becomes a serious event. One couple probably decides they won't play any more, and after a while it becomes impossible to get up any game whatever.

"Let's Raise the Stakes"

All the above assumes that the stakes remain the same even though play continues all night. Actually, once overtime play starts, there is a great tendency to raise the stakes. For instance, at twelve-thirty it is decided to play another hour. A player who is out one hundred chips says, "Let's double the limit for the extra hour. I want a chance to get even." The other players acquiesce. As a result, at one-thirty, which is the second quitting time, a man who was a big winner at half-past twelve is now a big loser. He says, "You ought to give me a chance. Let's play one more hour and double the limit again."

When the game finally breaks up at seven in the morning it is disclosed that the big loser is now out over a thousand chips, to say nothing of a night's sleep. If the chips have a value of a penny, that means ten dollars instead of one dollar; if the chips have a value of a dime, it means one hundred dollars instead of ten—in either case undoubtedly more than the evening's entertainment could possibly be worth to him.

A third point, which may sound a little sordid, is just as essential as the other two. That is, immediate settlement of every game. Don't end the evening with: "I haven't got a check with me now. I'll pay you next Thursday."

In order to make a poker game interesting it is a good idea to have a lot of chips in play at all times. In other words, a game where the limit is one hundred chips worth a penny each is much more fun than a game where the limit is ten chips worth ten cents each. And incidentally, the game with one hundred penny chips, while theoretically the same size as the game with ten ten-cent chips, actually is substantially smaller, the reason being that a player is much more cautious about putting one hundred penny chips in the pot than he would be with ten ten-cent chips.

In my opinion it is inadvisable even to play with chips nominally worth less than a penny. But for those to whom penny ante is still too high a game there is a simple way of covering this difficulty. Play with penny chips, but when you come to settle the game pay off at five or ten cents on the dollar.

A nice variation if you want to restrict the losses is to play so-called poverty poker. Suppose it is determined

(Continued on page 31)

The Patriotic Murders

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

HERCULE POIROT, noted Belgian detective, leaves the office of Henry Morley, a London dentist. Shortly after, Inspector Japp, of Scotland Yard, telephones him to say that Morley has committed suicide.

A skeptical person, Poirot does not accept Japp's verdict. He believes Morley, healthy, happy and prosperous, was shot to death. He starts an investigation. Suspect No. 1 is Amberiotis, a wealthy Greek—patient of Morley's—but before he can be interviewed, he is found dead of an overdose of dental drugs! The inference is obvious; having killed the Greek accidentally, Morley, in remorse, had shot himself. But Poirot does not accept this theory, nor does Mr. Barnes, an ex-secret service man, to whom the Belgian goes for advice. Barnes' theory is that a band of conspirators killed Morley because he interfered with their plans to kill Alistair Blunt, financier.

Another problem appears when Miss Mabelle Sainsbury Seale, also a patient of Morley's, mysteriously disappears. And Poirot, busy investigating various persons—Howard Raikes, young radical from America; Frank Carter, fiancé of Morley's secretary; Mr. Blunt; Jane Olivera, Blunt's niece, in love with Raikes; and others—cannot fathom Miss Seale's disappearance.

At first, a body found in the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chapman seems to be that of Miss Seale. Further investigation proves, however, the victim to be Mrs. Chapman—but disguised as Miss Seale! Immediately, the search for Miss Seale is mysteriously postponed by the foreign office.

Later, Poirot receives a warning by telephone to keep out of the investigation, or he will meet harm!

Poirot accepts a week-end invitation to Blunt's manor. There, in the garden, an assailant takes a shot at Blunt. Either of two men—Raikes, or Frank Carter, (disguised as a new gardener)—could be guilty. Poirot questions his list of suspects—and slowly a pattern of the murder begins to form for him. Carter is arrested. Frantic, he confesses to the Belgian that he was present, perhaps at the time of the murder—but that he saw the murderer disappearing when he discovered the body.

Conclusion

ON THE following day Hercule Poirot spent some hours with a theatrical agent of his acquaintance. In the afternoon he went to Oxford. On the day after that he drove down to the country—it was late when he returned.

He had telephoned before he left to make an appointment with Mr. Alistair Blunt for that same evening.

It was half past nine when he reached the Gothic House.

Alistair Blunt was alone in his library when Poirot was shown in.

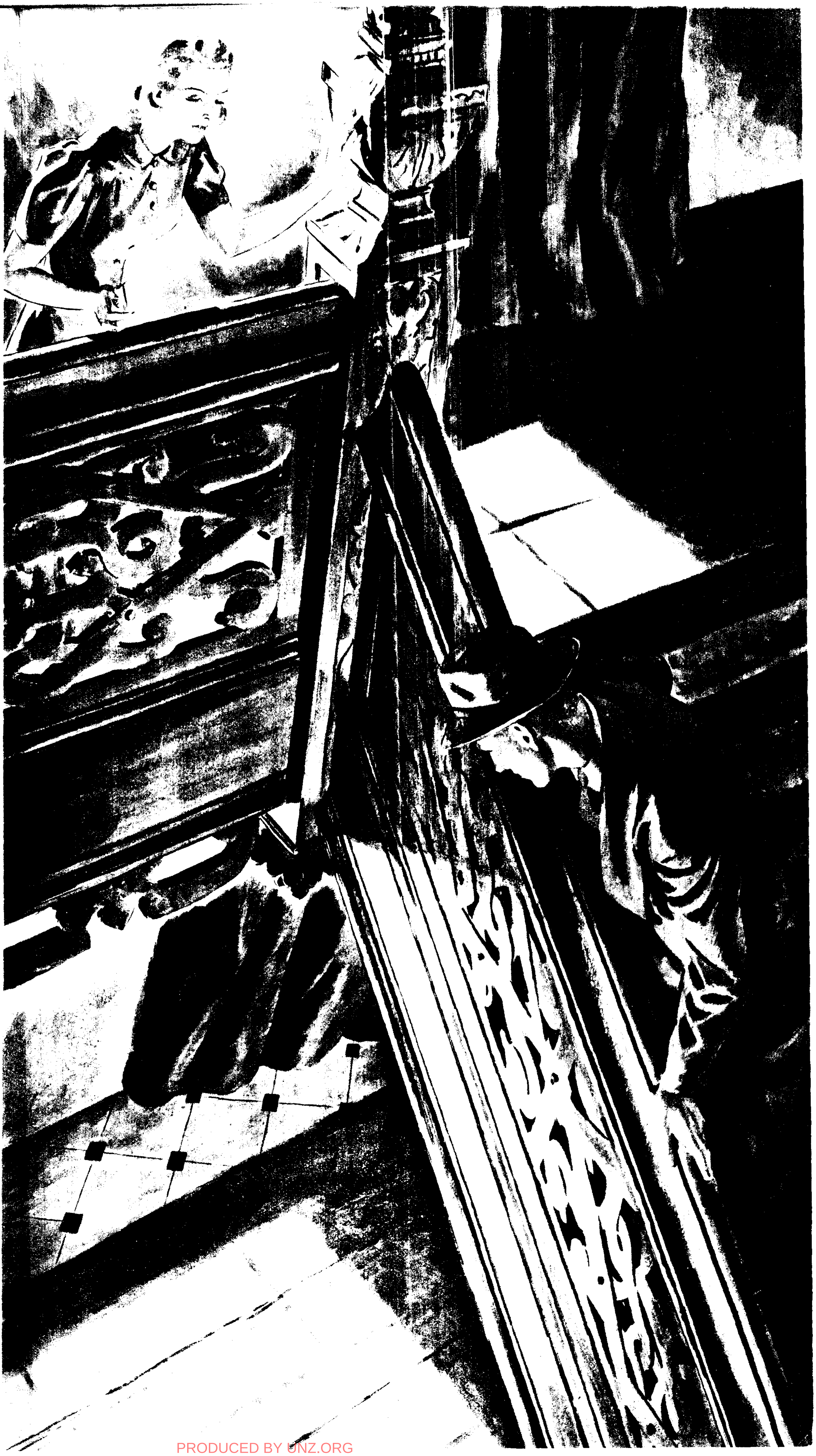
He looked an eager question at his visitor as he shook hands. He said, "Well?"

Slowly, Hercule Poirot nodded his head.

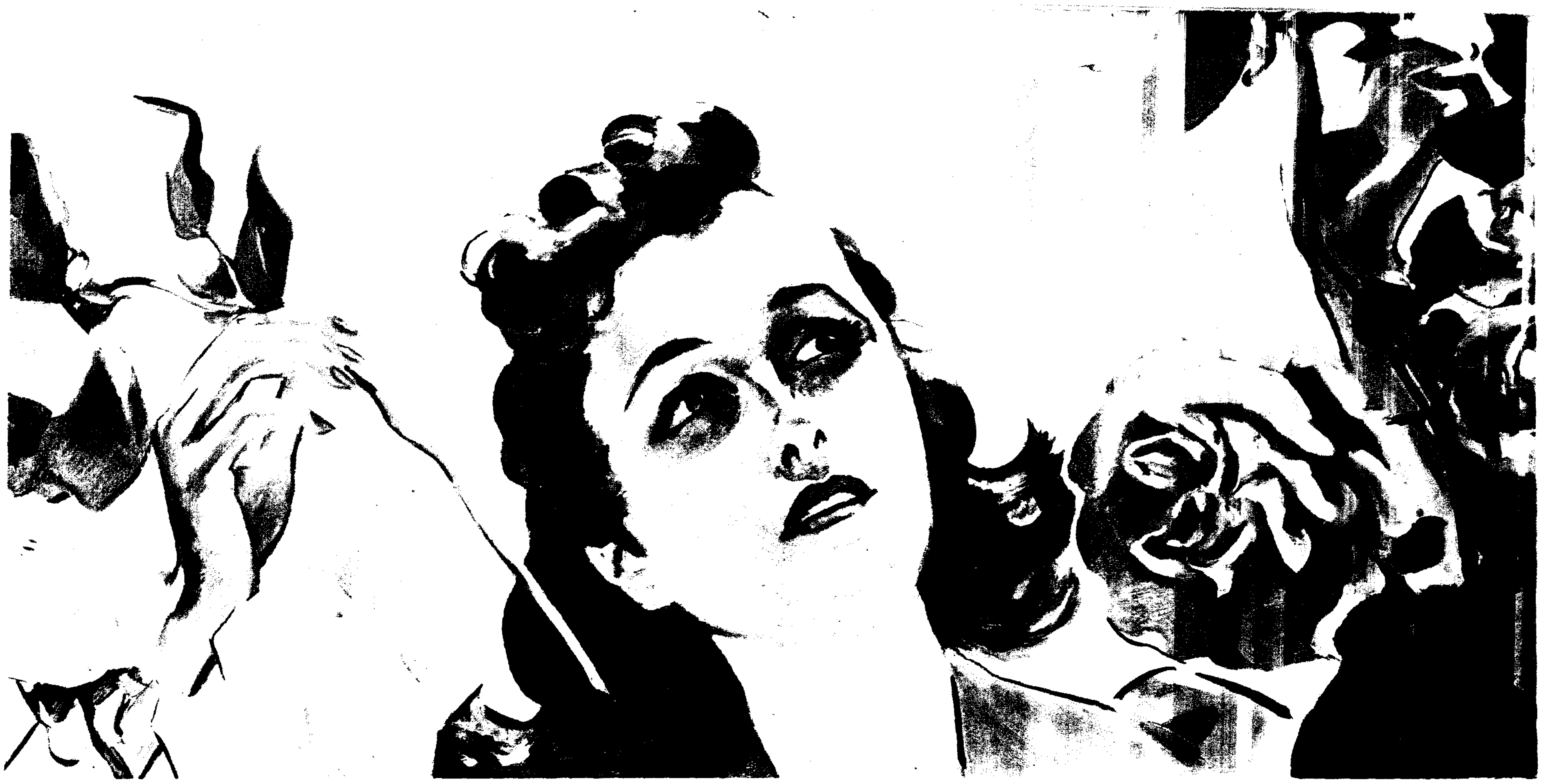
Blunt looked at him in almost incredulous appreciation.

"Have you found her?"

(Continued on page 78)



"Frank Carter did not recognize you. He only saw you from above"



She had her own weakness—she loved flowers. Whenever Joe won he used to bring flowers for her

Rose of His Heart

By Edward L. McKenna

THIS is about a fellow who never amounted to a great deal, and about his wife, who was much more important, as these things go. Call them Joe and Agnes.

Joe was a horse player. Besides that, he liked his liquor. He lost plenty of jobs through his drinking, and the horses kept him broke most of the time. He was a competent man, in his line: he was a good mechanic, when his hands were steady. He could always get another job, he said, and it wasn't quite a delusion, for he always went and got one; good mechanics are scarce enough, and the town is wide.

Agnes—well, Agnes was just another horse player's wife, long-suffering, and sweet, and beautiful enough to catch at a gambler's heart, because gamblers always are looking for something they used to see dimly in the spring dusk, when life still lay before them.

They didn't have any children. Maybe that was just as well, for any woman had trouble enough if she had Joe.

She had her own weakness—she loved flowers. Whenever Joe won, he used to bring flowers home for her, and lots of other times he brought them, even if he spent his last quarter.

Don't think they didn't get along all right, most of the time. Agnes was deceitful to him, in this: she saved out money on him; she got money out of him, when he had it, and then claimed that she had spent it, or that he had borrowed it back again from her. He'd nod, and never question nor complain.

That was how they got a little house, first payment down, and a car for which there never could be but one payment, so old it was and broken down. Joe fixed it so it wasn't bad. He was always tinkering with it.

One day, this day it was, Agnes was out buying the groceries, and she was wearing her four-dollar dress and the faint and distant smile of a happy woman. She was driving her car, their car, and she saw Joe.

He was walking along the street, and carrying a big bunch of flowers. He wasn't going too steady, but he was giving everybody in the world a great big smile.

"He's home early," Agnes said. "He wants to get home early, and surprise me. I won't pick him up. He wants me to be surprised."

She was surprised, all right. Still smiling foolishly, he turned down the wrong street.

"Well. Well, the big dope," said Agnes, and fear clutched at her heart. She was thirty-four years old; Joe was thirty-eight or so.

"Where's he going? Where's he going, with those flowers?" she said.

She bought her groceries, and her rack of lamb, purposely delaying, sniffing, arguing about the quality of carrots and asparagus and peas. "He'll be home. Let him get a chance to get home," she was thinking. "Let him put the roses in the big vase."

BUT she was home before him, so long before him. Maybe it was fifteen minutes, maybe it was five, maybe it was half an hour. No time is short when your heart is standing still.

In he came, at last. "He's sober. He's cold sober," she said to herself.

He had no flowers.

"Hello, Agnes. Hya, kid?" he said.

"Hello Joe." She sat there. "Where you been?" she said.

"I been places. I been places," he said, and beamed at her.

"That's the old line," said Agnes to herself. "He's gonna kid me along."

"You're looking all right, kid," said Joe.

"You had a few drinks," said Agnes. She tried to make her voice sound cold and harsh, and not full of despair. Well, it's okay. It's okay, she was thinking. I had a lot of fun with Joe. He gave me a lot of happy years.

"Sure, I had a few drinks. Certainly I had a few drinks. Not many, not many, just a couple. Guess what? I got something to tell you. Guess what?"

"I—I don't know."

"I got something to tell you. Then I got something to ask you."

"I'd do any—anything you asked me. And you—you don't have to tell me—you don't—you don't have to. . . ."

"Yeah? Yeah? Well lookit here, old lady. Lookit here."

He took a big, thick roll of dirty bills out of his pocket and threw it in her lap.

"You count that. It's all there, every nickel of it. Listen. There was a dog in the third, at Suffolk Downs. A guy gives me this dog, a week ago. I said I wasn't gonna bet no more. The way you cried, the last time, and all. But listen. The name of this dog is Rose of My Heart. Rose of My Heart, can you feature that? I kept saying to myself, you know how it is with a hunch, 'My wife likes roses, my wife likes roses.' I couldn't do anything else. Today is payday, I held out five bucks, I put thirty-two on this Rose of My Heart. Pays sixteen-sixty. You count it."

"I—I don't want to count it."

"So I get out of that drum, the one on Fifty-second, yeah, and I got the car to Sixtieth. You know the guy at Sixtieth, the one who sells the flowers."

"Yes. Yes?" she said.

"I bought every rose he had. I give him the five, and my change—I had my transfer, and he gives me every rose he got. I can hardly carry them. You never saw such a bunch of roses."

"Didn't I? Oh, didn't I?" said Agnes to herself.

"So I got off at the avenue, and I started to walk up. Then I got another hunch. I said to myself, you get a break, you give somebody else a break. So I turned around. I walk over to the Misericordia Hospital. Poor sick people."

"That's—that's quite a walk." But it was up that way, up the way he was going.

"IT'S eighteen blocks. It's more than that."

"Whyn't you take a cab?"

"I didn't want to spoil the roll. Listen. The Sister up there, she give me a holy medal. Look. You take it."

"No. You keep it. Keep it for good luck." Both of them knocked on wood, sharply, and simultaneously.

"Now listen. You count that roll, and then you give me ten bucks. Whatever we got for supper, throw it out. We go out, and on the way back, I buy you five bucks' worth of roses. What do you say?"

"Twenty, forty, fifty, fifty-five," began Agnes. He beamed at her. Money's nothing to a gambler but something to count, and to have briefly.

"He'll never—he'll never get anywhere," she was thinking. "He'll never change. Oh, anyhow, he'll never change."

"How much you say he paid?" she said.

"Sixteen-sixty."

"They gypped you two bucks."

"Don't you think you got to give the runner anything?" he said, indignantly.

She smiled at him.

"Here, runner," she said, and handed him ten dollars. "Now wait till I get my hat and powder my nose."

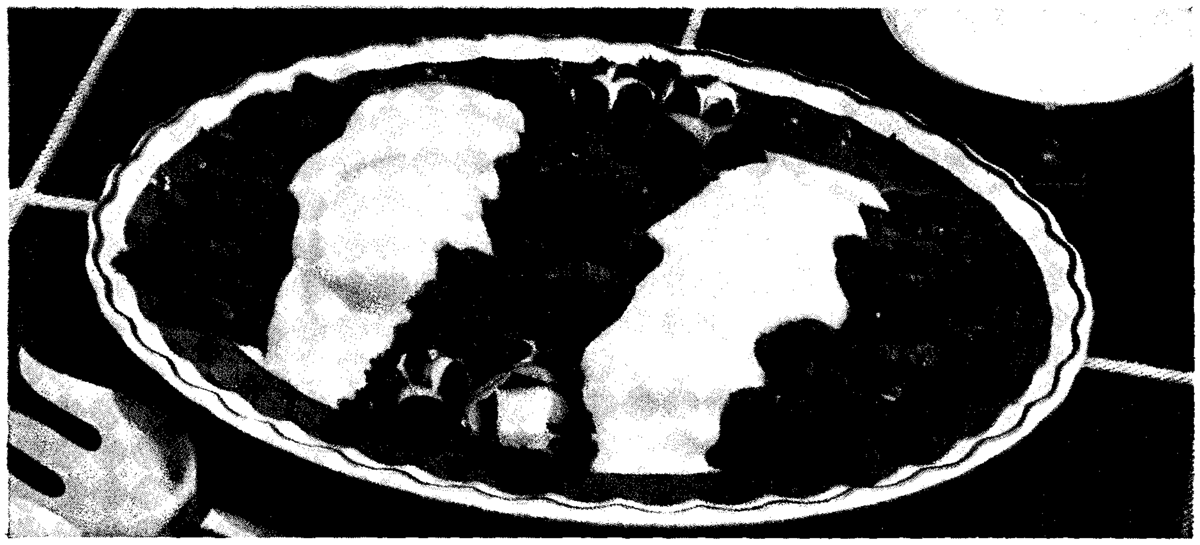
"Don't be long," he said.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

How I made the Farmer's Boy yell "Hooray!"

1. My husband is a city man now, but he was born and raised on a truck farm. And one of his pet peeves used to be that we never could get vegetables that had the same flavor and tenderness as "fresh-picked" ones . . .

2. So you should have seen my grumble-boy that night I first served him Birds Eye Quick-Frozen Asparagus Tips. One of those rapt, man-enjoying-food smiles spread over his face. "Hooray," he yelled. "Farm flavor at last! And in September, at that! How'd you do it?"



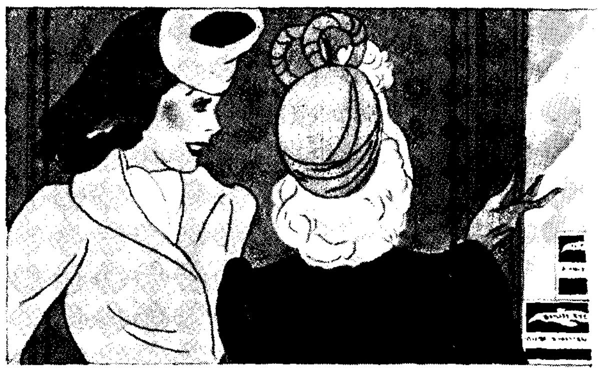
3. "Quite easy," said I, looking very superior. "The Birds Eye people take the grandest, tenderest asparagus that can be raised, cut off the tips and *Quick-Freeze* them only 4 hours after picking. That *completely* seals in the garden-freshness and the flavor. And the vitamins, too. But don't ask me how . . .

4. "And furthermore, Handsome . . . Birds Eye Asparagus Tips are all cleaned for me. I merely take them out of a neat package and drop them directly into the pot. Saves me over 25 minutes' kitchen work. Not that you'd care about that. But *I* do!"

BIRDS EYE
ASPARAGUS TIPS

5. Goodness knows, you can't *get* garden-fresh asparagus like Birds Eye anywhere else this time of year. And the big joy is that you can buy it at an *in-season* price! One box of all-green Birds Eye Asparagus Tips is equal to two medium-sized bunches and serves 4!

6. Bill leaned over and gave me a squeeze. "Honey," he said, "the way I've fussed about food, I don't deserve your trying to please me. And saving us money in doing it! You're grand . . . " That's all, except that we practically *live* on Birds Eye Foods now. And Bill's not grumbling any more.



7. *Where can you buy these marvelous foods?* . . . You may not always find a Birds Eye dealer right around the corner. For all stores do not yet have these grand foods. But it will be worth your while to look for one. Finding it, can bring you the food thrill of your life. Remember, Birds Eye represents only the *top* quality in Quick-Frozen Foods. Therefore, be *sure* you look for the Birds Eye in the window, and the Birds Eye on the package.

Order Today From This List—Save Money!

Green Asparagus Cuts
String Beans—*three kinds!*
Peas—shelled for cooking
Broilers—dressed, drawn
Ocean-fresh Haddock Fillets

Serve Succotash Tonight —made from tender, golden Birds Eye Cut Corn and garden-fresh Birds Eye Baby Lima Beans! Serve with plenty of fresh, creamery butter. It's grand!

And there are more than 50 other Birds Eye Foods . . . all cleaned, trimmed, ready to cook or serve. Get a box today!

FARM-FRESH FOODS—IN PACKAGES

For more information, write Frosted Foods Sales Corp., 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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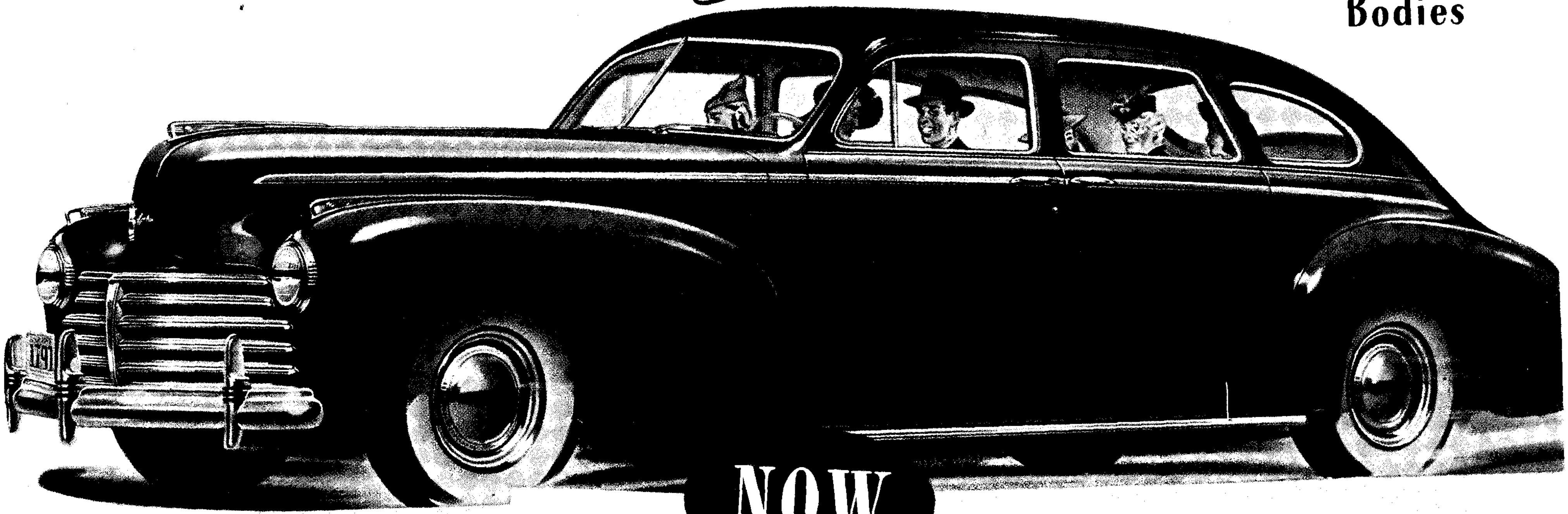
For 1941 . . . A New

MORE BEAUTIFUL

Chrysler

New
AIRFLOW
Bodies



NOW

Fluid Drive

WITH

AUTOMATIC SAFETY CONTROL

FOR 1941, Chrysler combines *Fluid Drive* with new Automatic Safety Control!

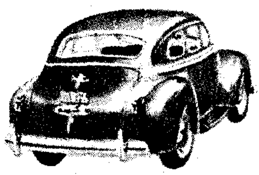
Jerks and labors of gear shifting become a mere memory. The car takes off with the smoothness of a liner . . . suits its gear ratios to every normal driving condition . . . floats effortlessly along . . . but is always under positive control.

Fluid Drive was introduced by Chrysler in 1938. It has behind it millions of miles and many thousands of delighted owners. *Fluid Drive* with Automatic Safety Control is available on all 1941 Chryslers, optional on some.

The 1941 Chryslers have 108 and 135 horsepower engines which have all vital metal parts Superfinished so you may drive as you desire from the first mile. Dozens of other engineering advancements. You are cordially invited to try them!

Wider, Lower,

space-flared bodies . . 5-foot cushions . . Added elbow room!



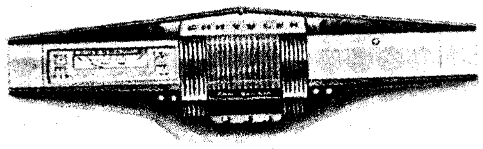
New Airflow bodies . . . wider . . . lower! New radiator design. New, longer hood. New sharp backward rake to the windshield which has 676 sq. inches of glass area . . . thinner door posts . . . bigger curved rear window . . . the unbroken vision of an observation car! Bodies belled out at the window line . . . for beauty, for room, for distinction! Lines all sweeping back to a new and graceful rear . . . large luggage locker.

The last word in roominess . . . any more would seem a waste! Five-foot cushions . . . extra elbow room . . . doors wider than most house doors . . . extra leg room. Lower center of gravity . . . lower roof and floor. Lower, stronger, double-channel, welded frame with new hydraulic shock absorbers provides a still safer Floating Ride.

The nation which acclaimed the beauty of the 1940 Chryslers will vote the brilliant, new 1941 beauties the smartest Chryslers in history!

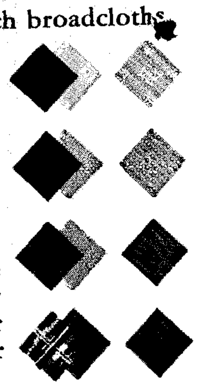
Tailored to Taste!

Individualized interiors . . . Richer fabrics . . . Harmonizing plastics!



Inside and out, the 1941 Chryslers are a symphony of color . . . and *tailored to your taste!* The exquisite new instrument panels have insets of colorful new plastic . . . matching plastic door panels! Upholstery fabrics to suit your individual taste in color and texture!

A wide selection of rich broadcloths, pile fabrics, Bedford cords, novel new materials . . . harmonizing two-tones and beautiful leathers. Never before, except at a custom coach-builder's have you had such an opportunity to select a car to suit *your* taste, *your* preferences, *your* individuality.



Beneath those deep, wider seats, the softest Airfoam! The button-tufted upholstery is real, not just ornamental. Every fitting bespeaks real quality! Never before has so much sheer quality been built into cars of moderate price. Your Chrysler dealer invites you to see for yourself!

Be Modern **— BUY CHRYSLER**

Idea Man

Continued from page 11

her, considering what she, as a person, was doing to him. She had to follow with the second slap. "Anyway," she said, "Mr. Nate is out to lunch."

He nodded, and arose. "Okay." His smile was small and tight. "Guess I'll get some lunch myself."

She knew he wouldn't come back. Not that he could ever have got anywhere with Mr. Nate. But suddenly Angela felt there were things she ought to tell him. It was only fair that she let him know what they thought of him.

Grabbing her hat, Angela ran out.

"Wait for me!" she yelled, and Jim the elevator man held the door open. Mr. Garland stepped back in the car to make room for her. He evidently was not going to speak, so she had to start it. "You know, I eat too," she said. He gave her that same examining look. Then he smiled.

"How about eating with me?" he came through. "If you haven't got a date."

"Okay. Guess I've got one now."

AS THEY emerged from the elevator, she thought of a way to make it simpler for him, if he was really low on money. "Look, of course you always lunch with the crowd at the Lohengrin." Angela said, "but—well, I don't like those people to think I go out with the clients—and you don't want them to think you're polishing up to Nate's secretary, so—" she steered him into a French place on 49th, where there was a good lunch for fifty cents, and if he could afford to be expansive, he could show it on wine.

He ordered easily, without the fluster or bluster that even a big shot like Mr. Nate exhibited; more and more, Angela began to feel her instinct had been right, about him.

There was a music box in the place, but instead of being loaded with hot numbers it was stocked with classical recordings. Garland turned his ear, appreciatively. "Sibelius. I think that's the London Philharmonic. Like it?"

Before they were through the hors d'oeuvres they had matched tastes in music and come out pretty nicely. He had even asked her to the concert that night, and had been chagrined and kind of curious at her having a previous date.

Angela could just imagine Mr. Nate or Pat Daly or any of that crowd knowing, or caring, about the difference between a London and a Boston recording of Sibelius.

So then she thought she might lead the talk back to the office. She mentioned Nate's having said he and Garland had worked together, at the Levering Agency.

Sure, gosh, those were the days! The talk of music had excited him, and now these memories brought exhilaration to his cheeks. What a brilliant gang! Pat Daly, and Nate, and Crossman—why, everybody that had worked at Levering's in those days was out on his own doing big things now. "That seems to happen every once in a while—a bunch of brilliant men drift together in one place," he said. "We had it in college in my year too." Explorers, authors, actors—he named the celebrities who had been his classmates. "Nate and I used to run the paper, he was advertising manager and I was business manager. Why, we practically ran all the local newspapers out of existence; they sure were glad to see us graduate. You know Nate and his brain storms!"

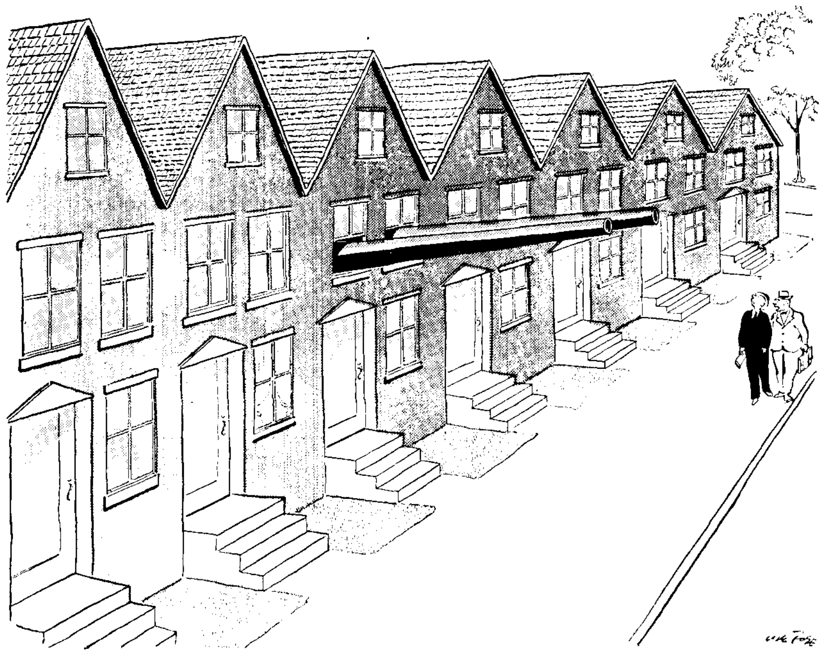
So now she knew what it was, with him. The others had all cashed in, each had made his flash. And Garland, who had been one of the crowd, a college chum, a desk neighbor at Levering's, Garland still had to crash through with a million-dollar idea.

He told her more about that crowd. Pat Daly, with his audacity—like the time he had cabled Mahatma Gandhi for his endorsement of goat milk. And about Nate's craze for long-distance telephone calls—

"You're telling me!" Angela related how Nate and his salesmen would hold two-hour transcontinental conversations, just telling each other Confucius Says. And presently they were laughing together at those other people, at the antics of a childish and irresponsible crowd.

So then she said, "You know, Mr. Garland, if you don't mind my butting in—one thing that puzzles me is why a man like you—well, why you want to get hooked up with Nate, why you keep trying to do something together with him. You're exact opposites."

He took it right. Almost impersonally. He wanted her to explain what

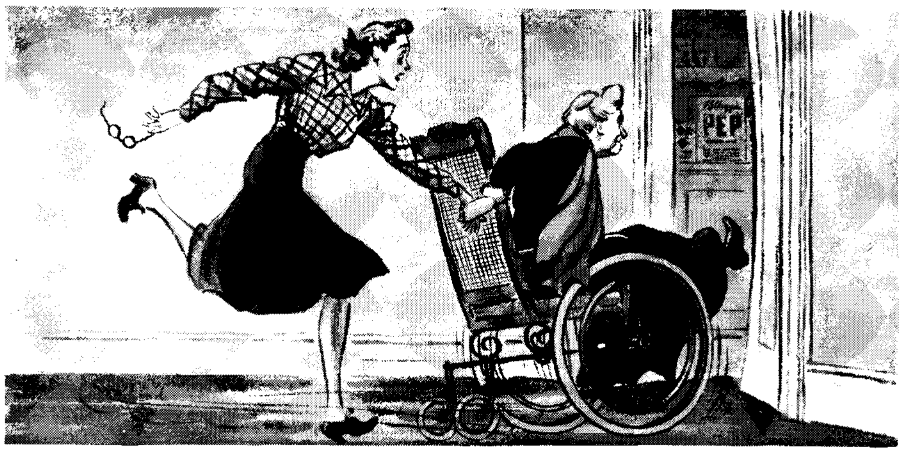


"The War Department discovered that Wilkins' house occupies a strategically important spot"

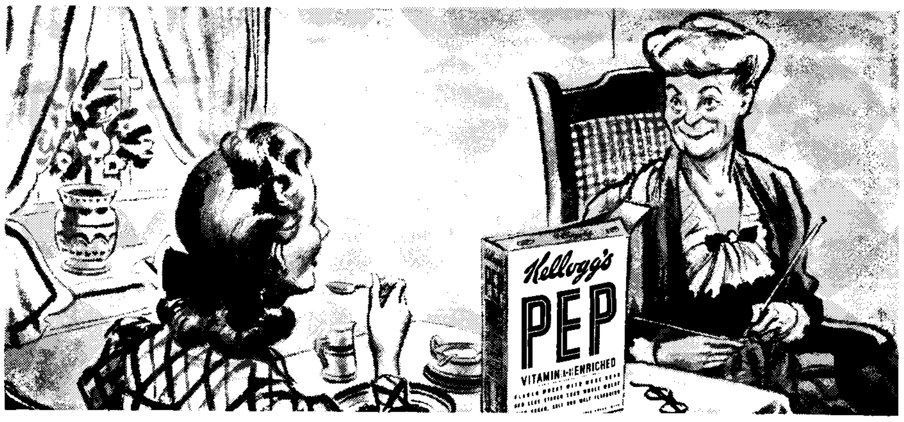
CARL ROSE

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

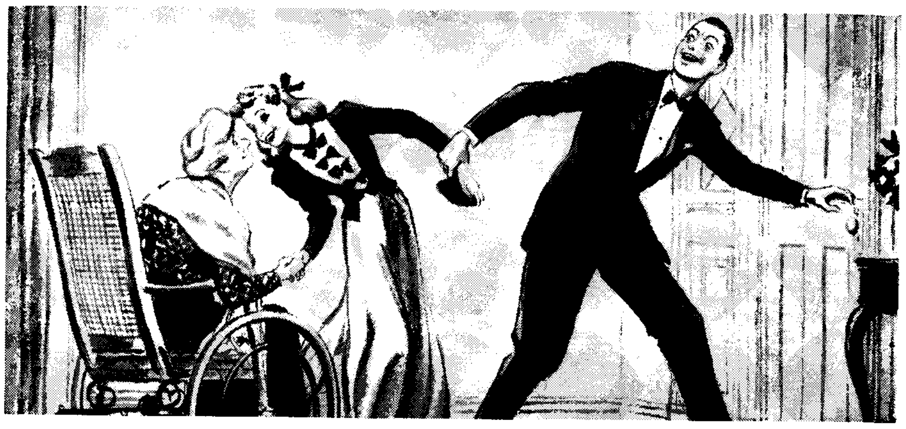
Gran'ma: Fiddlesticks to "glamor"! What you need is some pep appeal!



Cinderella: What the dickens is "pep appeal," Gran'ma?
Gran'ma: It's "oomph" and zest and zip-zip! You haven't any! You don't eat right. Don't get your vitamins. You come with me and we'll make a start right now.



Gran'ma: Now remember this! We can't have pep without vitamins. And one of the best ways to get *two* of the important vitamins (B_1 and D) is right in that delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP.
Cinderella: Never mind your old vitamins, Gran'ma. Your PEP *tastes delicious!* So crisp and flaky and full of flavor! I'm going to have it every breakfast!

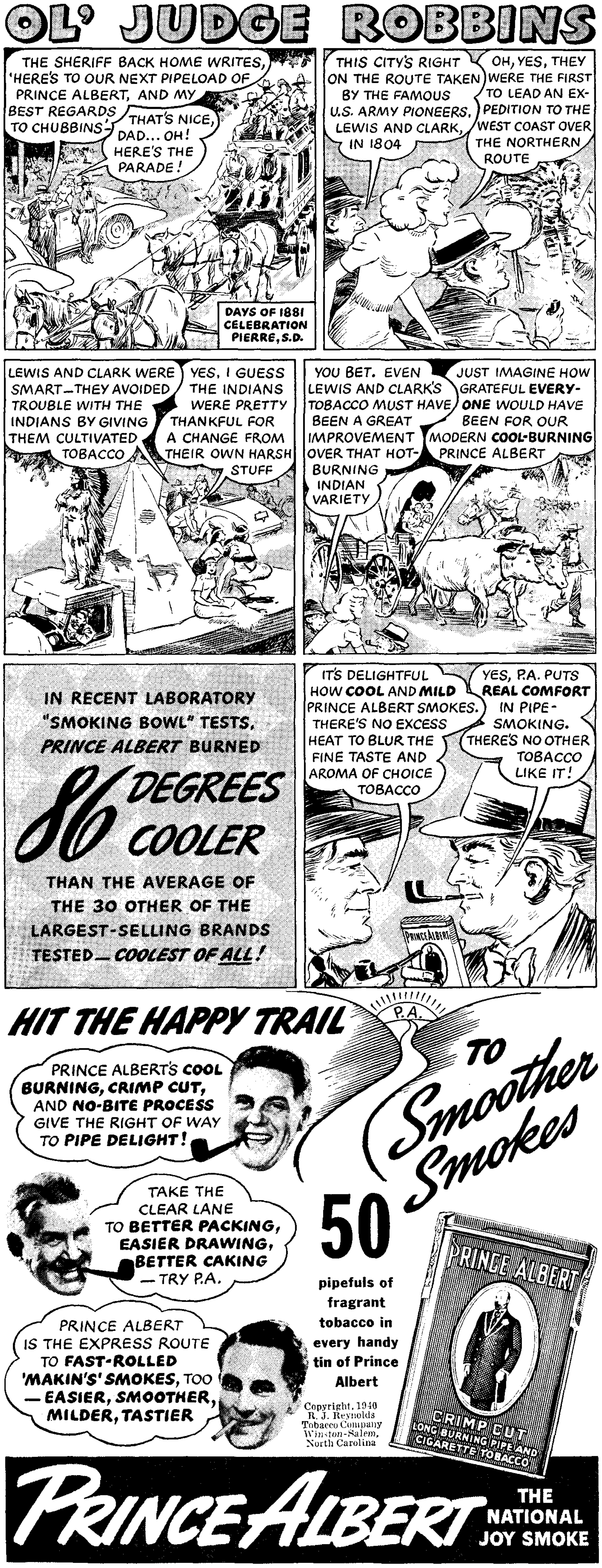


Cinderella: (*sometime later*) I'll see tonight if your idea works.
Gran'ma: Where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age, 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KELLOGG COMPANY


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

THE SHERIFF BACK HOME WRITES, 'HERE'S TO OUR NEXT PIPELOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT, AND MY BEST REGARDS TO CHUBBINS'
THAT'S NICE, DAD... OH! HERE'S THE PARADE!
THIS CITY'S RIGHT ON THE ROUTE TAKEN BY THE FAMOUS U.S. ARMY PIONEERS, LEWIS AND CLARK, IN 1804
OH, YES, THEY WERE THE FIRST TO LEAD AN EXPEDITION TO THE WEST COAST OVER THE NORTHERN ROUTE
DAYS OF 1881 CELEBRATION PIERRE, S.D.
LEWIS AND CLARK WERE SMART—THEY AVOIDED TROUBLE WITH THE INDIANS BY GIVING THEM CULTIVATED TOBACCO
YES, I GUESS THE INDIANS WERE PRETTY THANKFUL FOR A CHANGE FROM THEIR OWN HARSH STUFF
YOU BET. EVEN LEWIS AND CLARK'S TOBACCO MUST HAVE BEEN A GREAT IMPROVEMENT OVER THAT HOT-BURNING INDIAN VARIETY
JUST IMAGINE HOW GRATEFUL EVERY-ONE WOULD HAVE BEEN FOR OUR MODERN COOL-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT
IT'S DELIGHTFUL HOW COOL AND MILD PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES. THERE'S NO EXCESS HEAT TO BLUR THE FINE TASTE AND AROMA OF CHOICE TOBACCO
YES, P.A. PUTS REAL COMFORT IN PIPE-SMOKING. THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT!
PRINCE ALBERT

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*

HIT THE HAPPY TRAIL TO Smoother Smokes

P.A.
PRINCE ALBERT'S COOL BURNING, CRIMP CUT, AND NO-BITE PROCESS GIVE THE RIGHT OF WAY TO PIPE DELIGHT!
TAKE THE CLEAR LANE TO BETTER PACKING, EASIER DRAWING, BETTER CAKING —TRY P.A.
PRINCE ALBERT IS THE EXPRESS ROUTE TO FAST-ROLLED 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES, TOO—EASIER, SMOOTHER, MILDER, TASTIER
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1940
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem,
North Carolina

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

made her think that way. "Well," she said, "like the ideas you have, compared to the ideas Nate and his crowd put over. Every idea you have, I've noticed, is to save something, to give people something for their money. But Nate and Daly and those boys never think of things that way. All they think of are stunts that are perfectly useless, or wasteful, or just silly. Like, well, take way at the beginning, that jigsaw craze Mr. Nate started with—you would never dream of putting over a silly thing like jigsaws. Your mind doesn't work their way, it seems to me."

His face had utterly changed. He had become serious. "That jigsaw stunt came in while Nate and I were at Levering's. A fellow was peddling the idea and I talked to him first. Didn't sound like much to me; but Nate chased him up, afterward, and made a million on it."

Then that was his shame. And that was why he had to prove he could do it, now. She wanted to reach her hand out.

HALF under his breath, Garland was saying, rather finally, "There must be something wrong with me. I have to admit, I've had the same breaks as the rest of those boys. I guess my ideas just aren't any good."

He was speaking mostly to himself, and yet she was included. Angela tried not to believe it meant anything that he made his admission to her. He just had to say it to someone. It was kind of weak of him, and yet it was honest.

And that was when she knew he'd got her. Perhaps, to him, she was just a girl across the table, someone who didn't matter, so he could let down the bars on his pride, and talk. She would have to reach him, too. She would have to make him see what she was, what she could be, for him.

He had pulled himself straight, and was saying, toughened, but ruefully, "I guess I'm not as smart as they are."

"No. You're not as smart," she said. "You're probably more intelligent, but not as smart. So why don't you stop chasing them? Why don't you do things your own way? Things you can do."

There; she had slapped him again. And it hadn't worked. He was drawing away, into himself, putting on the shell.

She might have done it the other way. She could have made him feel superior, just by telling him what was happening in the office—how even at this moment Mr. Nate's lopsided pyramid was ready to topple at a single blow. Instead, she drove in deeper.

"Look," Angela said, "this may lose me your friendship, but I'll tell you what that crowd thinks of you. They think you missed the boat. Mr. Nate was talking about you to Pat Daly the other day. He said every idea you have is for saving pennies on something, so you must be broke." His color was rising; she wondered if she should even insist on paying for her own lunch. "One thing they know about their kind of business, and you don't, is that even in these times you can make a fortune selling nonsense, but you can't sell people sense. You're not dumb enough or cynical enough for their game, Mr. Garland. That's what people like Nate have that you don't have, contempt for the world."

"Thanks," he said. "Then you think I'm wasting my time?"

"Yes," she said honestly. "You're wasting your time."

"You've been very kind," he said. "You've made my deficiencies seem so noble."

Then he stayed away. Every time the door opened, Angela found herself looking for him, expecting the assault of his breezy and yet somehow imitation confidence, and the subdued agony it gave her: as of watching an amateur tightrope walker.

By the end of the week, she was wondering if he might be contacting Mr. Nate outside the office, avoiding her because of that talk. Well, if that was all he was, it was just as well that nothing had really started between them. Still, she found herself looking for him, at the symphony. Perhaps he was even too broke to buy tickets.

She planned to make some casual inquiry about Mr. Garland, some day, of Mr. Nate. Just to get the man settled and out of her mind. But the right opportunity didn't come; Mr. Nate was too snappish, these days. Nate's latest brain storm, an attempt to revive the jigsaw puzzles as war maps, wasn't going over at all. In fact there had been a succession of failures, from the parlor pin games on, and the tension in the office was becoming unbearable. Oh, sure, one fine morning Lucas would call up from Toledo or Seattle with a thousand-dollar-a-week newspaper hookup for the jigsaw war map, or maybe a big advertising contract would fly in through the transom, but meanwhile she happened to know that Nate was even running up a bill with his barber. So she didn't bother Nate about Mr. Garland.

And then he did call. She recognized his voice and was about to give him Nate but he said no, he didn't want to talk to Nate. He was calling her. Would she come and hear Hubermann, with him? It was a kind of celebration. New job. And in a way he owed it to her.

The date was all right. It was really swell. They went dancing after the concert. He had lost that air of pressure; maybe because it was just an evening date. He hadn't yet told her about the job.

After the second Scotch and soda, Angela thought she might dare touch the old wound: to see if it had healed. "You know, I was afraid you had crossed me off your list," she said.

"Why!"

"All that uncalled-for advice."

"Uncalled-for advice is often the best," he said.

"Where is the job?" she plunged. She hadn't heard of his being at any of the agencies.

HE GRINNED. "Acme Company. Paper boxes. Containers."

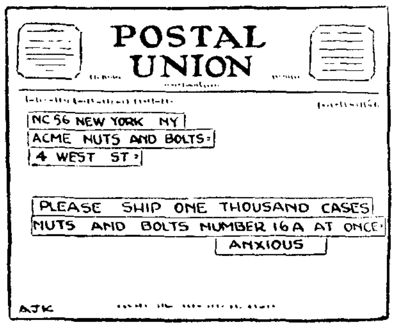
Containers? Some new idea?

Oh, no. Quite an old idea, he assured her. People had been packing things in boxes for years. In fact this was one of the oldest firms in the field. "But I'm just a sort of glorified bookkeeper," he said. He was getting onto the business. Right now he was studying shipping. There were economies to be found, in various shipping routes—

He talked almost as an expert. Costs of shipping boxes by truck, by rail; he even had funny little stories about shipments that had made complete circles in the old routing. She got the picture. The firm was sprawly, disorganized. Hadn't been making money these last years. His real job would be to pull it together, if he could rise to district manager, to supervisor . . .

"Nothing spectacular," he said. But, with steady plugging, he figured the container field could be developed, more people would be employed—

It was all right. It was regularly to


POSTAL UNION
NC 56 NEW YORK NY
ACME NUTS AND BOLTS
4 WEST ST
PLEASE SHIP ONE THOUSAND CASES NUTS AND BOLTS NUMBER 16A AT ONCE
ANXIOUS
AJK

"As if you gotta string o'comets by the tail!"

Out at the General Motors Proving Ground they judge an automobile by what's under the hood and not by the bright shining paint.

So straight from that plain-talking hard-testing bunch we bring the picture of this new Buick, as you'll get it once you take it out on the road.

THEY liked the size of this SPECIAL, because those trail-wise drivers know that roadweight means road steadiness.

They liked the room, the softer, steadier ride, the Permi-firm steering—because like you these boys value comfort on the road.

But what they *went for* was the FIREBALL Eight.

The new engine under that broad bonnet, still smooth as the down on the pussywillow buds because each is micropoise-balanced after assembly—but now a sockdolagin' son-of-a-sea-cook for *wallop.*

"It's as if you gotta string o' comets by the tail," they said—and that's more than just a word-picture.

For in each flame-packed cylinder there *is* a comet—a twisting, whirling, flaring ball of fire touched off with every spark plug flash.

Fuel in this engine is compacted to higher-than-ever compressions, cupped into a flattened *ball* by new piston-face contours.

Massed around the spark, this fuel is fired from its very heart, burns with sudden, swift completeness that develops 115 horsepower from the same-size engine that last year could give only 107.

It gives you more power when you need it—at low speed or high—and it uses any gasoline of 75 octane rating or better, fuel now available at standard gasoline prices!

You get this FIREBALL Eight in every '41 Buick, whatever its price.

But you can also get it *stepped up still more* in power and thrift by Compound Carburetion, which gets as much as twenty miles an hour more emergency speed from the same fuel rationing — gives road performance and brilliance far beyond dynamometer power ratings —so increases efficiency that at 40 miles an hour, your engine has more than 85% of its power in reserve.

So do you wonder test drivers talk about comets? And don't you think you ought to find out about the FIREBALL Eight on general principles?

We do—in fact, we wonder how you can wait!

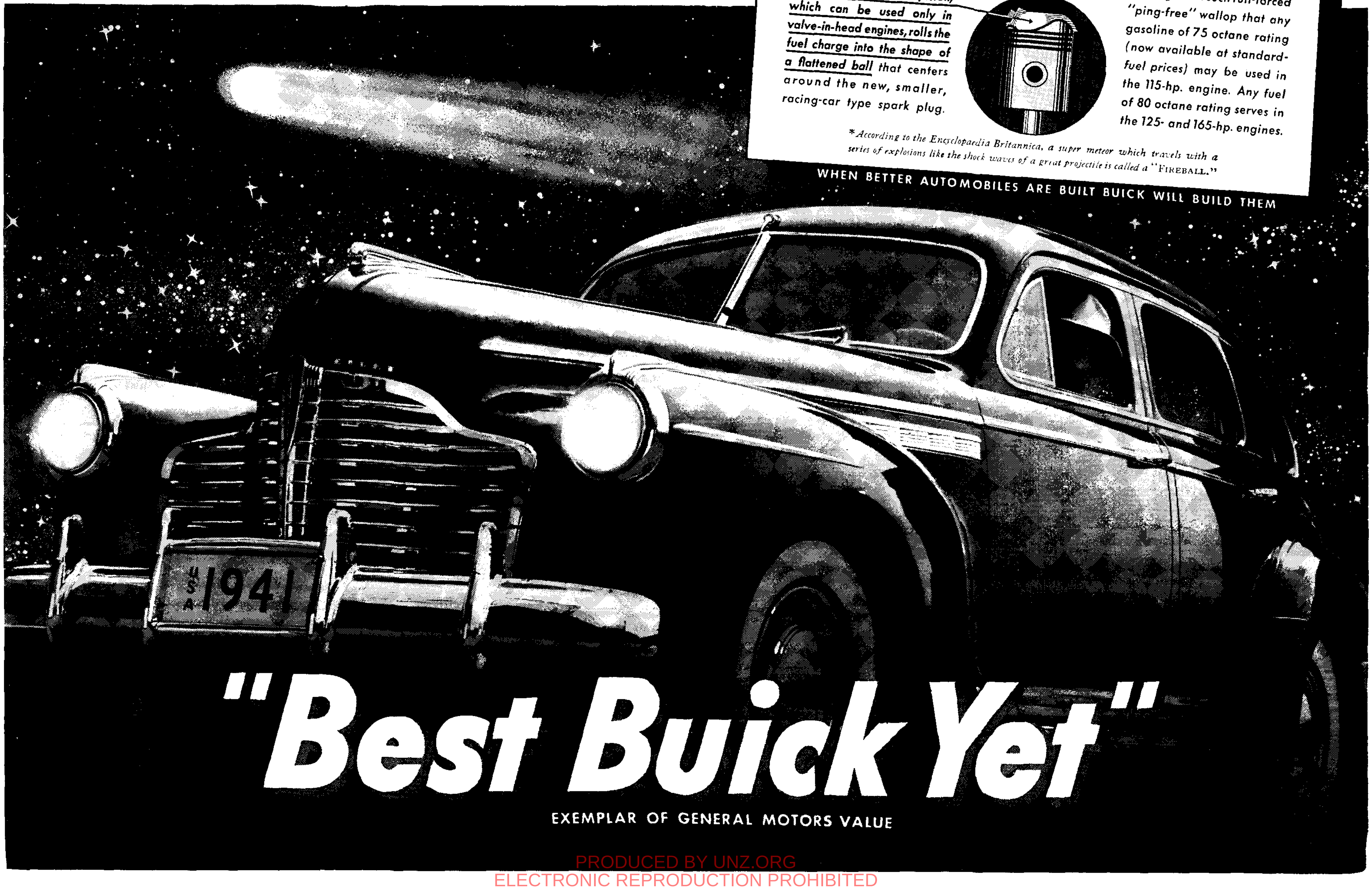
THE *FIREBALL** DOES IT

Modern gasolines have high octane ratings to permit higher compressions without "ping." Note how this piston, which can be used only in valve-in-head engines, rolls the fuel charge into the shape of a flattened ball that centers around the new, smaller, racing-car type spark plug.

Fired at its very heart, this more highly compressed fuel lets go with such full-forced "ping-free" wallop that any gasoline of 75 octane rating (now available at standard-fuel prices) may be used in the 115-hp. engine. Any fuel of 80 octane rating serves in the 125- and 165-hp. engines.

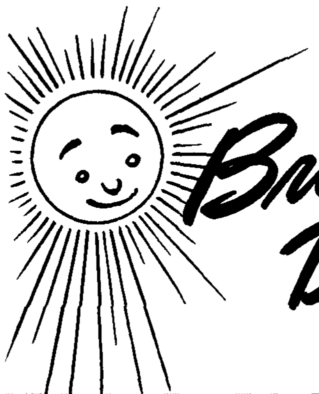
**According to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, a super meteor which travels with a series of explosions like the shock waves of a great projectile is called a "FIREBALL."*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



"Best Buick Yet"

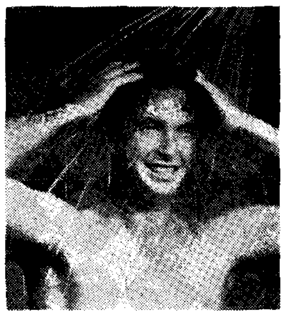
EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



Broiling Sun and Drenching Water

spell ruin for your Hair!

Scorching sun parches hair . . . makes it dry and lifeless.



Water increases harm, washes away remaining scalp oils.

Protect your hair with VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

No time like summer for fun and healthful exercise. Swimming, tennis, golf, or just loafing on the beach under the summer sun does wonders for your health.

But remember that same summer sun can raise havoc with your hair—dries it out, makes it brittle, lifeless. And then your shower or swim adds to the damage by washing away remaining scalp oils.

Take care of your hair! Massage your scalp with Vitalis. Feel the tingle of awakening circulation. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis bring needed aid to your hair by supplementing the natural scalp oils. Your hair is easy to comb, has a natural lustre—but none of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis today. Start now to protect your hair against broiling sun and drenching water with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis comes only in sanitary, individual Sealtubes. Next time you go to the barber's insist on Vitalis Sealtubes.

1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

the Philharmonic, and maybe a movie or play in the middle of the week; and when he got his first raise they celebrated with a bottle of champagne, and he passed dark hints about when he got the next raise he would ask her something. Darling; he was really old-fashioned.

That was about the time the crisis came at the office. The last blow was when the Cold-It people, Nate's bread-and-butter account, decided to go off the air. Angela was three weeks behind in salary. Nate's blondes no longer phoned, one every five minutes. He had pulled out of his gambling phase, trying to recoup at the races, and was now working like fury, on the phone all the time, up all night thinking of new stunts. But word had gone the rounds that Nate Goodwin was slipping.

The fatal day came, with the delegation of moguls. The bankers had brought Pat Daly along as an expert. She heard it all. They tried to put Nate on the pan. One of the bankers fumed and blew! The crazy way the business had been run! Hundred-dollar phone bills on fifty-dollar orders! Salesmen enough for a firm ten times the size! Crazy, wild projects. "This isn't a business, it's a gambling house!" he sputtered.

That was where Mr. Nate snapped back. "Sure," he said. "This kind of business is a gamble. If you hit with an idea, you clean up. But you have to play the game. You don't kick about a few bucks for a phone bill!"

And Pat Daly backed him up. "Sure," Pat said. This was high-powered gambling. Promotion. Ideas. "But the fact is," he said, "ideas run in cycles. Sometimes one man is hot, sometimes another. One thing you can't do is repeat yourself. You've got to have something new, something fresh all the time."

And if his advice as an expert was to be asked, he said, the trouble was not in the setup, or in the field. The trouble was, Nate had had a run of bad luck on ideas. What the firm needed just now was a fresh mind, a man with new ideas, someone to work along with Nate and give him a new slant—

This was Gar's chance, Angela knew. And if she didn't tell him of this opening, he'd be bound to hear about it, perhaps after someone else had the job. She'd have to tell him, right away.

Maybe she ought to feel excited. Maybe it would be a good thing for him, a great opportunity to show the old crowd.

They were to have dinner. She called for him at his office; he was working late, getting up a set of regional charts. He had a plan for redistricting the warehouses.

They went to a little Italian place on Third Avenue; it had an old-fashioned back room, a swell dollar dinner, wine, noise, even slot machines for atmosphere.

She told him.

As Gar listened, Angela watched it happening to him: the old excitement rising in his eyes; she could see all those old wild projects thronging into his mind.

"So," she concluded, "what they want is an idea man, and I guess you could get the job, if you tried."

She waited.

HE WAS looking past her. Just then she heard a familiar whirring sound, a tinkle, then a whoop. Somebody at the slot machine had just hit the jack pot.

Maybe it was an omen. Why wasn't she glad?

"I made it!" the player yelled, scooping up the quarters.

"Sign of good luck," Angela ventured, searching Gar's face.

He reached for her hand. "It was swell of you to tell me, Angela."

"I guess you'd better see them in the morning, huh?" she said.

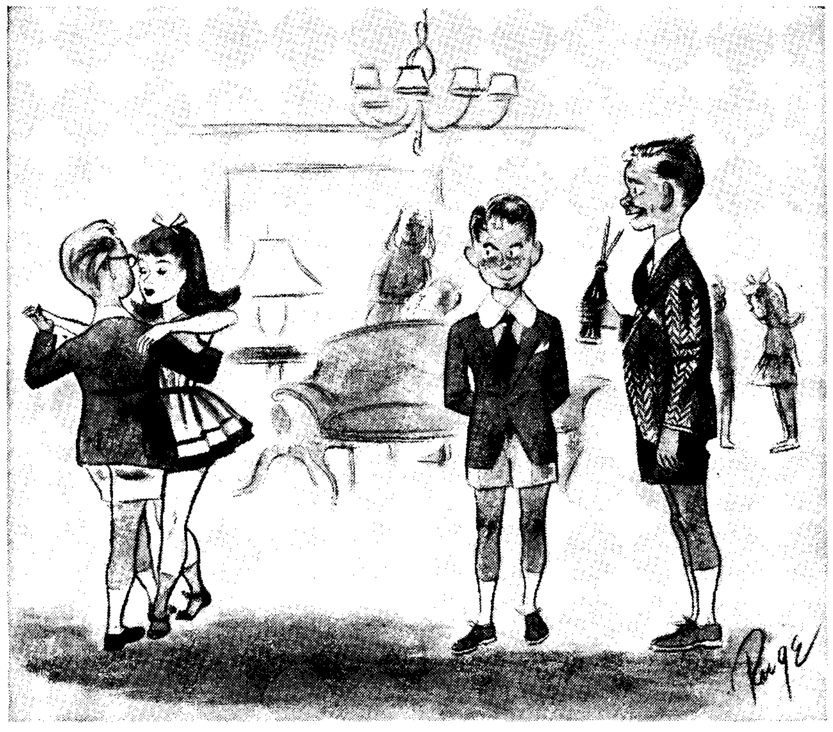
"You know, there's a funny thing about the jack pot," Gar remarked. "You either put the quarters right back into the machine, or drink them up."

At last she dared look into his eyes. It was going to be all right. His eyes were clearing, focusing again. He was no longer like a man under a drug stimulant. "Know what I was thinking of?" Gar asked.

She shook her head, and waited for him to tell her.

"Midgets," he said. And they both laughed. Their hands held tight. He was safe. She could even call him at his office, tomorrow, and gossip about all the big-talkers who would show up, trying to get that job.

The guy with the pile of quarters had moved to the next machine, and was feeding them into the slot, doggedly, his smile going into grimness, a fever coming over his eyes.



"If I were six months younger, I'd go for her myself" JOHN RUGE

Hands Across the Table

Continued from page 22

in advance that no one should lose more than a dollar. Each person takes a dollar's worth of chips at the start, and the limit is so arranged that this dollar's worth of chips should last a long time, even with tough luck. However, if a person does lose all his dollar's worth of chips he gets another dollar's worth free and continues to play without any additional cash liability. If he loses the second dollar's worth he has to stop. And if he wins he must make good both dollars before he can take a profit. At the end of the game, in case any player has lost more than a dollar's worth of chips, the winners are charged the excess difference.

Bookkeeping errors are all too frequent in many poker games and, when they occur, always lead to a certain amount of unpleasantness. The first class of bookkeeping errors is due to mistakes in counting chips. For instance, in giving out a stack the banker will give one or two chips too many or too few. These errors are of relative unimportance since the amount involved is very small. However, I have seen games where the error might run into several stacks. This usually occurs when there are not enough chips and, as a result, the players in the game buy back and forth from one another. Then the banker, who is busy playing the game, enters the transactions incorrectly, and at the end the books are far out of balance.

How to Avoid Errors

Theoretically, when a bookkeeping error occurs all players in the game should be equally responsible whether they win or lose. Actually, however, it is customary and I believe reasonably proper, in the event the bookkeeping error results in a profit, to credit the profit to the losers; while if the bookkeeping error results in a loss, it is charged against the winners.

However, the best thing is not to have bookkeeping errors, and this can be pretty well taken care of if the following rules are used:

First: the bookkeeping unit will always be one stack, and under no circumstances should transactions involving a fraction of a stack go on the books.

Second: all transactions should be between a player and the banker—never between two players.

Third: transactions should be restricted to a minimum. This can usually be done by use of markers. These markers may consist of chips of a special color, mah-jongg counters or even matchsticks. The marker should have a value equal to one stack, and when a player enters the game he should be given one stack of red chips and several markers. Then, as he loses chips, he may trade in a marker for a stack of chips at any time without any bookkeeping being involved at all.

Fourth: the banker should enter each player's name on a sheet of paper with several columns after the name. He writes the number of stacks given the player initially in the first column. If the player takes more stacks later, he writes the accumulation in the second column. The next chips sold put the player in the third column, etc.

Finally: in order to avoid argument when this method is used it is a good plan for the player to put his initials in the column opposite the number of chips he has received so that there will be no question at the end of the game.

This last system of bookkeeping may arouse resentment. I can just hear someone say, "What sort of game is it where the banker cannot be trusted to write down how many chips he gives the various players?" The answer to that is that, irrespective of how honest and ethical people are, they can and do make mistakes. In particular I have heard more withering arguments between people of the highest probity as to whether or not John Smith has taken eight stacks or seven stacks than I care to remember. But when Smith has to sign for the stacks he receives there are no arguments at all and everybody is happy.

Dealer's Option

If you want to sit down for an evening of serious poker, you probably will want to stick to one game all evening, maybe draw, stud or some high-low game. But for real fun, I would suggest dealer's option. In this game the dealer has the right to name the conditions of play. In playing Dealer's Option the following points should be kept in mind:

1. The dealer's option should be restricted to not more than seven or eight games. Otherwise the players simply vie with one another in seeing what absurdities they can concoct.

For instance, I know one man who claimed he had a sure-fire system of winning. When asked what it was he explained, "Whenever I deal, I deal a hand of straight Draw Poker with the deuces, threes and fours wild and the further provision that the high hand and the dealer split the pot!"

2. Every time a new game is played it has the same effect as an increase in stakes, the reason being that at first the players have a distinct tendency to overvalue their hands and hence bet more proportionately than they would in a familiar game.

3. The factor of skill is increased and the element of luck decreased. A lot of people are going to disagree with this statement, but there is a distinct reason for it. If only one or two games are played, after a while even the poorest players obtain a pretty good idea of what a hand is worth and how to play it. But when each deal presents something entirely new it takes an expert to know what is going on.

The following games all possess distinct merit and are well worth trying.

Spit-in-the-Ocean

Each player is dealt four cards and one card is faced up in the center. This card and all like it are wild and it is counted as part of your hand. Otherwise the conditions of the game are the same as in Draw, and after a round of betting the players draw to their hands and bet again.

In playing this game you should bear in mind that every player starts with one joker and that there are three more jokers in the deck. If you haven't got them, someone else almost surely has. As a result, nothing less than four of a kind is likely to win any pot, and even a small straight flush is nothing to get too excited about although it is a fairly good hand.

There is no point whatsoever in staying with a pat straight or flush, much less trying to make one. In deciding whether to stay, a joker in your hand is much more valuable than a pair. I would suggest the following minimum requirements for staying in the pot: (a) a joker; (b) a pair of aces or kings; (c) two pairs, jacks up or better.

With the last hand, if there is a raise before the draw, either drop out or dis-

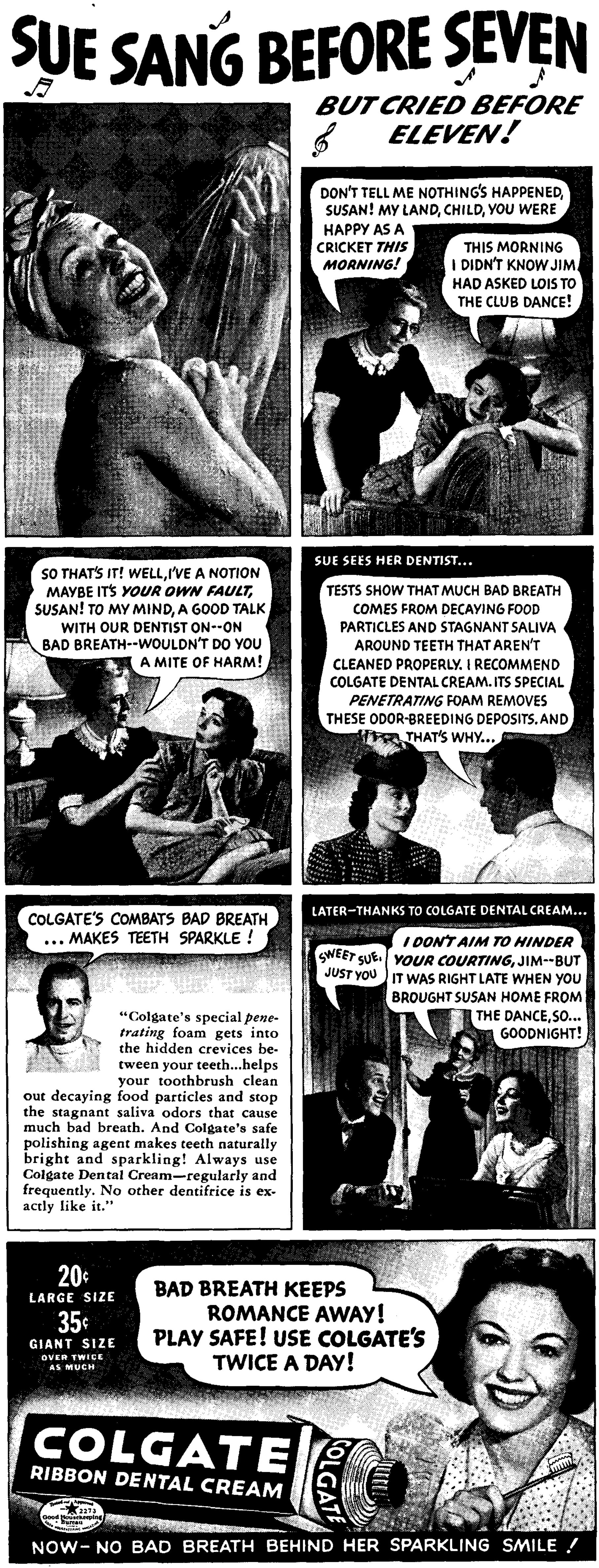
Big Load of Flavor
and never a kick!
Velvet
GARETTE
CCO
TOBACCO CO.
GUN
CRYSTAL LAKE
CLUB
PETERS 100 STRAIGHT
PETERS 200 STRAIGHT
PETERS 290 STRAIGHT
AMATEUR TRAPSHOOTING ASSOCIATION
NATIONAL CHAMPION

VELVET... just tamp 'er down and bang away... stays cool under steady firing. It's Kentucky's finest Burley tobacco . . . aged longer . . . mellowed with real maple sugar. The mildest makin's for a pipe or cigarette.

P. O. HARBAGE
won Amateur and Open
Clay Target Championships
with scores of
200 straight!

Velvet
the Right Word for Smooth smoking
MILD and COOL
Positively NO "BITE"

Copyright 1940, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.


SUE SANG BEFORE SEVEN
BUT CRIED BEFORE ELEVEN!
DON'T TELL ME NOTHING'S HAPPENED, SUSAN! MY LAND, CHILD, YOU WERE HAPPY AS A CRICKET THIS MORNING!
THIS MORNING I DIDN'T KNOW JIM HAD ASKED LOIS TO THE CLUB DANCE!
SO THAT'S IT! WELL, I'VE A NOTION MAYBE IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT, SUSAN! TO MY MIND, A GOOD TALK WITH OUR DENTIST ON--ON BAD BREATH--WOULDN'T DO YOU A MITE OF HARM!
SUE SEES HER DENTIST...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...
SWEET SUE, JUST YOU
I DON'T AIM TO HINDER YOUR COURTING, JIM--BUT IT WAS RIGHT LATE WHEN YOU BROUGHT SUSAN HOME FROM THE DANCE, SO... GOODNIGHT!
20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE OVER TWICE AS MUCH
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau 2273
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth...helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

card your small pair since your full house is not going to win the pot.

Spit-in-the-Ocean is also frequently played with three cards in the center and four in each player's hand. The cards are turned up one at a time, each exposure being followed by a round of betting, after which there is a draw and a final round. In this game, even though no cards are wild, you should not expect ever to win a pot with less than a high flush.

Cincinnati

In this game there are five cards in your hand and five in the center. Nothing is wild and there is no draw, but there are five rounds of betting, one round following the turning up of each of the center cards. A straight may win a pot and a big flush has about an even chance of standing up.

If as many as three cards in one suit turn up it is almost a certainty that some player will have a flush, while if a pair turns up someone is pretty sure to have a full house. As a matter of fact, even without a pair turning up, full houses occur with considerable frequency. On the other hand, any four of a kind is a very good hand and will win more than nine pots out of ten.

Cincinnati Liz

In this variation of Cincinnati the lowest card in the center and all like it are wild.

Practically the smallest hand that ever wins a pot is a large four of a kind. Straight flushes stand up on occasion, but the only really good hand is five aces.

High-Low Cincinnati

This is really a fine game. With five cards in the center and five cards in the hand there is plenty of opportunity for a player to win a pot both ways. Furthermore, in the event that two or three low cards show up in the center, it is not odd to find that two players tie for low.

Assuming the betting starts before a card is faced up, I stay if (a) I have three cards that fit into the perfect low, or any four fairly low cards (this hand presents distinct possibilities for low); (b) I have a pair of aces, two pairs, a four flush or three cards of the same suit including an ace (these hands present possibilities for high); (c) I have a holding that suggests possibilities for either high or low, such as a fairly high pair and three low cards.

I pay no attention whatsoever to straights since, even if made, the chances are greatly against my straight winning high.

My subsequent procedure is now based on how the cards that appear in the center match my hand. Thus, if I am playing for low and a high card appears in the center, I say to myself, "Here is one card that did no one any good as regards my half of the pot." If a low card turns up which happens to pair one of my own, I say, "This did me no good at all but surely helped someone else," and I am inclined to get right out unless my hand already is very good; while if a low card that helps my hand appears, I am greatly encouraged.

If I am trying for high, with a holding such as a pair of aces, and if the first card doesn't happen to be either a third ace or a pair for one of my cards, I am inclined to get out, the reason being that I still need two cards to make my full house and must get those two out of the four cards remaining.

If I happen to have a small full house and a pair higher in value than my set of threes appears in the center, I realize the distinct likelihood that that gives someone else a higher full house and either drop out or at least stop raising.

If I have a small flush and three cards in some other suit appear in the center, I am likewise discouraged. In fact two cards of another suit act as a distinct warning to me.

Finally, I try to pay attention to the betting. In particular, if one or two players show great strength in the early rounds, I realize that the eventual winning hands will have to be pretty good and drop out unless I have possibilities of making something very good. On the other hand, when no one shows strength I will trail along with only fair possibilities.

Shotgun

I imagine this game, which is a cross between Draw and Stud, derives its name from the fact that the beginner has less chance to escape with his whole skin than at almost any other game. The rules are as follows:

Each player is dealt three cards, and following a round of betting those remaining in the pot receive a fourth card. Then there is a second round of betting; a fifth card is dealt, followed by a third round of betting and a draw. Following the draw there is a fourth and final round of betting.

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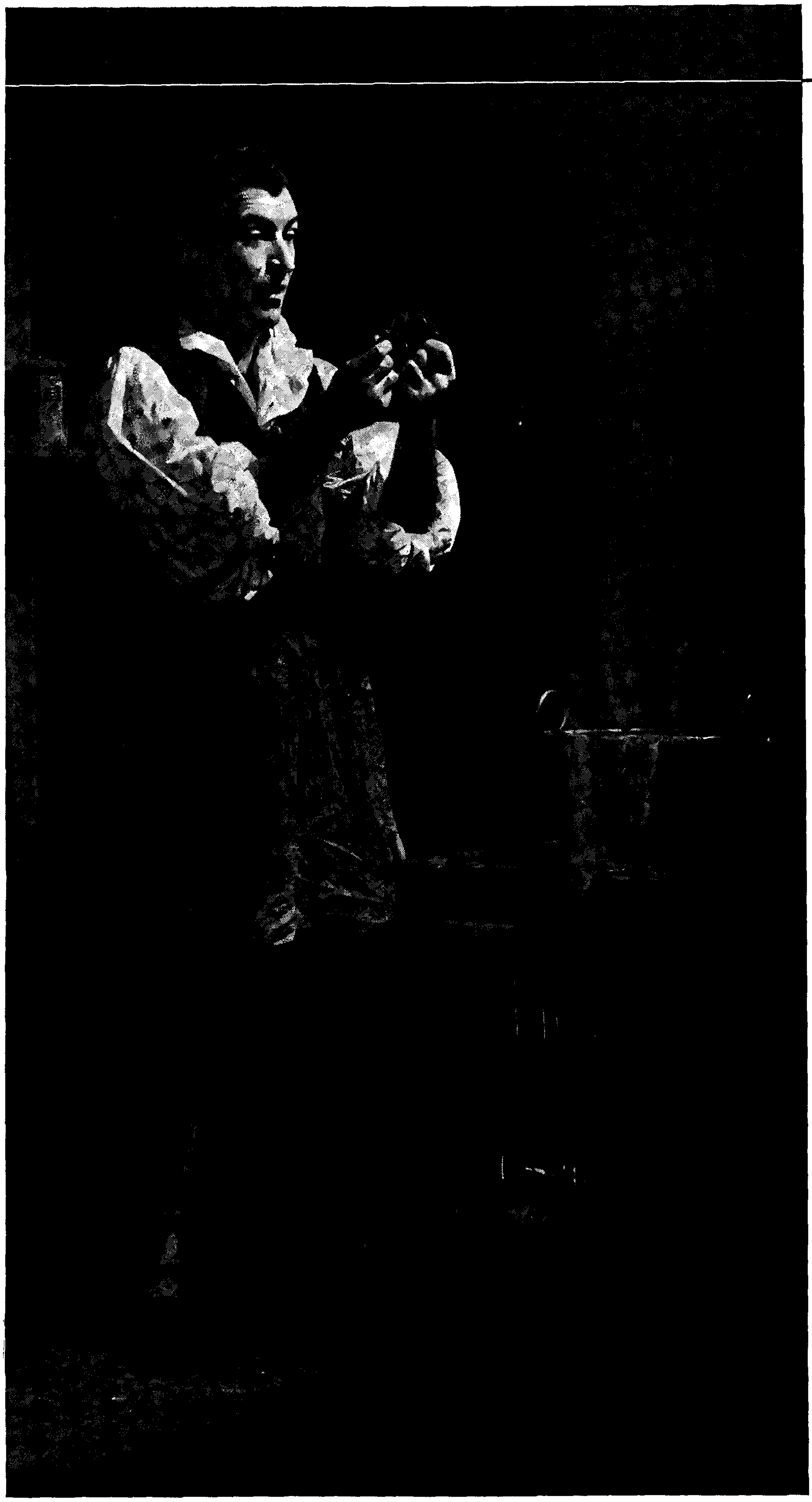

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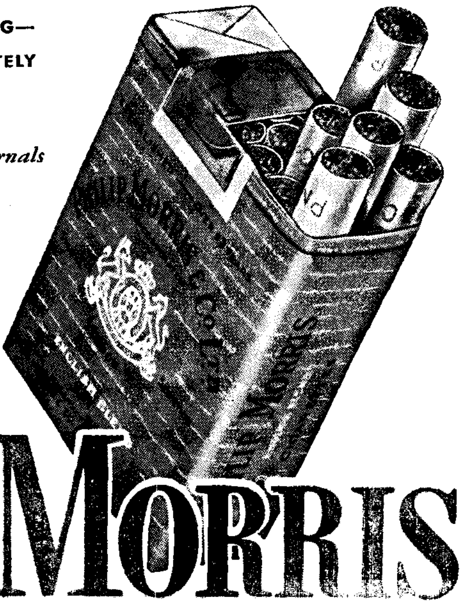

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betting, the first thing to learn is to drop out on the first card if you have nothing. In particular I would recommend dropping unless you have either a pair or three cards of the same suit. If you want to waste a few chips you may also stay on three cards in sequence, but this latter is not recommended.

If after receiving the fourth card someone bets, you should drop unless you have a fair-sized pair, a four flush or an open-end straight. After getting a fifth card you should value your hand about the same as you would in Draw Poker, except that you must modify your valuation to allow for the way the betting has gone.

Incidentally, in this game, for simplicity sake it is customary for the player nearest the dealer's left to bet first on every round. This, of course, makes the dealer the last man and gives him a slight advantage.

Double-Barreled Shotgun (Sometimes called Texas Tech)

This game is simply Shotgun plus two additional features. First, the high and the low hands divide; second, there are four rounds of betting after the draw instead of one, these four rounds occurring as follows:

After the draw each player exposes one card. There is a round of betting. A second card is exposed and there is a second round of betting. A third card is exposed, followed by a third round of betting. Finally a fourth card is exposed, followed by the final round. The order of betting is the same as in Stud (i.e., the player who shows the highest card or cards on the table bets first).

Following the last round of betting each player remaining in the pot places a chip in his hand—one color meaning he is trying for high, another color meaning he is trying for low. The hands then open simultaneously.

The division of the pot is now accomplished as follows: The highest hand of all those declaring for high wins high; the lowest hand for all those declaring for low wins low. Thus, if only one player declares for high, he wins that half of the pot even though he may not actually have the highest hand.

Frequently there is a great deal of skill involved in deciding which way to declare in this game. As an example, you're in the pot with but one opponent. You show a two, a three, a four and a seven and have a seven concealed. He shows a two, a five, an eight and a jack. You have been betting very strongly, and your opponent is going to assume that you have an "immortal" low against him. Hence, irrespective of what his hole card is, he will declare for high. Therefore, if you want to play safe you may declare for low and be perfectly sure of splitting the pot. However, if you want to gamble you may declare high also. Now unless he has an eight or jack in the hole you will win the entire pot. However, if he does have an eight or a jack in the hole, you will lose it all.

Pistol or Hole-Card Stud

In this game of Five-Card Stud the betting starts after each player is dealt his hole card. Hence, there is one additional round of betting.

Unless this game is played in a liberal fashion it is no fun at all, since otherwise only those players fortunate enough to get an ace, king, queen or jack dealt to them stay in the pot at all. When played liberally it is fun, since you have the spectacle of players raising with a very low card on the theory that if the next card pairs them no one will suspect what they have. However, even in that type game there is still a great weakness—namely, that the player who sits back and waits for an ace will eventually wind up with all the money.

Mexican Five-Card Stud

In this game each card is dealt face down and before each round of betting starts each player decides which card he will keep for his hole card. There is a natural presumption that a player will conceal as much of his strength as possible. In turn this allows for some very interesting bluffs. For example, a player starts with an ace and a deuce and naturally turns up the deuce. He now gets a three-spot, turns up the ace and proceeds to bet exactly as if he had a pair of aces.

Joker Poker

In this game the joker is added to the regular pack of fifty-two cards and a player may count it as any card he desires—even one in his own hand. Thus a player with four of a kind and the joker has five of a kind—a new category which beats any other. Or a player with the joker, the ace of hearts and three other hearts has a double-ace flush, which beats any other flush.

The purpose of playing with a joker, of course, is to improve the hands. Hence, theoretically, since the hands are better there will be more action, and in Draw Poker it does work out that way to some extent, although once a group becomes accustomed to the addition of the joker they all increase their minimum requirements for opening, staying, raising, etc., so that there is little if any change effected in the game.

In Five-Card Stud, strangely enough, putting a joker in the pack greatly decreases the amount of action, since if the joker appears face up, anyone else who does not have a high pair immediately drops out; while if it doesn't appear, any player who takes any strong action is immediately suspected of having the joker in the hole.

The Bug

In this variation the joker may count only as an ace or to fill a straight or a flush. Thus a pair of aces and the Bug are three aces; a pair of kings and the Bug count as a pair with an ace kicker.

Strangely enough, the use of the Bug livens up Draw Poker more than the joker, the reason being that since it is not completely wild the fact that a player does not hold the Bug himself does not stop him from betting. Then, since there are now five aces in the deck, the number of times someone holds a pair of aces is greatly increased. Furthermore, the chance of getting a third ace in the draw to a pair of aces becomes about fifty per cent better than in straight poker.

Then the Bug fits in with all types of straight combinations. Thus, if you draw to a seven, eight, nine and the Bug, any jack, ten, six or five (one of sixteen cards) gives you your straight, while if you draw to a nine, eight, six and the Bug, you have twelve chances for success.

Then when we come to Stud Poker the Bug merely increases the value of all the other aces, since if you do have an ace your chance of pairing it is greatly increased. However, a word to the wise: In playing Stud Poker with the Bug do not get too enthusiastic about having a king in the hole. Remember there are five aces in the pack and only four kings.

Finally, in playing dealer's option, it is permissible to select either straight stud or draw, the two old reliables.

Another article on modern poker will appear in an early issue.

The Hell on Devil's Island

Continued from page 9

any other kind. It is certain there are at least 15,000 convicts, divided between two political classes: "liberes" and "deportees." The liberes have served their long spells in colony prisons and must remain here for years equal in number to their original confinement periods before they can return to France. They are free to roam at will and get jobs within the colony.

Not one in a thousand can "take it" long enough to return to France. The deportees are those still in pens, including lifers. Socially, liberes and deportees are of but one class—bad to begin with, toughened by their treatment into the worst men on earth.

More than 4,000 murderers are in the big pen of St. Laurent, about 100 miles from Cayenne, right on the border river facing Albino in Dutch Guiana. About 2,000 more, thieves and other habitual offenders, are in St. Jean prison, also on the Maroni, a short row or rafting from Dutch territory. Others are in Kourou pen, or in outlying work camps.

Starvation Means Trouble

Potentially these 15,000 violent men, aided by terrain and environment and circumstance, would comprise the most formidable force in history.

Here is no fancy, but stark facts that have the Guianas terror-stricken. When people talk to you on the streets or in the homes of Paramaribo, even white people, it is with preoccupied and hunted lights in their eyes. For the Dutch especially, trapped in their center Guiana, is the nightmare prospect of 15,000 brutalized men in a berserk expedition.

For the convicts of French Guiana are hungry.

Virtually left now to their own resources, they had in late August enough food for only a couple of weeks of thinnest doling. No prospect exists of getting more over customary lines of communication and supply which fell apart with the defeat of France. That is why the guards are deserting. That is why the Bush Negroes are quitting the vicinities of pens and prison camps and retreating deep into the interior. Convicts won't starve long before they tear down stockades and walls.

Driven to band together by a singleness of purpose and wickedness, possessing all the criminal-gang knowledge of the advantages of organization and the strength of unity, armed with guns seized from wardens and with the terrifying work weapon, the machete, hardened by ever scanty rations and lack of human comfort or care, they are more dangerous than the wild beasts and poisonous insects and snakes of the jungles around them, because their human intelligence is added to base cunning.

Everyone here knows it is to Dutch Guiana that the criminal horde will turn. So the Dutch stand to: and talk and think of little else. Light-draught ships would probably get up the Surinam River to embark the whites if Paramaribo should be overrun. There are only 400 soldiers, Dutch white and native colored, scattered throughout the colony—an area as large as Wisconsin. Sixty troopers keep watch across the Maroni from the murderers' pen at St. Laurent. Fifty white Dutch marines came by destroyer from Curaçao while I was in Paramaribo; there were rumors of 50 more to follow.

On Princess Irene's birthday in August there was a review of Paramaribo's garrison: the marines, plus two squads of sailors and a company of spindly, undernourished green native volunteers. It made you sad to see this brave little show, and the worried faces around.

Because of emphasis on news from more important places, attention focused on air raids in the Old World and conferences in the New, this desperate plight of the Guianas has developed without the outside world being aware. Also, colonial officials here have reasons we shall presently examine for keeping truth from the United States particularly. George De Zayas and I are the only foreign journalists who have investigated conditions here at first-hand since war on the Western front began.

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with the conviction that if Europe's fury reaches into the Western Hemisphere primary bloodshed will come not from the fair contact of their armed forces with ours, but from the decaying pains of imperialism—from visitation for the sins of a great nation which carried a medieval form of penal banishment into modern days; and from the short vision of empire leaders who still thought of colonies merely as dividend factories with no self-help for their people nor provision or plan for their food sufficiency in time of emergency.

You find, while great Western capitals hum with talk of "hemisphere solidarity," human beings in Dutch and French Guianas eating garbage to keep from starving.

You find, while statesmen North and South utter lofty ideals, neglected people breaking out with sores, ravaged by disease, their always-anemic line of resistance now dissolved entirely by lack of food, shortage of doctors and no money from homelands to provide.

America's Real Danger Spot

You find, too, eyes and minds and hearts turned for a brief moment of hope toward the United States. This was when Secretary Hull, best-known and most-beloved man among these peoples, was in Havana. Remember, there is not here the same facility or capacity for understanding current matters as with us at home. In all foreign-held American lands there is heavy, stubborn censorship; and, among the blacks, almost complete illiteracy.

Thus, misconception of an issue at Havana spread through foreign possessions like a brush fire in a Sierra wind. People thought it was as simple as this: all they had to do was vote on the question of shedding old masters, coming into the possession or protection of the United States. In cabs, stores, on streets in Trinidad, natives would stop you and ask: "When do we vote? Let us vote." One man, who confessed schooling up to his 12th year, said: "I have worked under both American and English foremen in the oil fields here, on banana plantations in Jamaica. I have compared their ways, so have my mates. We prefer to be with you."

In the Guianas it was more poignant: there immediate fear sharpened this wistfulness.

Invariably Puerto Rico was quoted for an example of how the United States handles its possessions better; with roads, schools, higher standard of living, and no draining for benefit of home treasuries. The idea of new allegiance, or independence, excited European America for a nine-day wonder. Then despair closed down again.

The real trouble zone in the Americas, the powder keg closest to open flame, is the Guianas. When you fly over these pestilential lands with their thousands of square miles of manless and never-explored swamps and jungles and open savannahs alternately grilled by the Line sun and steamed by tropical rains you wonder why anyone should want them. But down here lie fabled riches—resources and opportunities for which nations have always fought. The Guianas lie just north of the Equator, an hour east of New York, between the 62d and 52d west meridians, on the bridge of the long nose that South America pokes toward Africa. First British, larger than Great Britain itself, with a population about equal to Atlanta's; then Dutch, three times larger than all Holland, with a population less than Hartford's; last French, of a size with Alabama, but with fewer inhabitants than Phoenix, Arizona.

French Guiana, always the unhappiest spot on earth, is now the most disordered and despairing: an ulcer that has opened. The local government apparently is anti-Vichy. The Washington embassy of the French government has been forced to wash its hands of Guiana: a cablegram from them to the governor for a visa in our behalf was ignored. The legation at Caracas, Venezuela, nearest French diplomatic post, knows absolutely nothing and can get no advices through. Even the French consul at Paramaribo, next door to Cayenne, has neither authority nor instructions nor information from there.

French Guiana is virtually isolated from the world. There is only an occasional tramp ship; and the "local" mail plane on the Pan American main line which comes down at a float on the Cayenne River for gas, and flies on as soon as possible. Mariners and pilots alike have always considered Cayenne the filthiest plague spot in their runs. Some news comes out by ship and plane; but the festering within Guiana is chiefly estimated by native contact with the interior along the frontier river.

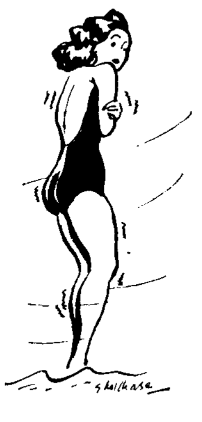
Even from the clear, fine air of 10,000 feet when you look down upon French Guiana oppression knots your stomach. A few prison camps are the only breaks in the malignant green hide of the jungles. Narrow riverways are the only means of travel, but from your plane you cannot make them out in the matted treetops. Veteran P.A.A. pilots, in early morning hours, can trace the rivers, however, by the veins of mist that are drawn like skeined wool over the dank wilderness. Jungles and rivers alike are infested by venomous creatures: piranhas, the man-eating fish; caymans, an evil alligator; bushmasters, corals and fer-de-lances among the snakes; tarantulas. A plane over French Guiana affords you the most unsavory view in the world.

The Cry for Gold

The colony has never grown food sufficient for a thousandth of its population. It has lived baldly as an income penitentiary, the slave camp and chain gang of the tropics, with degraded and sinning humans producing wealth for the society that punished them. Gold is the principal natural resource; there is iron, too, and much chicle, and rare lumber. But the cry of the men with the lashes and the government with the long arm has always been "Gold! More gold!" The entire food, such as it was, of the convicts has customarily been fetched by ships coming from France for gold. Now the food does not come; there is no French merchant marine.

It is in the Dutch Guiana, most troubled and yet most accessible of the Guianas, thanks to the obstinate liberalness of the Hollanders, that you are able to collect the whole foreground details and the back shadows and overtones of the picture of Guiana blues.

Dutch Guiana shares one distinction with its sisters: geographical anonymity. Few people can pronounce it; fewer can spell it; scarcely any of us know where it is—confusing it with Guinea in Africa, or New Guinea in the Orient.



But Dutch Guiana alone owns the fame of Consul Jim Lawton.

He is the local representative of the United States government, a rotund and flavorful character who might have stepped, as he stands in his whites and umbrella and sun helmet, from the mingled pages of O. Henry and Somerset Maugham. If you think of American consuls as work-

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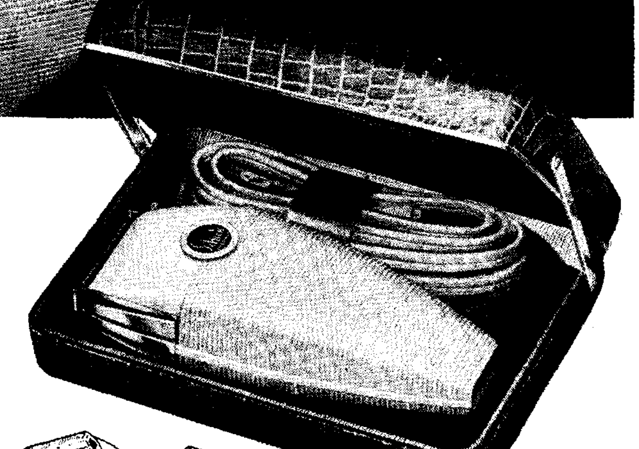

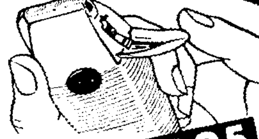

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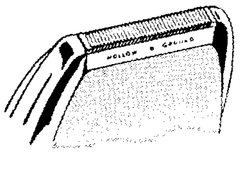

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ing in pompous, officious circumstances, with adding machines and handsome native typists, you should visit Jim as he sits alone in his one-man office, giving on a main street of Paramaribo. You should see his scarred desk, his single open shelf of dusty statistical manuals.

Consul Jim has been here almost thirty years; and it's more than twenty since he made a trip home to the States.

Holland in Holland is quaint and clean. Holland in the West Indies is quaint and filthy. Holland in Guianas is quaint and so-so. You wish they would get over the use of wooden beds near the equator. Giant cockroaches follow you like pet dogs, and seem to wear wooden shoes. The prim, gabled houses, sanded wide streets, washed doorsteps and front-yard gardens and the spire-flanked village green lend Paramaribo startling resemblance to a New England village.

Peacefulness is on the surface. Underneath lies bitterness, much unhappiness. Foremost, the fear of starved convict invaders from French Guiana. Internally, rebelliousness, unrest, hunger, a sickening depression and no way out in sight. Since May's tempestuous first week more drama and tension have been packed into each day's life here than the colony ever before knew.

On a back-country lane a drawn-faced woman shook an empty basket at us. "Look," she cried, "you rich white people have all the rice in town. Out here our children are starving!" In a hut not half an hour's walk from the governor's palace we saw utter destitution among Javanese coolie families who had been employed on the colony experimental farm. More than two months ago that was abandoned when the subsidy from the home government was cut off. Now weakened people sit quietly, fatalistically on their straw mats; babies have hunger-bloated stomachs; youngsters prowl in the back yards and ditches of Paramaribo and pick over garbage for scraps of food to carry home.

There are no official funds for relief here; only the haphazard charity of the whites, many of whom are little better off. Depression has struck all Dutch-owned industries. Formerly the entire coffee crop was taken by Norway. Twenty thousand Javanese coolies worked on the plantations. That market is gone; none has replaced it. Efforts to interest United States buyers have failed; the bitter Guiana coffee is not to our taste. England has taken the current sugar crop. No more white public health doctors come from Holland; each of the few left, because of the great expanse of his beat, can seldom give more than half an hour to eighty or one hundred patients as he makes settlement rounds.

Why Guiana Must Starve

But why should famine stalk this lush country? Especially under the Dutch, who are widely conceded to be the best colonizers? Colony officials are sorrowful and taciturn. They have been told by the colonial minister, who fled to London with the queen, the colony must shift for itself; that the customary annual subsidy of three million guilders can no longer be forthcoming "until the war is over." Whites of other nationalities are inclined to mind their own business. But unofficial Dutchmen will talk, acidly.

Their candid general feeling is that the "milk cow" theory of colonial operations has been outmoded by modern democratic international morals and economy. Guiana has been run for the benefit of distant people who perhaps don't know or care precisely where or what it is. There has been little understanding of native problems. Officials are capable and efficient, but are professional yes-men for absentee speculators in sugar and coffee and have a steady eye toward the pension that rewards "faithful" and fretless colonial service. As an instance of retardment there are old-fashioned gas lamps that keep the streets of Paramaribo dim although electric power is obtainable and cheap here. Not long ago a former governor signed on behalf of the colony a 25-year contract with the gas company in Holland and there can be no electric street lighting until it runs out.

Failure to levy fair source percentages on homeland corporations that benefit here and high salaries of officials are quoted as part of the trouble. The governor gets 40,000 guilders, more than $20,000 U. S. at present exchange, a year in salary besides perquisites of servants, car, keep, palatial quarters and a "reception allowance," which is his whether or not he spends it for its avowed purpose of entertaining the foreign colony, consuls, official visitors and the natives on fete days. Compare this with the $10,000 for the United States High Commissioner of the Philippines.

A Man-Made Famine

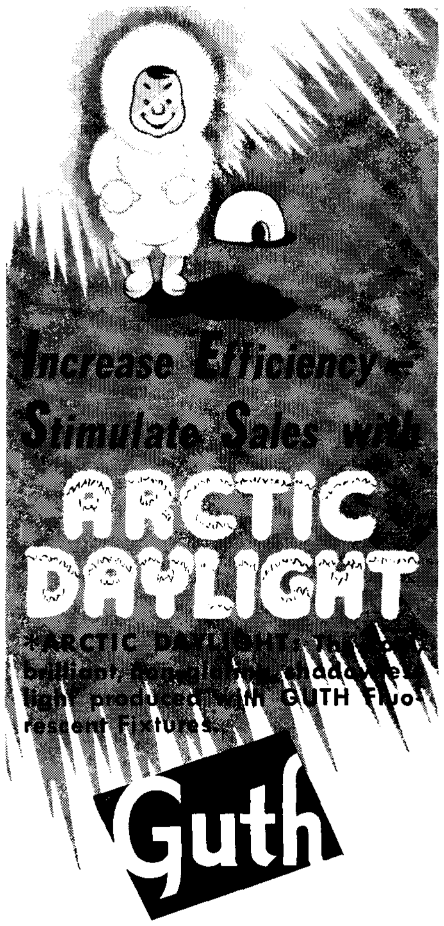
The rice crisis is another example of callous management, antiquated thinking. Most workers in Dutch Guiana are Javanese and British East Indian coolies. These represent the world's cheapest labor. The Dutch, unwilling to pay the higher wage standards of emancipated Negro workmen in the Americas, introduced coolie labor. The pay is 6 cents a day U. S. Even so, this is higher than in the Orient, where the coolie average is an American penny a day. Governor Kielstra had a plan, halted by the war, of importing 100,000 more Javanese at a rate of 10,000 a year to dilate existing plantations.

Coolies subsist almost exclusively on rice. Normally the colony grows enough to feed them. When its subsidy was cut off this year the colony got the idea of selling and exporting a large part of its rice crop in order to obtain foreign credits; even in the face of a threatened poor crop. When the harvest proved worse than expectations—the foreign commitments were maintained, and the local share pinched. Alarmed by mutterings and fights, the colony turned in panic to Brazil, nearest source, to buy rice—but then only 2,000 bags. Now people are hungry and infuriated and riot daily with the police, who had to take over the job of rationing and selling the available supply.

One businessman expressed the whole pattern of local thought we had been digging piecemeal from his fellow Guianans:

"I'm a Hollander, but second generation here, and I think what's going on is proof you can't run on 18th-century Old World methods and ideas a section of a New World that is exposed to the methods and ideas and opportunities of that New World. What this colony needs is American businessmen instead of European. It is a rich land. Not all is known of just how much and what we do have. Of course, it is not fantastically wealthy in natural resources and opportunities like Brazil. It is a field rather for moderate capitalists: extension of your home industries.

"I mean, like citrus fruits. They grow wonderfully here. I know they should not be thrown into competition in your markets with Florida and California products. But your big fruit growers could establish orange and other juice canneries here without disturbing fresh fruit balances at home. Palm and coconut oils could be developed against a day when your Pacific supplies might be cut off. The colony is virtually one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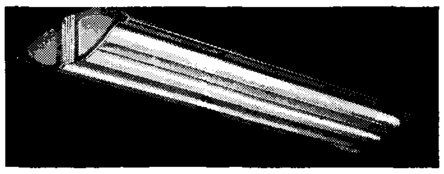

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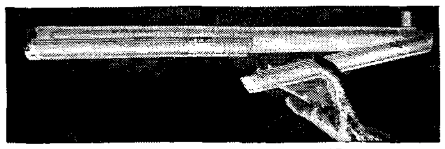

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big hardwood tree—yet practically the only cutting is done by Bush Negroes, who float half a dozen logs down at a time. Lumber could be exploited.

"Your Standard Oil people have prospected the colony and they want to begin operations. If they do, prosperity of a kind we've never known will come. But old Dutch slowness holds matters up. The governor insists Standard employ Dutch engineers and he keeps the right to cancel leases at will if he thinks colony statutes infringed. No big oil company could afford to start fields, however rich, under such restrictions. Moreover, there aren't any Dutch engineers to come from Holland now."

Here De Zayas and I remembered our conversation with Governor J. C. Kielstra, formerly a university professor of agriculture in Holland, and a Far East veteran. He said the colony welcomed American business: "Your capital would be very good for the colony." Then he added, in afterthought: "Maybe it would be good for America, too!"

Why America is Popular

But our business informant was going on:

"When we say bauxite company we mean, of course, the Aluminum Corporation of America. Bauxite is the ore from which aluminum is made, and that is what you call a critical raw material in these times of war preparedness. You have some fields in the States, in Arkansas and Tennessee, but they were in danger of running out so your government encourages use of foreign sources. Right here in Dutch Guiana is the largest deposit of high-grade ore on earth. That is why you see good roads; they are bauxite clay, which is the only use we made of it before the Americans came. The bauxite gets first processing here. It is loaded onto steamers as a kind of white powder. It goes to New Orleans, is transshipped up the Mississippi to East St. Louis, where it is further worked, and then sent to Pittsburgh and elsewhere.

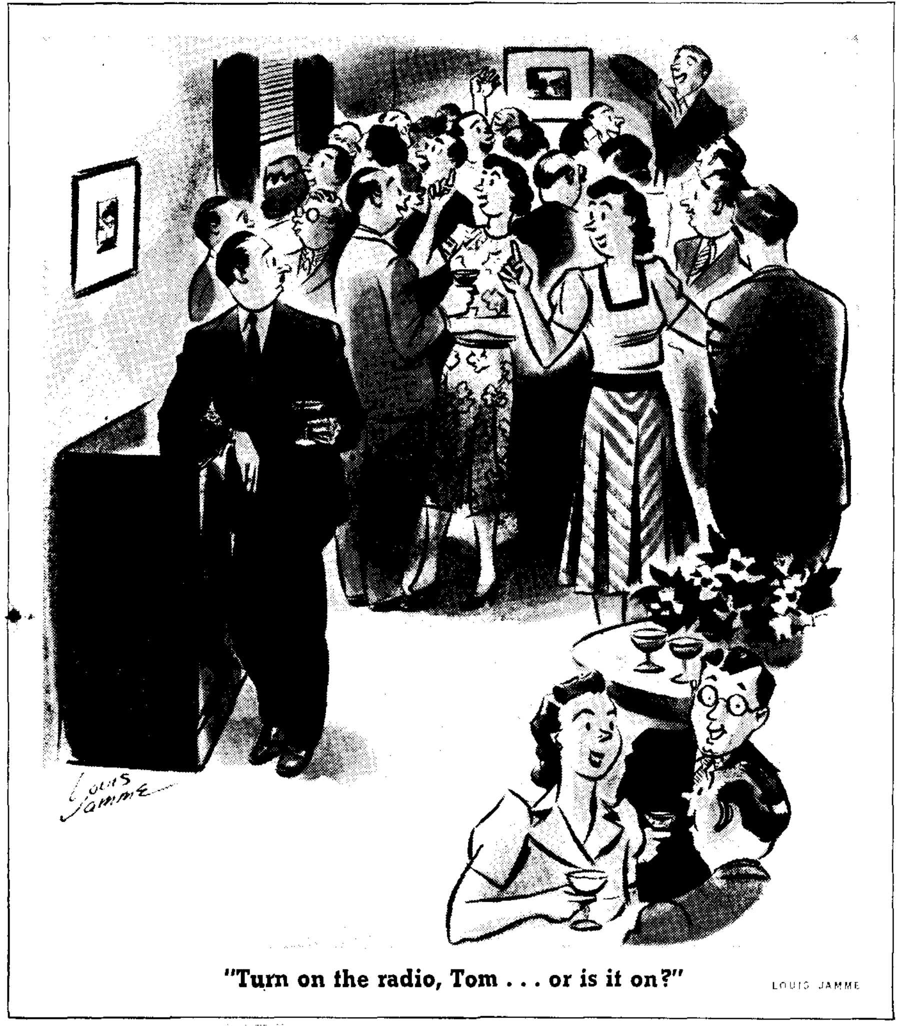
"Even the Americans cannot pay wages as they would like. You have a construction gang down from the States now on a contract job. They told me they have trained eight or ten natives to climb scaffolding and rivet just like themselves and they would be considered full workmen in the States with the good steelman's pay. But our governor tells the Americans they cannot pay the native workmen more than 1 guilder 75, which is less than one American dollar a day.

"The truth is everybody here likes Americans, and American methods and pay, and thinks the colony would be better off to belong to the States. Only the governor and his staff are opposed. It is because they are afraid they will lose their jobs, also the possibility of getting their pensions. So they scare native government employees by telling them they will lose their jobs if the United States comes. One policeman said to me yesterday: 'Is this true? I hear that in Puerto Rico the United States employs local people and lets them run their own business much. But our captain told us no, we'd all be sacked. Who can we believe?'

"So I will tell you this. Every thought and move of officials here short of actually letting us all be killed if the convicts invade is calculated against possible intervention by the United States. They don't want it to be necessary for you to save us. That is part of the reason the marines were brought down from Curaçao. To suggest we could take care of ourselves. That, plus fear of rice uprisings against the governor; and always the horror of having the attack from French Guiana.

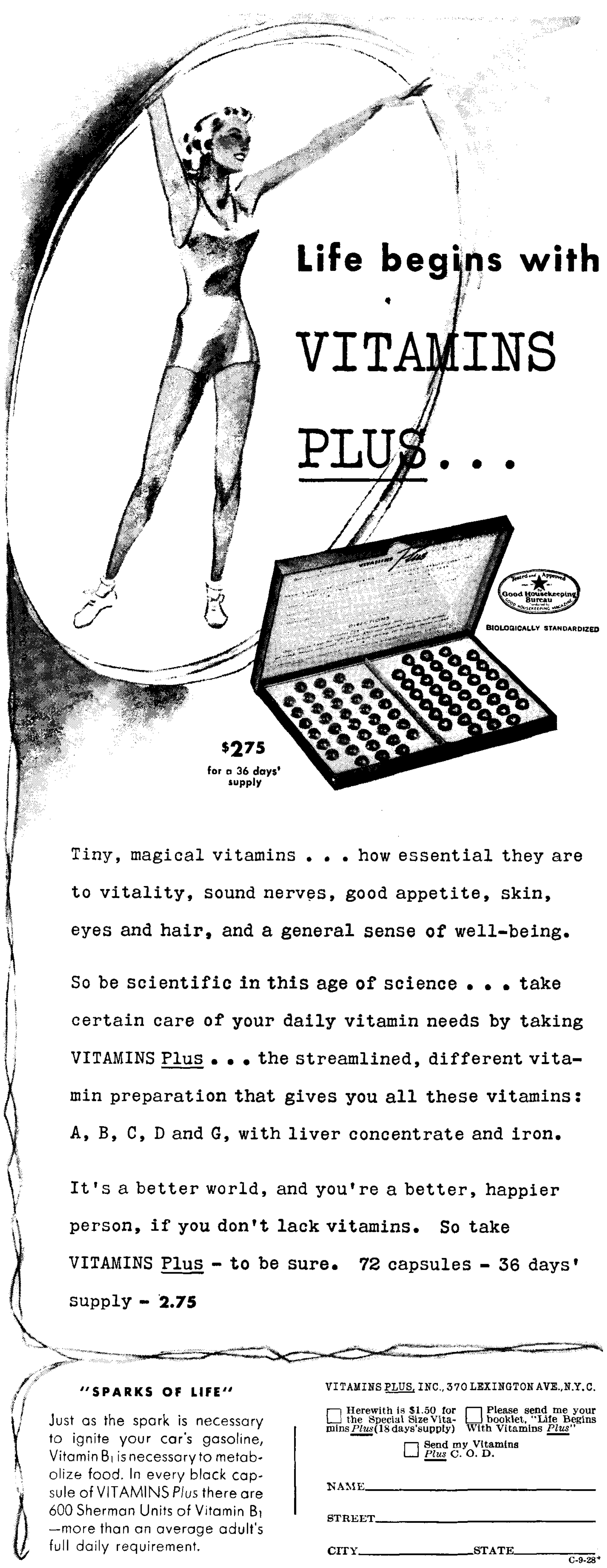
"No, the Germans here were not behind any of this trouble. Of course, the war is to blame some: but this trouble was coming. Less than 100 Germans lived here, and some of them were second and third generations and good folks. But we jailed them all pretty quick, even the Jews, when war came."

The dealings of Dutch Guiana with its German residents have been indeed curious, and somewhat of a local scandal. In September the German freighter



"Turn on the radio, Tom . . . or is it on?"

LOUIS JAMME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Taste and feel the refreshing difference!

Goslar, 10,000 tons, under Captain Karl Berghoff, a first World War aviator, ran up the Surinam River to Paramaribo to escape British raiders off Brazil. There is a bar at the mouth of the river that excludes all ships of more than 17-foot draft. The colony government considered the bar a protection, and would never permit dredging.

The officers and crew of the Goslar became part of the local German group, great friends with some officials, notably Police Commissioner Van Beek. Three days before the invasion of Holland it was observed the Goslar had steam up, and the crew remained aboard. Later it became known she had orders to drop, on signal, to the bar and scuttle broadside thereon in order to keep shipping, especially the American bauxite vessels, out of Paramaribo. A broken radio tube prevented Captain Berghoff from getting his signal from home.

On the evening of May 10th there was nothing for Police Commissioner Van Beek to do but go aboard and seize her. The native population, bewildered and angered by the outbreak of war, was demonstrating in the streets.

Scuttling with a Purpose

Van Beek politely told his friends they were Dutch prisoners, their ship a prize, and would they please come ashore with him. The chief engineer said excuse me while I go down for my coat. Van Beek waited, and the chief engineer went below and opened one of the seacocks. Even then, while the ship only listed, the capable Dutchmen if ordered could have lashed and warped her to prevent sinking. But nothing was done. The Goslar finally settled on her side in the river directly opposite the town docks, where she affects the current for more than a mile. She is called "Van Beek's Island."

The governor, under local pressure, removed Van Beek as police commissioner, but made him chief censor of the colony.

Resentment against Germany seems to exist among the natives more than among the white Dutchmen, who are constrained by thoughts of loved ones at home. The natives tell you it is not so much Germany but the idea of Germany or any other European nation taking over the colony that they abhor. They are fed up with Europe and its wars and ways.

The local Germans, together with Goslar men, were first concentrated in quarters near the center of town. There was little supervision. They used to stand at the fence, bid the time of day with passing friends. They demanded and got many things, including a ping-pong table. A native delegation forced the governor to move the prisoners to barracks outside Paramaribo.

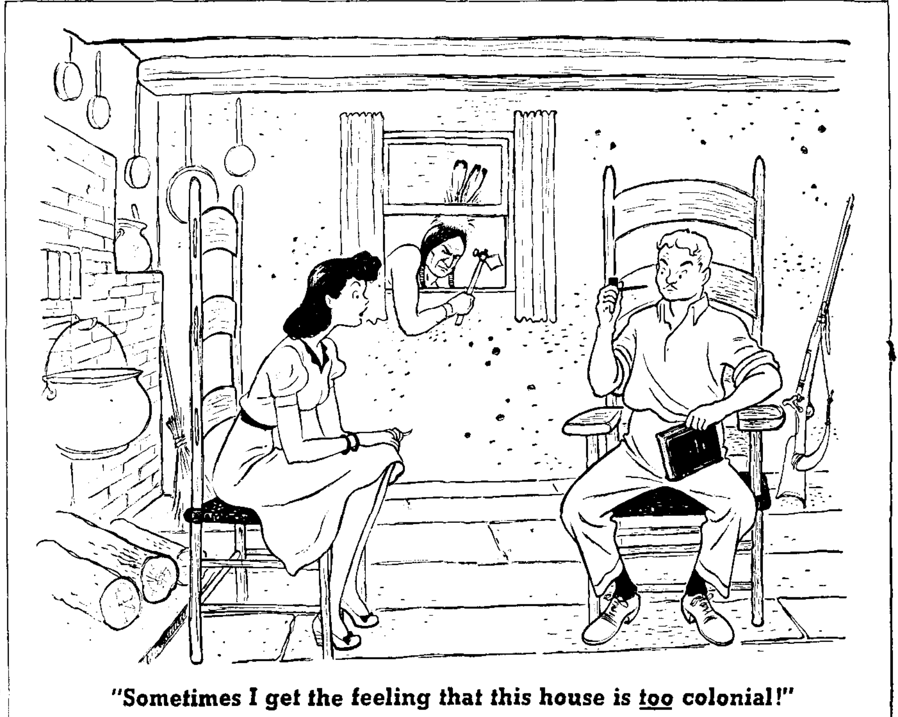
Thus affairs stand with the Germans in Dutch Guiana; all are in strict custody.

An uneasiness permeates all sections of Dutch Guiana's confused and temperamental races.

Far up country are the shy, wild Bush Negroes, descendants of escaped slaves, who live in the heart of the Guianas as their ancestors lived in darkest Africa. We pushed, first by car to where all roads stopped, then by launch on the narrowing Saramacca River, at last on foot through the mud and the flies, to visit a tribe. The old chief has leprosy. You've got to put him in good humor with a gift of medicine. He doesn't consider medicine good if it lacks high color or foul taste. A mixed handful of green vitamin tablets, white aspirin and red Spanish peanuts were properly inviting, and he chewed it while telling his view of things. He understands about Americans because of visits of anthropologists, medical researchers, movie explorers and prospecting engineers. Occasionally he paddles downstream in his dugout to chat with Javanese farmers, or outlying Dutch friends. He warned us:

"If any other country except the United States takes over this land, I and my people will move into the very back country. We shall disappear and no one will ever see us again. We can live in peace. But can the white folks and the foreigners on the coast?"

Which caused a Dutch friend in town, when we related this to him, to comment: "He is lucky. I have to live where my wife and child are. These Bush Negroes are the only ones who will escape the terror if the convicts come. You are lucky, too. You go away tomorrow. But maybe next day, maybe next week, maybe next month, you and all the world will hear of this disaster that will shock it. Still I am Dutch but I know my safety and future do not lie any more with Holland or any other European nation. It can only be helped if the Western countries stop talking and do something. The world has gone to pieces and we Dutchmen here in Guiana feel that it is for the United States to pick up those pieces which have fallen around her feet."



"Sometimes I get the feeling that this house is too colonial!"

GEORGE WOLFE

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Through it, day by day, slip pennies, nickels, quarters . . . money spent for inconsequential trifles. You rarely have anything to show for it and you never know where it goes.

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Traitor's Purse

Continued from page 20

himself making mountains out of molehills, and, what was even worse, pitfalls into mere depressions. Moreover, the physical effect of the experience had begun to tell on him again. His head ached maddeningly and he was not too certain of his legs.

He crept back the way he had come but, although he paused to listen when he reached the right-angle bend, there was still no sound from the great hidden garage he had left.

As he felt his way up the narrow iron ladder he tried to assimilate what he had seen since entering the Nag. It was both tantalizing and alarming. He had the uncomfortable feeling that it might all be very ordinary if seen with the clear eyes of a normally informed person.

Any municipal stronghold of great antiquity could probably appear fantastic to the completely ignorant. Yet, on the other hand, every half-observed aspect of the place might well possess some all-important significance that he ought to recognize at once. There was the number 15 on the agenda—that must be of interest. And the man he had just seen—if his presence was normal why had he hidden?

HE STRUGGLED on and by the time he heard the superintendent's heavy breathing just ahead of him he had made up his mind. There was only one course open to him that was not criminally negligent. He must get in touch with Oates at once.

Here he was, stumbling about in the dark, seeing monsters where there were bushes, and innocent shadows where there might be deathtraps; and all the time the precious hours were racing past. He was a lunatic, very possibly a dangerous lunatic. Mercifully he was gradually getting the intelligence to recognize the fact.

The superintendent was eager for news but even more eager to get out of his highly compromising position. He led the way back with alacrity and they passed across the council chamber like a couple of homing foxes.

"Lorries?" he said in astonishment when Campion had replied to his question. "How many?"

"Several." Campion could not explain his own urge toward caution.

Hutch shook his head. "I don't know anything about them," he said. "It's this government work, I expect. They're doing a lot of experiments with synthetic juice up at the Institute—at least that's the gossip. The Masters own the Institute, and, come to think of it, the Trough wouldn't be a bad place to hide a lorry or two. You're suddenly in a great hurry, sir. You weren't seen, were you?"

"No," said Campion truthfully, "but I've got to get a move on now."

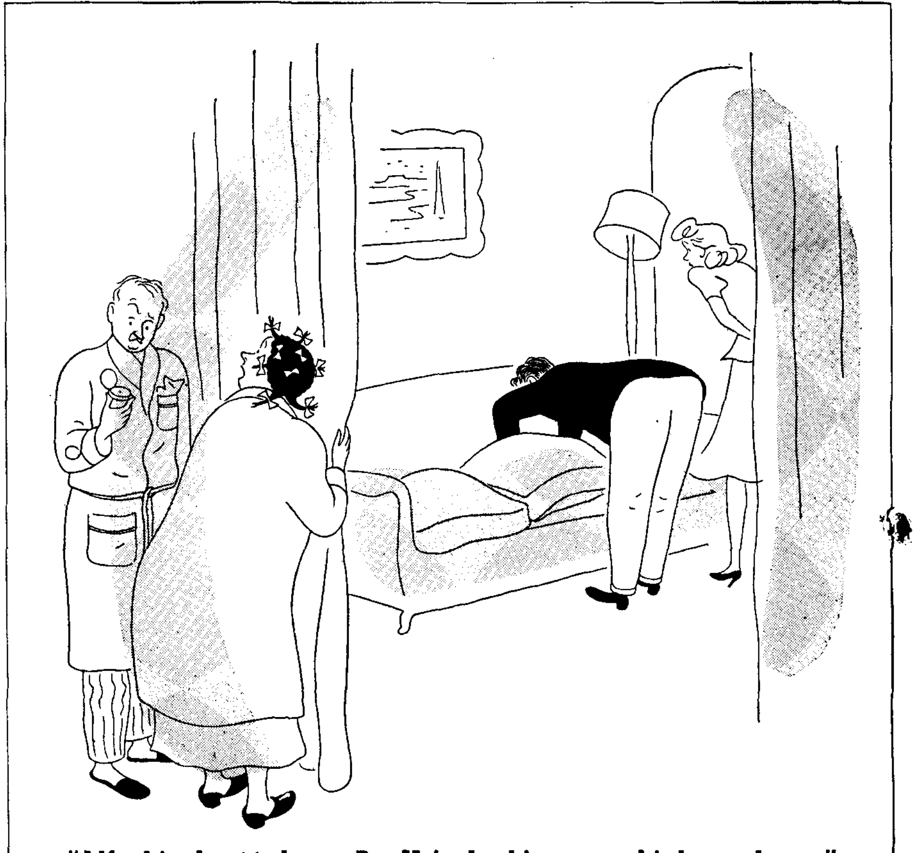
The superintendent opened his mouth to make an inquiry but the experience of long service saved him the indiscretion. Moreover, they were approaching the storeroom behind the shop again.

They got out without incident but Hutch was not pleased to find it almost dawn. Fortunately it was misty and the two men plunged into the chilling vapor as thankfully as if it had been a smokescreen especially provided for their benefit.

As they passed down the broad highway of the Nag's Pykle, Campion felt definitely ill. His head was throbbing and his body ached. However, he knew what he had to do. Amanda was his card. Amanda must take him to Oates. It was odd that the very recollection of Amanda should wrap such comfort around him. He must get out of that, he supposed, if she had made up her mind, and yet . . . it was absurd. All that was ridiculous. Amanda was not only his: she *was* himself. Amanda . . . oh, he couldn't be bothered to work it out. He must get to her . . . get to her . . . get . . . to . . . her.

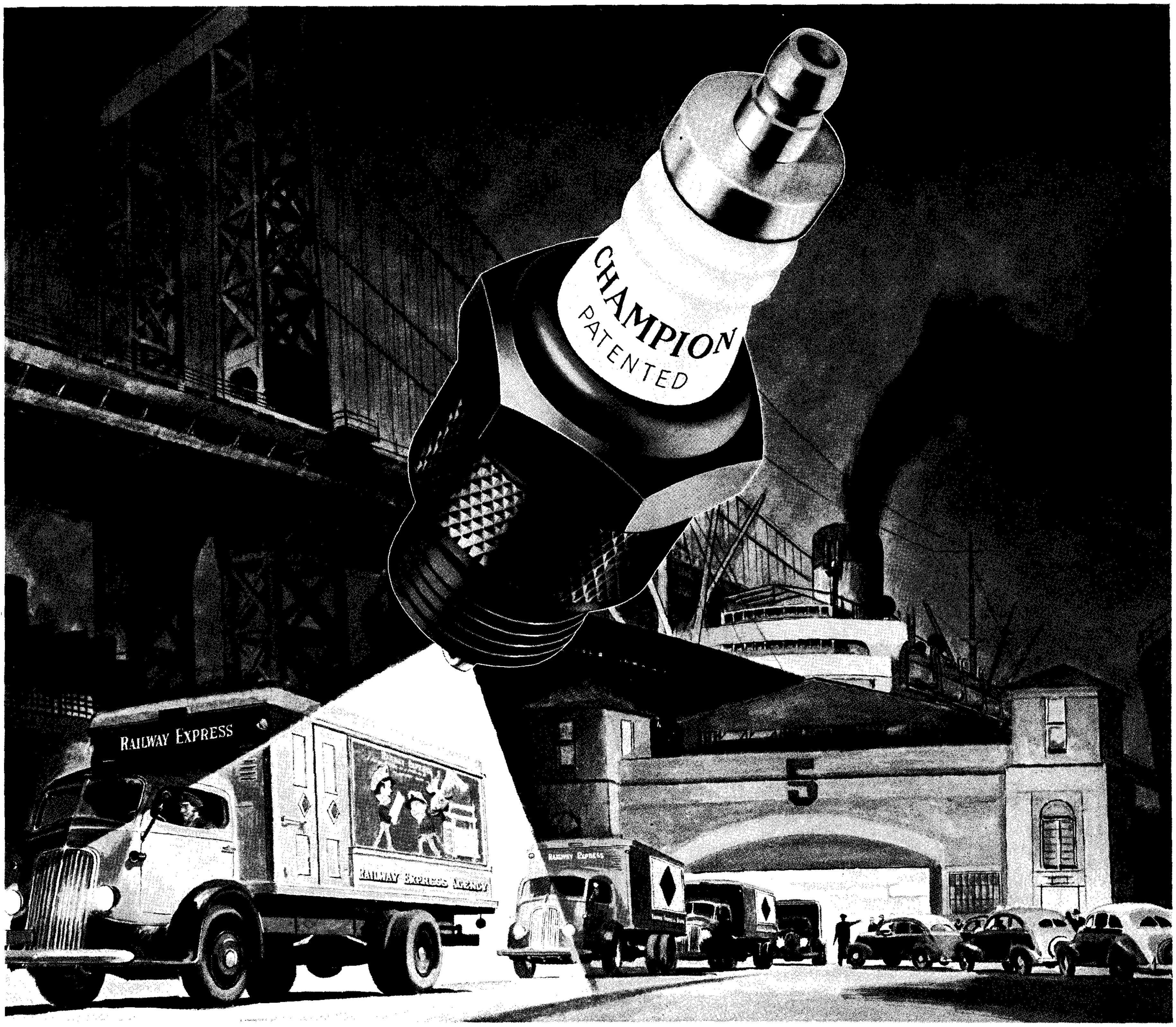
Hutch caught him as he stumbled, and as they stood swaying together on the cobbles.

The superintendent said:



"Alfred is about to leave, Pa. He's checking up on his loose change"

TONY BARLOW



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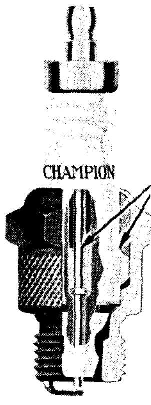
"PICK UP AND GO" WITH NEW CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



Sillment is the sensational new material used to seal Champions against gas or compression leakage, at the shoulder and past the center electrode. This exclusive and patented process seals Champions against troublesome leakage common to ordinary spark plugs, and contributes largely to Champions' better performance in today's high compression engines.

HUDSON *FOR 1941 PRESENTS* A BIG

IN THE LOWEST PRICE FIELD . . .
NEW HUDSON SIX

One of many beautiful tone combinations made available by Symphonic Styling. Note the rich harmony of exterior and interior coloring. Illustrated here . . . the new 116-inch wheelbase, 92-horsepower Hudson Six.

AND PRICED JUST ABOVE THE LOWEST . . .
NEW HUDSON SUPER-SIX

New Hudson Super-Six, with 121-inch wheelbase and 102 horsepower, offering a still wider choice of new color harmonies. A bigger, roomier car with distinguishing luxury touches everywhere.

TO OWNERS OF THE "OTHER THREE": Straight through the new 1941 Hudson Six and Super-Six, you will find extra values not obtainable in other cars in the lowest and low price fields. Symphonic Styling is just one of the ways in which Hudson gives you more for your money, in every popular price class

IN THE brilliant new 1941 Hudsons, you will find scores of other examples of this same engineering leadership . . . leadership that isn't content with what others may consider "good enough for the money." If there's something *better* to be had, Hudson gives it to you.

Safest Cars Are Safer Still

Your safety . . . the safety of those you love . . . *can't* be measured in dollars and cents! But, if it could, think of the *cash value* of the *extra* safety you get in every 1941 Hudson . . . *America's Safest Car.*

You'll find in every Hudson the best hydraulic brakes built . . . better still for 1941. But Hudson goes beyond that! You get the *only* hydraulics with an added mechanical safeguard, *working from the same foot pedal,* to protect you against brake failure, in case hydraulic fluid should leak away through accident or service neglect. This *can* happen in *any* car, but only in a Hudson can you push farther *on the same brake pedal . . .* and STOP!

Another priceless safeguard which only Hudson gives you is Patented Auto-Poise Control. It helps keep front wheels on their true course automatically . . . *even if a tire blows.* And with it, True Center-Point Steering, the finest known. (A type used in only two other cars, both costing over $1500.)

New Riding Ease . . . New Silent Shifting

To make your ride not merely *smooth,* but *smoothest,* Hudson developed a type of Independent Front Wheel Coil Springing that improves on that used in other cars priced high above any Hudson. Yet you get this great feature in a 1941 Hudson Six, *one of the lowest priced cars built today.* More for your money!

Take silent shifting. Even in its lowest priced 1941 models, Hudson gives you a new synchro-mesh transmission that is actually an improvement on the kind you find in the most expensive cars. Again, *more value per dollar!*

Economy Without Compromise

Operating and upkeep cost are important, too. And, here again, Hudson engineering leadership scores a big advantage for you. With the most efficient motor in any car built today, as official ratings prove, Hudson need not ask you to sacrifice size, room and luxury for the sake of economy. The "Hudson way" gives you *both* topflight gas mileage and a big, roomy, luxurious car—*economy without compromise.*

Before you choose your new car, see everything else that is new in Hudson for 1941—visit the nearest Hudson showroom. Find out how much *more* your money will buy there.

NEW STYLE IDEA...

Symphonic Styling

. . . and in every 1941 Hudson . . .

- ★ **BRILLIANT NEW DESIGN!**
- ★ **LONGER WHEELBASES!** ★ **ROOMIER BODIES!**
- ★ **NEW RIDING AND DRIVING EASE!**
- ★ **NEW SYNCHROMESH TRANSMISSION!**

. . . and with all this . . .

SAFETY YOU CAN'T GET IN ANY OTHER CAR

AMERICA'S SAFEST CAR

Safest brakes, safest steering ...features that "think" for you when there's no time to think!

For the First Time in Low Priced Cars, a Wide Choice of Interior Color Combinations That Harmonize With Exterior Colors, AT NO EXTRA COST

SYMPHONIC STYLING begins with brilliantly modern new design . . . bodies that are 5½ inches longer, a full two inches lower, and roomier than ever . . . with lines that flow in unbroken harmony from front to modish new rear.

But the crowning triumph of Symphonic Styling is that it makes available *a wide selection of interior color combinations that harmonize with the exterior colors . . . at no extra cost!*

In automobiles, up to now, *one* upholstery color has usually done duty with *every* body color. Carpets, floor mats, steering wheels and trim have introduced still other assorted colors and tones.

Now Hudson's Symphonic Styling gives you, in your 1941 car, the kind of color harmony throughout that you want and expect in other fine things you buy. A car that is truly a symphony of line and color.

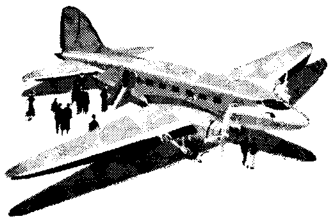
It has never been possible for any other automobile company to offer anything like this in regular, standard production. But Hudson, over a long period of years, has developed highly specialized methods that permit a wide variation in the details and equipment of each individual car, without interfering with orderly, efficient mass production. Symphonic Styling is the climax of this long-time development!

Here is another Hudson "first". . . beauty new to the automobile . . . harmony of which you will never tire . . . yours in 1941 Hudsons *at prices starting among today's lowest!*

AMERICA'S LOWEST PRICED FINE CARS . . .
NEW HUDSON COMMODORE SERIES

Here, Symphonic Styling reaches its richest beauty, in a wide range of superb exterior-interior color harmonies, one of which is pictured in the accompanying illustrations. These are cars of superlative luxury . . . including the 128-horsepower, 121-inch wheelbase Eight shown here; a companion Six; a Custom Club Coupe; and lavishly equipped Custom Sedans on 128-inch wheelbase. Airfoam Seat Cushions are standard in all Commodore models, and available at small cost in all other 1941 Hudsons.

(Two-tone exteriors available without added cost in Hudson Commodore Custom models; optional at moderate extra cost in other 1941 Hudsons. White sidewall tires extra.)



Just off the Plane from HAVANA

J. P. McEVOY, playwright, humorist and regular contributor to magazines—is known as a "chain cigar smoker" who carries his cigars in his *pants pockets!*

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT—I find carrying cigars in my trousers' pocket keeps me from breaking them—" says J. P. McEvoy. Well—we don't know. Maybe it works.

"HOW DO I WRITE?" Mr. McEvoy went on. "I dictate as I smoke and must have strained a million words through White Owl Cigars in the last ten years."

J.P. McEvoy ENDORSES **NEW WHITE OWLS'** HAVANA FLAVOR

NOW BLENDED WITH HAVANA!
WHITE OWL
WHITE OWL

OWL: Hi there—Mr. McEvoy! How did you find Havana?

J. P. McEVOY: I peered through a cloud of fragrant cigar smoke and there it was!

OWL: Did you go to get some new ideas?

J. P. McEVOY: No, I went to get rid of some old ones.

OWL: Not smoking, surely?

J. P. McEVOY: On the contrary, I expect to go right on smoking here—and hereafter.

OWL: Well, light up this *new* White Owl and tell us if it's got *real* Havana flavor.

J. P. McEVOY: Sure enough! Milder than the Cuban all-Havana cigar—but definitely it has the real Havana flavor!

J. P. McEVOY, *Saturday Evening Post* author, is back from an airplane jaunt to Havana. We interviewed him when he arrived in New York.

Mr. McEvoy's friends will tell you he's a veteran cigar smoker from way back. Because of his great fondness for Cuban cigars, he really knows the luxury taste of real Havana tobacco.

When connoisseurs such as J. P. McEvoy approve the *new* Blended-with-Havana White Owl for its real Havana taste—you know this *new* cigar is a smoke to get excited about. Thousands have discovered the Havana flavor of the *new* White Owl . . . why don't you?

Try a NEW WHITE OWL *—Today* **5¢**

New White Owls are made in U.S.A. only—see how at New York World's Fair, 1940

Copyright, 1940, by General Cigar Co., Inc.

"You've overdone it, sir, that's what you've done. We're just by the station. You'll have to sit down. You can't go on forever without sleeping or eating; no one can."

The tone was plaintive and gently nagging.

"You'll go sick on your feet, and then where shall we be?"

He was leading his charge all the time with the firm efficiency of long practice and they advanced upon the unexpectedly modern police station, set among the Tudor scenery, in spite of his companion's incoherent protests.

A police sergeant met them on the doorstep, and there was a muttered conference between him and his chief.

"Is there?" Hutch said at last. "I see. Yes. Yes, of course. Put it through at once. We'll take it in the charge room." He turned to Campion anxiously. "There's a personal call waiting for you, sir," he said. "It's from headquarters. Can you manage it? Are you all right?"

Campion had no clear impression of his passage through the station. He came back to himself as he sat staring into the mouthpiece of the telephone.

"Yeo here, Mr. Campion," said a voice in his ear. It was so small and quiet that it might have been the whisper of conscience. "Yeo. Have you got the chief with you?"

"Oates?" Campion's own voice was strong and apprehensive. It seemed to him that he was shouting.

"Yes sir. He's gone. We can't find him. He left his room here in the small hours of yesterday morning and hasn't been heard of since. Is he with you?"

"No, he's not here."

THERE was a long pause. It seemed to stretch into centuries.

The faraway voice spoke again:

"Then it's you alone now, sir. You're the only one now who can do anything. None of the rest of us here even know the full strength. I don't know if you think that's wise, sir. The chief was in sole control of his agents."

Campion could not reply and after a pause the little voice came again:

"Any . . . luck, sir?"

Campion closed his eyes and opened them again as the secret reserve that lies in every human body was pumped up into his veins.

"Not yet," he said distinctly, "but there's still an hour or two."

Then he slipped forward across the table, his head in his arms.

He woke holding Amanda's hand. He was so relieved to find it there, so comforted to see her, alive, friendly and gloriously intelligent, that for a blessed moment he remained mindless and content. He lay looking at her with placid, stupid eyes.

"You're ill," she said, her clear, immature voice frankly anxious. "I've been trying to wake you for hours. What shall I do? Phone Oates?"

That did it. That brought him back to the situation with a rush.

"No," he said, struggling into a sitting position, while the whole top of his head seemed to slide backward sickeningly. "No, that's no good. I mean don't do that. I'll get up at once."

"All right," she agreed, and he looked at her with deep affection. The reflection that he had probably lost her forever was such an incredible disaster that he put it away from him, unconsidered, and tightened his grip on her hand childishly.

"How late am I?"

"About an hour." She released herself gently. "You start the tour of inspection at ten. I'll run you a bath and then go down and get you some breakfast. You've twenty minutes before you leave the house."

"Tour of inspection?" he said dubiously. "What—er—what do I wear?"

He had hoped for a clue but for once she was unobliging.

"Oh, just the simple uniform of an admiral of the fleet, I should think, don't you?"

Her voice floating back from the other room was followed by the roar of his bath water.

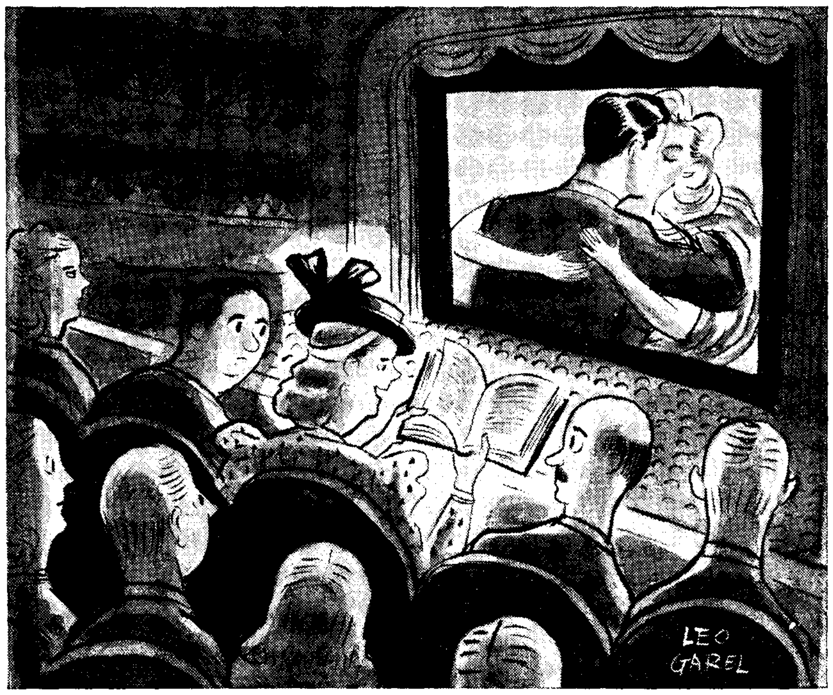
"Or you might stick to the old fireman's outfit, of course. That's bright and cheerful without being vulgar. I say," she added as she came in again, "what about those things? The servants here look as though they take a valet's interest in one's wardrobe. It'll look so bad if you come in and find them neatly laid out on the bed. Shall I take them down and stuff them in the toolbox of the car?"

"I wish you would. They're in the cupboard," he said. "You're very helpful, Amanda."

She did not answer for a moment but when she emerged from the armoire with her arms full of oilskins her cheeks were bright.

"I'm still the lieut," she said, facing him squarely. "You get up and see to that bath or we'll have a flood. Time's very short."

Short! As the door closed behind him



"It follows the book rather closely"

LEO GAREL

Squadron Leaders!

...IN THE GREAT NEW FLIGHT
TO SMARTER, MORE ORIGINAL HAT STYLES

Berg FLYING CADET
Sta-Scope Crown

Men who take off in this hat reach new altitudes in better dress!...For Berg introduces "Contra-bands"...a new exclusive color note. Blue on brown as illustrated—and half a dozen other smart combinations.

$3.95 . $5.00

Berg ROAMER

Breezy good looks combined with breezy lightness! Wherever you navigate in this hat you have the carefree ease of being better-dressed *plus* true comfort...Burgess Blue illustrated.

$3.95

CAMPUS KHAKI
$5
LEADING COLLEGE STYLE

Berg Hats

BERG HATS
$5
WITH NEW TRU-SIZE ADJUSTABLE FEATURE

CAUTION!!
BEWARE OF BLEEDING GUMS
GINGIVITIS

BLEEDING GUMS
SORE GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS
TENDER GUMS

ATTACKING THOUSANDS
4 OUT OF 5 MAY HAVE IT!

If your gums ever bleed and are sore, tender—read *every* word! Gingivitis, an inflammation where gums join the teeth, is so common today 4 out of 5—*even young folks*—may be victims.

If neglected—Gingivitis is often a start of Pyorrhea with its shrinking gums and loosened teeth. Only your dentist can help Pyorrhea. Wise folks go every three months for gum inspection. Then at home help guard against Gingivitis.

How 95% Cases Improved in 30 Days

Brush your teeth and massage your gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste. Clinical investigation shows 95% Gingivitis cases improved in 30 days by following this easy method.

Forhan's is the formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan for cleaning dull teeth to their "natural" lustre—for massaging gums to help them be firmer and more able to ward off infection. *Also helps remove acid film that often starts tooth decay.* Start using Forhan's TODAY. At drug and department stores. Weekend size at 10¢ stores.

FREE
50¢ GUM MASSAGER
Send empty carton from 50¢ size tube Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. B-11, New Brunswick, N. J., and receive this wonderful 50¢ Gum Massager FREE.

he realized how short time was and cursed himself for sleeping. He could only just remember the later events of the morning. Hutch had brought him home in a car and had put him to bed like a mother. Mercifully they had not given him alcohol at the police station. That might well have killed him with his head in its present condition.

By the time he staggered downstairs he was fairly clear about his immediate plan of campaign. The Masters were his best bet. They knew the secret of 15 if anyone did, since they were making it their main business of the evening. Lee Aubrey must be persuaded to tell him all there was to be known about the Masters.

He found Aubrey waiting for him in a brown-and-yellow morning room. He was standing by the window, looking with tragedian eyes at Amanda who sat behind the silver. His greeting was gravely commiserating, as though he knew that lesser men had weaknesses and he could be tolerant and even a little envious of them.

Campion, watching him with his new child's eyes, saw what Amanda liked in him and sized it up like a general inspecting enemy fortifications before the commencement of hostilities.

He made a hurried breakfast and, only halfway through the meal, realized that it was Lee who was waiting for him.

"It's too bad we can't take you with us." Aubrey spoke to the girl with a frankness of regret that was almost indecent. "But I'm afraid it's impossible. We're not exactly wedded to the government but we're rather definitely under its protection in the eighteenth-century sense, and my instructions only apply to Campion. It's all quite mad, of course. I sometimes wonder if the fellows who set out these restrictions aren't using a little too broad a rule. There's not enough brains to go around, you know. That's the fundamental weakness in the government and everywhere else."

"Oh, that's all right," said Amanda cheerfully. "I don't want to see your old Institute. The whole show sounds like a municipal school of conjuring to me."

LEE hesitated and it was only after a moment that his charming smile spread over his large, curling features.

"You shocked me," he said with disarming naïvete. "I get very parochial down here. One does. To hear the Masters called 'municipal' gives me a sacrilegious thrill."

"They achieve almost international status, financially at any rate, don't they?" Campion's thought was running on spice islands and he spoke unguardedly.

Lee raised his head and gave him one of his surprisingly intelligent stares.

"They're very wealthy, of course," he said primly.

"Yes, well, there you are. A penny here and a penny there, it all mounts up over a period of years." Campion had intended to sound ignorant, but even he was unprepared for the degree of fatuous idiocy he managed to present.

Lee looked genuinely embarrassed and glanced at Amanda apologetically.

"When you're ready, we'll go," he said, and later, as he and Campion walked across the turf together, he took it upon himself to explain gently, choosing his words carefully as though talking to a child. "Historically the Masters are amazingly interesting," he began, reproval in his pleasant voice. "The family that was the leading spirit at their foundation never completely rotted away. The Letts have never produced any great men, nor have they had any downright wrong uns, and there's always been one moderately intelligent businessman in every generation. The present fellow, Peter Lett, is just a good, sound, average brain like his uncle before him, and his grandfather and great-grandfathers before that. They've all been religious, respectable and very parochial, while, of course, the curious hereditary and semisecret structure of the society has been a tremendous safeguard. Financially the Masters have had their bad periods but they've never gone quite under. Their basic line is so good."

"What's that?"

AUBREY seemed astounded. "Patents, of course," he said.

"Patents?"

"Well," he was laughing a little, "it was monopolies to begin with, naturally. Queen Elizabeth gave them their first big break. One of the kids in the little charity school they started up turned out to be the great Ralph Godlee, who invented the Godlee loom. The Masters got a monopoly on the manufacture of the things from the queen and it revolutionized the wool-weaving industry over here, speeding up the production by about five hundred per cent and making the town's fortune. The word 'abridged' comes from it. It shortened the process. But you know all this as well as I do."

Campion coughed. "At the moment there are gaps in my education," he admitted modestly. "Do go on. I find this fascinating. They've continued like this, have they?—first educating and then fleecing the inventor?"

Lee made a deprecatory grimace and quite openly thought for a moment or so. He was extraordinarily unself-conscious in that one way. His thinking was obvious, almost pantomimic.

"That's not quite true," he said at last. "One must be fair. Let's say that instead of patronizing the arts they've always gone in for science and have been lucky in having been able to produce a few valuable inventors who have always made their own fortunes as well as adding to the general fund. The Masters had their great successes in the Victorian industrial age, naturally. It's only comparatively recently that they've become so very wealthy. They bought very sensibly at that time, always going for overseas property, tea plantations and so on.

"At the moment I think the Institute gives more than value for money every time. Look at the facilities the chosen inventor gets here. Once his idea is approved, every mortal thing he needs is given to him gratis. His patents are acquired for him, and he hands out a percentage. Just now things are more than booming, naturally. The Carter cheap process for extracting gasoline from coal is going to be an enormous thing, and we've one or two pleasant little explosives on the carpet. The whisky bottle you can't refill is another one of ours, too; that's a great money-maker."

Campion listened to him fascinated. He knew it, he had heard it all before, he was sure of that, and vaguely it was all coming back to him.

"I don't approve of the Masters in principle," Lee was saying pedantically. "I don't like pockets of wealth like that in the country. But, to do these fellows justice, their little constitution does good work. The Ceremony of the Bale of Straw is a nice archaic idea, for instance. All the mummery of the fraternity is connected with the Nag, you know, and they have a ruling that at every half-yearly meeting, the Masters shall 'put down a bale of straw in the Nag's stable'; that is to say they shall do something to improve the amenities of the town of Bridge. That's why the place is so luxuriously drained, watered and lit. There's not a scrap of slum property in the area. Fortunes are being spent on the place and the rates are

Here's a Bargain for Your "Noggin"
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1¢ Sale
JERIS Hair Oil
JERIS Hair Tonic
DRY SCALP
1¢ SALE

75¢ SIZE HAIR TONIC
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both for 76¢

Treat your scalp and hair to the benefits of these dependable hair preparations! Use Jeris Antiseptic Hair Tonic for invigorating massage, and to remove loose dandruff. Use Jeris Hair Oil to avoid dry scalp, and keep your hair immaculately groomed.

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OTIS
HEALTHWEIGHT UNDERWEAR

Warmth without bulk, for the man who wants the fit and support of knit underwear

Short sleeve or sleeveless shirts. Mid-thigh or ankle shorts, with double front, support feature.

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negligible. Here we are. See the sentry? That's what working for the war house does for you."

They had come up over the ridge of high ground that stretched up behind the poplar trees and had reached the private road leading to the Institute, a cluster of roofs surrounded by a high, moss-grown wall.

The original building was now no more than a museum, but all around it clustered other houses, workshops and laboratories, representing every phase of British architecture.

A soldier with fixed bayonet stood on guard before the ornamental iron gates. Lee Aubrey smiled at the man as they passed.

"Gloriously mad, isn't it?" he murmured. "There's something rather sweet and childlike about the modern world, don't you think? 'Halt! Give the countersign. Pass friend. Eena-deena-dina-do, you're a spy.' It's so monstrously young."

"Childish, perhaps, but hardly sweet," said Campion absently. "Where do we go first?"

"My dear fellow, that's entirely up to you. My instructions are that I'm to show you anything that you care to see. Take your choice. On your left you have the bad-tempered but otherwise wholly delightful Carter working with his team of galley slaves. They'll be polite because I'm by way of being the headmaster, but they won't be hospitable."

AUBREY was enjoying himself. He was exaggeratedly proud of the place and its magnificent organization.

"On your extreme right, in that depressing building which looks like a Methodist chapel, is poor old Burgess. He'll talk all night. He's having trouble with his reaper. The last trials were nothing less than a fiasco and he may have struck a serious snag. Before you is the library, the office, the filing department and the drafting rooms. And right over there, as comfortably distant as space will permit, is the star turn of the moment, the war house's little whiteheaded boy, our young Master Butcher, playing about with Anderton's latest variety of potted hell-fire. I have to keep an eye on him and see he controls his quantities. It's incredible stuff. Half a teaspoonful can make as much mess as a bucketful of T.N.T. Hence the sentry on the door."

He paused expectantly and Campion stood irresolute. This was a continuation of the frustration dream of the night before. As far as he could see, the whole thing was being handed to him on a plate and yet he could not put his finger on it.

"It's almost an embarrassment of riches," he said aloud, and added hastily, "what's in the dovecot?"

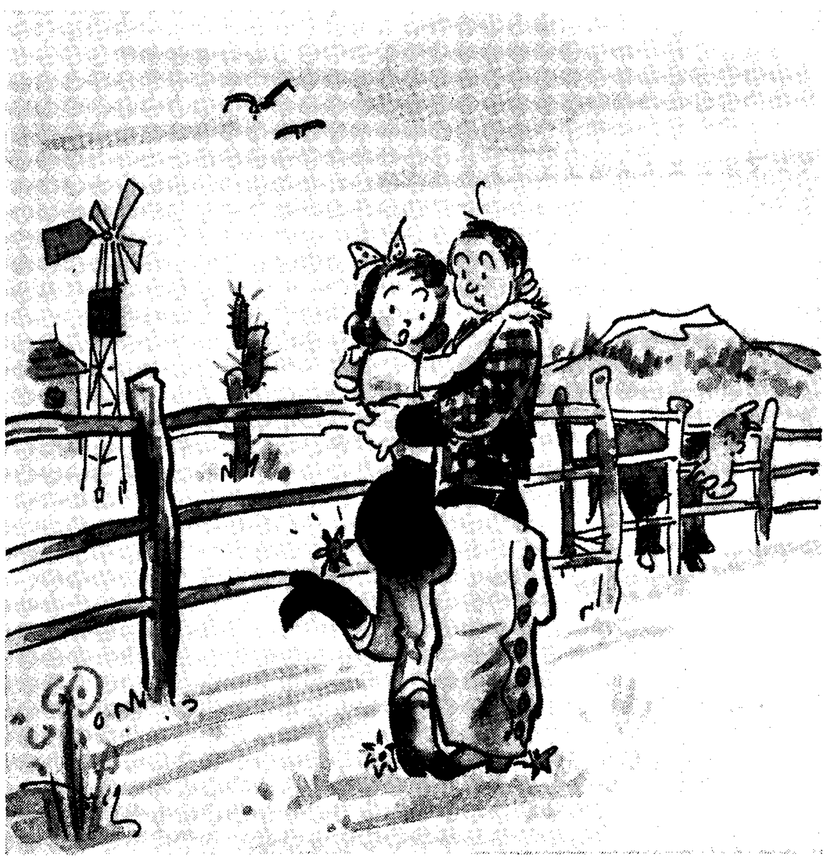
The building so unkindly described had caught his attention because of a certain amount of life going on before it. A lorry loading sacks was drawn up in front of the door.

Lee frowned and the man at his side was aware of the wave of irritation that passed over him. It was a physical thing, as if his personal magnetism had been switched off and on again.

"You've got a nose, haven't you?" he said, half laughing. "You're one of those people who always move the chair that covers the hole in the carpet and go straight to the cupboard where the dirty washing-up has been hidden. I offer you the exciting drawing-room exhibits and you go direct to the one blot on our dignity. We've been compelled to shelter fifty beastly little amateur workers simply because we happen to have a lot of room. Think of it! In that sacred building Richardson perfected his adding machine, and now half a hundred little girls who can hardly write are addressing envelopes there for the ministry of health. As if there weren't five million other places in England that would do quite as well!"

They had reached the building by this time and through the long windows Campion could see rows of bent heads and piles of government envelopes. It looked to be dull work, but in his present mood highly preferable to his own, and he envied them.

As they skirted the lorry, a woman with untidy white hair came out of the arched doorway. She was faintly familiar and he recognized her at last as one of Aubrey's dinner guests of the night before. She was startled to see them and came up with that half-hesi-



"Ouch!"

REAMER KELLER

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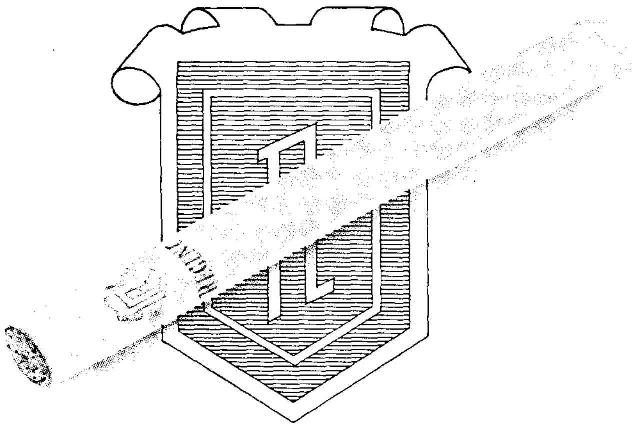
REGENT

the finest cigarette you ever smoked

- **MULTIPLE-BLEND** ...Regent's exclusive Multiple-Blend combines an unusual number of choice tobaccos in entirely new proportions, giving you exceptional mildness and a better-tasting cigarette.
- **KING SIZE** ...Regents are over 20% longer, allowing the smoke more time to cool. The result is a *natural* coolness you notice as soon as you take your first puff. And this extra length also means more fine tobacco for your money.
- **OVAL SHAPE** ...Regent's oval shape not only adds distinction to this extra long cigarette, but makes Regents easier to hold and more comfortable to smoke.
- **CRUSH-PROOF BOX** ...So that every Regent you smoke will be in perfect smoking condition, Regents are packed in a crush-proof box...the only satisfactory container for a King-size cigarette.

BOX OF TWENTY 15¢

"THE FINEST CIGARETTE YOU EVER SMOKED"



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GAINES Dog MEAL
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AVAILABLE IN
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Here's your chance to make your dog food money go *twice* as far—with *guaranteed* nutritional safety! And because we're eager to have you take advantage of this outstanding opportunity, we want to start you off with a FREE supply! Simply mail the coupon for a generous sample of GAINES Dog Food.

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GAINES DOG FOOD gives your pet a "nutritional bonus"! Made with vitamins A, B, D, E, G, minerals and energy-yielding, body-building nutrients, it's *all food.* Surplus water has been removed—and you save 50% to 60% by adding the water yourself! Let your own experience show you why thousands upon thousands are *turning* to GAINES, *the dog food chosen* by the U. S. Antarctic Expedition. Send for your free sample. Get started on GAINES DOG FOOD—today!

Fill in the Coupon Below—NOW!

It will bring you a liberal trial supply of GAINES MEAL and GAINES KRUNCHON (Gaines Meal in pellet form). And with your free sample of these foods you'll receive a colorful, comprehensive, 68-page booklet you'll find invaluable. It tells you *everything* you need know about the feeding of dogs and puppies. In addition, you'll be sent a 30-day, money-back guarantee, effective when you start feeding GAINES DOG FOOD regularly. Yes, the coupon below entitles you to all this—free! Act at once on this generous offer. Fill in coupon and mail *today!*

TO ONE CUP OF GAINES ADD ONE CUP WATER
MIX WELL
WATCH YOUR DOG ENJOY HIS DINNER

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I'm interested in feeding ☐ adult dogs; ☐ breeding stock; ☐ puppies.
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☐ I enclose $1 for a 10-lb. bag of GAINES ☐ MEAL or ☐ KRUNCHON.

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tant, half-eager humility, which is commoner in far younger women.

"We're getting on very nicely, Mr. Aubrey," she said appealingly, and blushed.

Campion was surprised. Missing on four out of five cylinders though he was, he could still recognize those symptoms when he saw them, and she was not that kind of woman. A great many ladies who are old enough to know better frequently become hopelessly infatuated with brilliant, middle-aged bachelors, but they are seldom of the experienced, intelligent type of gentlewoman he saw before him. He recollected that she had been very interested in Amanda the last time he had seen her. He glanced at Aubrey, to find him frigid.

"Splendid, Mrs. Ericson," he said briefly, and passed on, leaving a flavor of distaste in the air. "Patriotic voluntary work," he murmured under his breath to Campion as they turned the corner. "Intense stuff."

"She looked intelligent," said Campion, and Lee considered the matter.

"Oh, she is," he agreed brightly. "She's a widow of the late holder of one of the Masters' minor offices and quite a power in the town. Very well read, you know—nice, educated, but emotionally unstable, I fancy. Now this is Butcher's domain, which I take it is your main interest. I say, I admire your magnificent reticence, Campion. It's impressive."

The final observation was made impulsively and as if he meant it.

Campion said nothing and hoped that his silence might pass for modest appreciation.

It was a longish walk to the square concrete tower at the far end of the Institute grounds, and when they reached it their inspection was not illuminating. Butcher himself turned out to be a cheerful youngster with the face of a plowboy and thick, pebbled glasses. He had a youthful respect for Aubrey, whom he clearly admired, and was pleased to show his laboratories and workshops.

"These are the best of the bunch," he said, diving into a rough cupboard in a corner of the main room on the ground floor, which had been deserted and open to the path as they came up. "I keep them in their racks because they really are pretty sensational. We call 'em Phoenix Eggs. Don't drop it, old man, will you? It's quite safe unless you dig that pin out, of course, but it's as well not to bounce it about because it's only a specimen and you never know."

CAMPION looked down at the metal egg so suddenly thrust in his hand. It was little larger than a hen's and unexpectedly light. Butcher was fondling another, fitting it lovingly into the hollow under his thumb.

"It's important to be able to chuck it a decent distance," he explained. "It's pretty powerful. The blast is colossal and they even make quite a crater. It's wonderful really."

He retrieved Campion's specimen, juggled with the two of them absently, and replaced them in their nests.

"They're putting up the machines for these now," he said. "I've got some nice little aero models coming along in the basement, but we're still working on the detonators. Anything else in particular that you'd like to see?"

"No, I won't keep you from your work. You've given me more than fifteen minutes already."

The young man's expression did not change, and Campion shook hands and turned away. A sixth sense, or rather that mysterious body-mind that so often seems to take charge when one's normal brain goes back on one, was looking after him. His reserve and noncommittal tone was far more impressive than any show of appreciation could ever have been, and young Butcher retired to his underground laboratory wondering if the authorities really put quite the trust in him that their behavior so far had caused him to suspect.

It was Campion who led Aubrey out into the sun again. He had listened to a quantity of technical detail from Butcher, all of which might be important to an enemy but was not to him. Whatever Butcher knew was also known already, presumably, by the war office and was, therefore, none of Campion's business. What he must be looking for was something that was hitherto unknown to them. Fifteen? He must keep his mind clear and hang on to that. Fifteen: that was still his only definite clue. Fifteen, and the people who knew what it meant. Butcher was evidently not one of them, but there was someone else who was.

As he raised his eyes and looked down the narrow concrete path which ran like a chalk line across the green turf, he saw the man he was thinking about.

He appeared so quickly that it was difficult to say whether thought or vision came first. His jaunty roundness was recognizable at a tremendous distance and he came bouncing along toward them without haste.

"THAT fellow Pyne," said Campion.

"Really?" Aubrey's distinctive face clouded. "What on earth is the man doing wandering around here alone like this? They've let him in to look for me, I suppose. They mustn't do that, as they very well know. He's talked his way in, you see. How extraordinary these fellows are! I'm quite prepared to like him but he mustn't make himself a nuisance. I loathe having to tell a man to clear out."

"Who is he?"

"Pyne? Oh, rather an interesting bird. Remarkably intelligent in his own way. Probably dishonest. Works like a fiend." Lee had dropped into his objective mood again. His remarks were quite free from affectation and he spoke with the judicial simplicity of an admittedly superior being. "He's evacuated his office down here. It's an amusing little organization and he makes a very good thing out of it. He calls it Surveys Limited. I suppose you've heard of it?"

"It's faintly familiar," said Campion not untruthfully. "What do they do? Arrange one's life for one?"

Lee laughed. "Only in part," he murmured. "They're an advice-and-information bureau. If you want to build a factory or start up a business in an unknown locality they'll get out all the dope on the place for you. They're remarkably thorough. Apart from all the usual stuff, they tabulate the most intimate details, including some very shrewd work on public opinion and estimates of local wealth. In fact, they'll sound every possible depth for you in strictest confidence. Pyne told me once that he had ten thousand agents all over England. That probably means that he's employed about half that number at some time or other during his career."

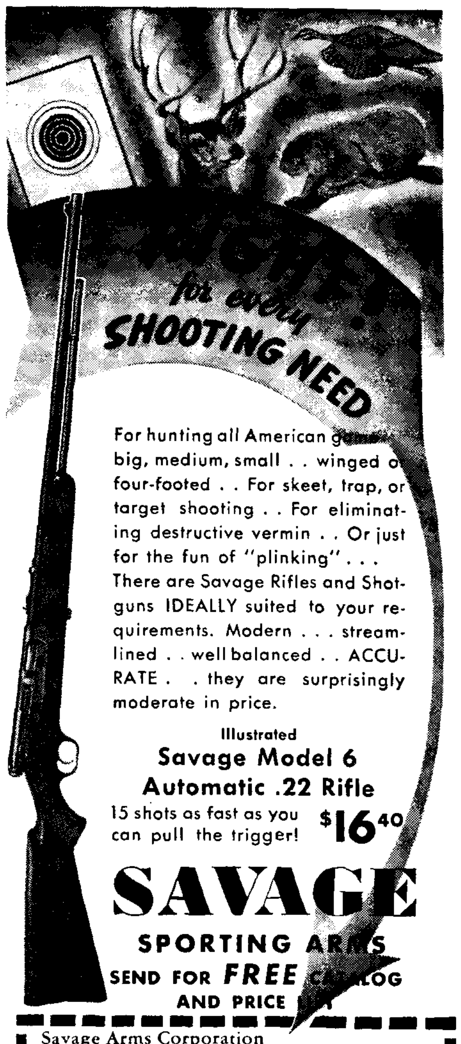
Pyne was almost upon them.

By morning light he did not look quite so amiable and easygoing. He was still hearty but now there was suppressed anxiety and a touch of antagonism there as well. He greeted them without preliminaries.

"Any developments?" he demanded as soon as he was within speaking distance.

"In which direction?" Campion was relieved to find that his own powers of controlling both his face and voice were considerable.

"Well, what about last night? What about Anscombe?" Pyne was keyed up



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and his round eyes were as shifty and inquisitive as a sparrow's.

A thin trickle of fear dribbled down Campion's spine. Until that moment he had entirely forgotten the incident. The enormity of the omission appalled him. Anscombe and his disturbing manner of dying had gone clean out of his mind. If he had forgotten that, what else had he overlooked? To his relief Lee looked faintly shamefaced also.

"Oh, Lord! Miss Anscombe!" he said. "I *must* go down to see her. It's early yet, but what a merciful chance you reminded me. Once one gets behind this wall one passes into another world, you know. Don't you feel it, Campion? The mind simply settles down to consider ideas and their technical development. Poor old Anscombe. I knew him reasonably well, but in here and at the moment he's absolutely remote."

Pyne wiped his forehead. "You're lucky," he said dryly. "I've been thinking of him all night. I don't like the look of that death. If the police are satisfied, of course, it's nothing to do with me, but I rather wondered if they were?"

There was a question in his last remark, and Campion, who recollected just in time that no one present knew of his late night meeting with Hutch, ignored it. Lee Aubrey was less cautious.

"Anscombe was of the type who never commit suicide," he said didactically.

Pyne glanced at Campion.

"Murder was the thought in my mind," he said.

LEE coughed and moved on up the path. He was offended. His mouth was pursed and he looked shocked.

"My dear chap," he protested, giving the reproach just sufficient reproach to make it also a rebuke, "hysteria at this time in the morning is inexcusable. And there's one other thing while I think of it, Pyne: You really must not come in here unless I bring you personally. It's simply not allowed. The British government has put its foot down on the subject. I don't want to know how you got yourself admitted, because I don't want to have to report the poor beast on the gate, but for heaven's sake, don't do it again."

It was as near a schoolmaster's scolding as Campion had ever heard administered to a grown man. Pyne gave no sign that he had heard. He remained round, pink and dangerously suspicious.

"There's been a man hunt all over this district for the last twelve hours at least," he remarked presently as they walked on. "A fellow wanted by the police escaped from St. Jude's Hospital in Coachingford last night. He pinched an old car, abandoned it at the watersplash on the lower Bridge road, and disappeared. They're still searching for him. Doesn't that strike you as suspicious?"

Lee burst out laughing, an almost feminine spitefulness in his amusement.

"Oh, come," he said, "that's abominable thinking. Some wretched man is escaping from the police and therefore it's only natural to suppose that the first thing he does is to sneak into a garden and murder old Anscombe, who happened to be there. It's childish, Pyne. It won't wash. You're upset, my dear chap. That obtrusive stomach of yours is out of order."

The little fat man jerked in his belly, but his eyes did not lose their alarming shrewdness.

"I was thinking, Campion," he began, "you must have come over from Coachingford about the right time. You didn't see anything of this man, did you?"

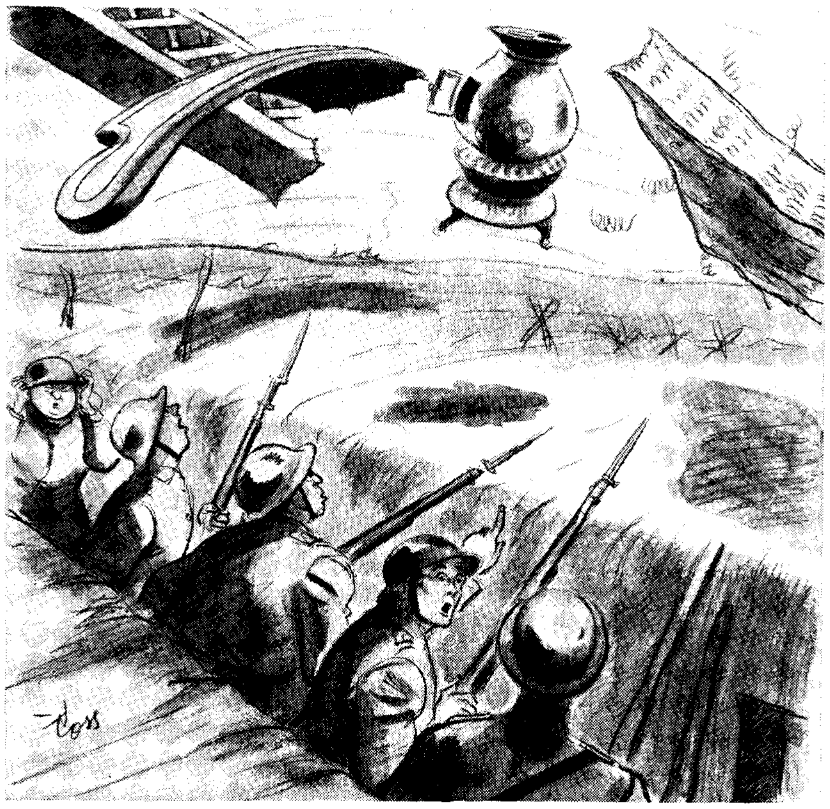
"No," said Campion. His tone was mild, he noticed.

Lee sighed with exasperation. "My good Pyne," he said, taking the other man's arm with a weary familiarity which had in it the very essence of condescension, "you're making an ass of yourself."

"I don't believe I am, Aubrey."

"Then you must take my word for it." Lee was smiling dangerously. "Campion is personally known to me and I give you my word that (a) he gave no lift to any escaping suspect, and (b) that suspect did not reward him by bumping off poor old Anscombe in his own front yard. Moreover, that suggestion is ridiculous, it's absurd, it's mad, it's nuts. Forget it, and let the police do their own chores."

(To be continued next week)



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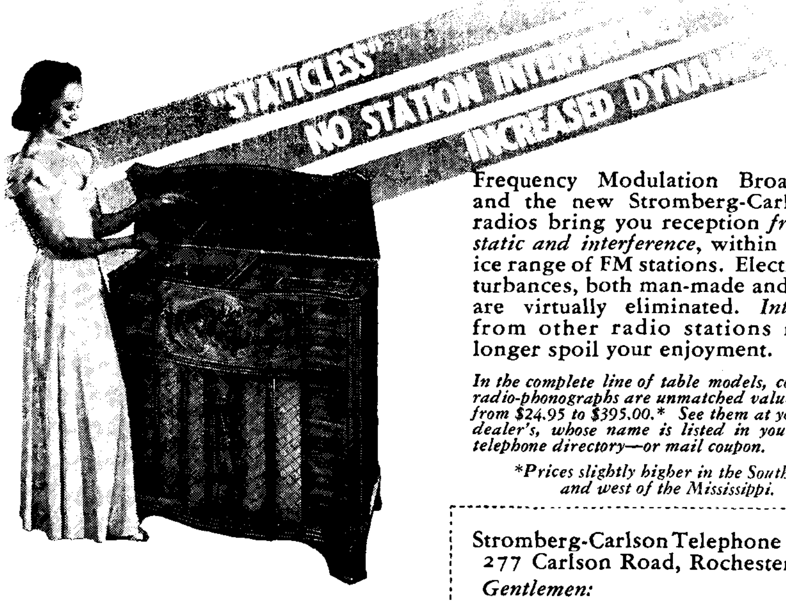

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The Claim Jumpers

Continued from page 13

kinda confusin'. How about Rand?"

"Fauntleroy," suggested a woman.

Clyde Jacks said: "Rattlesnake Flats."

Ben Lowe, who had a shiftless man's conceit, spoke up: "It ought to be named after one of us. My place is as close to this town as any and I don't care if you want to name it Lowe."

Barney McNair sat in the bed of the wagon with his arms hooked over its side. His glance went toward the women and stopped there. "Ingrid," he said.

Ingrid Berg moved slowly away but somebody said, "Wait," and took her arm. She stood against the light, her yellow hair shining and her face slowly turning rose-red. Brewerton said: "Ingrid, that's a good name."

"Ingrid, then," said George Webster.

A man came out of Harriet Rand's hotel followed by a smaller one and these two listened to the talk until the talk ceased and then they passed on to the road and disappeared in the dark. Kilrain said: "Who's that?"

"Strangers," murmured Brewerton.

Kertcher struck a match to his cigarette, quietly adding: "There's four or five families who haven't moved onto their land yet. If they don't show up by midnight day after tomorrow their claims are open to whoever squats on 'em."

"Those two fellows claim jumpers?"

"They been looking around."

A HORSE came down the road at a steady gait and a gaunt rider slipped slowly from the saddle, holding one hand before him carefully. As soon as he noticed Kilrain he said: "I wish you'd look at this finger. I ain't slept for three nights."

Kilrain's voice hit him the sharpest blow. "Why should I look at it?"

The newcomer gave Kilrain an affronted stare and anger turned his mouth into a small button. But pain was stronger than his pride and he held out his hand, saying nothing. Kilrain took it and slowly turned it to the light. His fingers moved over it—all these people watching—with a soft, practiced touch. "A felon. Not ready yet. Soak it in hot water tonight."

"Then what'll I do?"

"There's a doctor in Virgil," said Kilrain, and stepped up to his wagon's seat, driving away.

The newcomer said in a half-furious voice: "Nobody's got the right to hold back a gift when it's needed."

"How you know he's a doctor?" asked Andy Pierce.

Mrs. Ellis said: "It sticks out—just the way he looked at that finger." Then she added in her shaded, significant way: "A lot of things stick out in people, like in the proud lady who sat on that seat and was too good for us."

Letty Brewerton said instantly: "I like her."

"Ah," said Mrs. Ellis, "what is she and where did she come from?"

Mrs. Jackson gave Mrs. Ellis an old woman's raking glance and said: "Mighty odd to me how some people have so much time for other people's business. Come, Will."

From the doorway of the hotel Mrs. Rand watched these people move away into the dark and heard their voices echoing across the stillness. The two strangers moved in from the road and entered the hotel. When she turned back she found them seated at the table with a map spread between them. One was heavy, with the soft grease of a townsman padding his bones; the other was old and leathered and sly. The big man said: "That empty quarter section south of Kilrain's—says on the plat Sarah and Lou Colpitt. They here?"

"I don't know," said Harriet Rand.

The big man nodded at his partner. "You go to town tomorrow and bring out a tent and supplies."

AT NOON Elizabeth Marsh brought a cold lunch to Barney McNair and found him too weary to eat. She put her smooth, light hand on his chest, saying, "Don't give up," and saw his faint nod. Curtis Kilrain stood outside the door and shook his head. When she went out he walked into the prairie with her.

"Never mind," he said. "He's decided to die."

She said: "Could he live, if he really wanted to?"

"Maybe." He reached out and squared her before him. He was a man on whose face lay the most graphic pessimism she had ever seen. He was in the early thirties, keen and morose, and his eyes had tremendous power. "Elizabeth, why bother?"

"He's a little boy begging us to help him. I'm going to Madden's for milk."

He stood in the yellow-white flare of the sun, his fingers automatically rolling a cigarette while he watched her cross to her shanty and step inside. In another moment she came out with a bucket and went on toward Madden's house. He had known her since the land rush had brought them together, one month before—a single woman obviously running from some kind of past that had been miserable or tragic or humiliating; and this was the first interest she had displayed.

A single rider slowly cruised around the Colpitt quarter southward at the same time a rig came along the road from Ingrid and wheeled in to Kilrain's shanty. The driver was a spry, small man with a gray tuft of goatee on his chin and a hurried manner. He said: "I'm Doctor Springer, from Virgil. Was out this way and heard you had a sick man. You're Kilrain."

"Come in."

Doctor Springer left the rig and followed Kilrain into the cabin. He came by Barney McNair's bed and said, "Hello, son," and gave McNair one cool look, at once reaching for his satchel. He took up his stethoscope and looped it against his ears.

When he had finished his examination he looked long and directly into Barney McNair's eyes. Curtis Kilrain stepped forward and reached for the boy's arm; and Doctor Springer noted how Kilrain's fingers stopped on Barney McNair's wrist.

What the doctor saw in that idle gesture interested him, confirming rumors he had heard. He got up, closing his satchel. He said: "You've been sick, son." Barney McNair's glance clung to Doctor Springer with faint hope. The doctor said: "Main thing is to rest and roll with the tide. And, son—be cheerful." He went out to his rig and tossed his satchel into it. Not looking at Kilrain who had followed him, he asked a very casual question: "What do you think?"

"Pretty far along," Kilrain said. Then he caught himself and showed irritation. "How would I know?"

"You shouldn't be sleeping in there near him."

"I've survived worse exposures."

Springer got into the rig. He slapped the team with the reins and moved off.

Around four o'clock Elizabeth Marsh appeared with a bucket of milk. She supported Barney McNair with her arms while he half-heartedly tried to drink a cup of milk. "Never mind," he sighed, and lay back in bed.

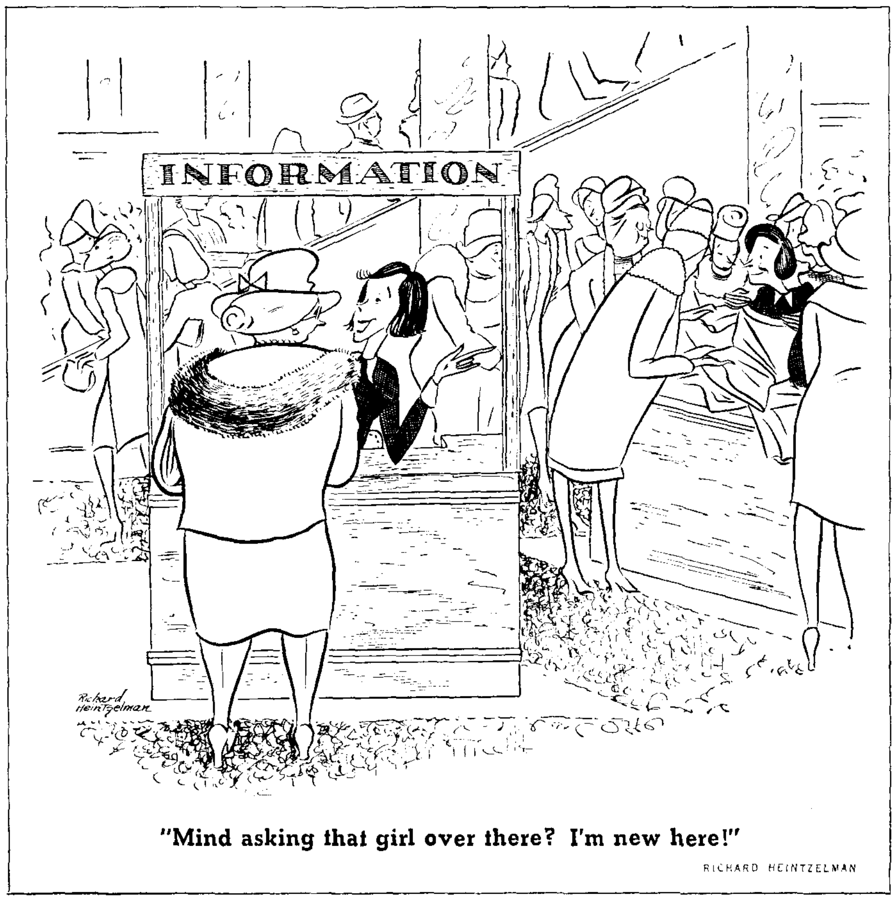
Elizabeth moved to the room's end. She stood still, with her back to Kilrain, who had come to the doorway; suddenly she turned and the indifference was gone from her face. She walked to him and touched his arm, silently begging him.

"Barney," he said, "you want to live or die?"

The boy lay motionless, his eyes closed. "Why should I live?"

Kilrain's voice grew rough and unsympathetic.

"Listen, Barney. What have you



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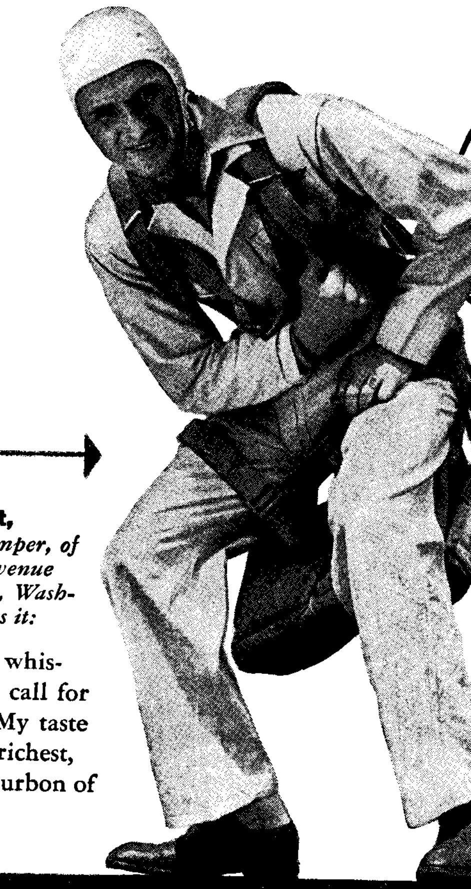

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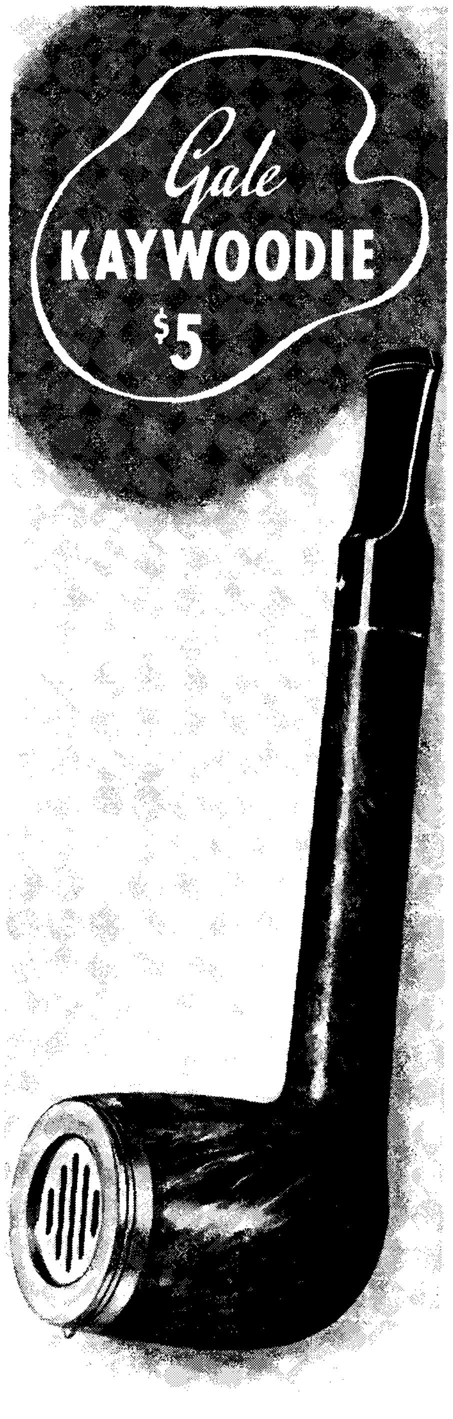

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Barney McNair's lips drew tight, his fists slowly came together and stuck. He let out a dragging breath and rolled his head aside. Kilrain turned abruptly from the shanty into the late-slanting sunlight. Rolling a cigarette, he watched the solitary rider move forward from the empty quarter section in the south. Elizabeth Marsh came out. She said: "It may help him."

"All a lie. Nothing's worth fighting for."

"I know you better now." She watched the single rider move forward, and said, "That's the claim jumper," and stepped into the house, out of sight.

Visibly suffering from heat, the claim jumper rode into the yard. His round cheeks were congested scarlet and his eyes were bloodshot. His voice clacked: "That quarter back there—supposed to be filed on by Lou and Sarah Colpitt. They ain't here yet?"

"Get off my place," said Kilrain.

The big man's eyes flared wide and drew together. "You damned homesteaders are a tight lot," he grumbled, and moved away.

After he was well down the road Elizabeth Marsh came from the shanty and walked on to her own place a quarter mile distant. The sun dropped behind its own smoke and fury and blue shadows ran like water across the heated earth. Kilrain cooked supper on the stove in the yard and made up Barney McNair's plate but when he entered the shanty he found the boy sound asleep, both arms flung up over his head like a relaxed child. Full dark moved over the prairie. Kilrain took a bottle of whisky from a shelf, extinguished the lamp and walked to Elizabeth's. She was in the shanty, and he waited outside, as he had always done, until she asked him to enter. He stepped in and took the whisky bottle from his pocket. "I can't drink alone."

SHE reached to a cupboard and put a china cup on the table. He poured the cup half full. He looked down at it, every embittered memory passing out through his eyes. "To all the pleasantries and conventions," he said, "to all dreams and aspirations and beautiful fictions, and to hell with them," and emptied the cup at a single deep drink.

"I don't remember the Colpitts," she said. "They must have gone back east to get their belongings. If they don't come by midnight tomorrow they'll lose the land. That claim jumper will move on the moment midnight comes. It is too bad one of us isn't eligible to file on it for the Colpitts."

He said: "When you look at Barney pity softens you and betrays you. I have never asked you any questions, have I?"

"Your eyes have cut everything you wanted to know out of me."

"Have I been rude?"

"A doctor's impersonal curiosity. You were a doctor once, Curtis."

"I did not mean to be rude," he said, and refilled the cup. "The surface of a gentleman remains, long after the core has died."

"If you had ceased being a gentleman you wouldn't be so bitter now. Nothing in you has changed. You are your own worst enemy."

"We all are." He made a small gesture, he drew a breath and spoke in a way that was hard-pressed by some deep longing: "You are the form of beauty a man never ceases to seek, in mouth and breast and body. You are a fire that never grows dim as long as man lives. You are the vigor he needs and the acid, the goodness and the badness, the temptation and resistance and the surrender and the giving."

The table lamp made clear-burning images in her eyes; her broad mouth stirred and the stillness of her face broke and left her uncertain and insecure, and her glance dropped from him. Suddenly she took the cup from his hands and touched her lips to the whisky and gave it back; and she met his eyes again, waiting for him.

He put the cup on the table. "You're lonely and hungry, and afraid."

"Yes," she whispered. "All of those things."

HE CIRCLED the table. She turned at his coming and put up her arms, wide and willing. He had the smell of her hair and he had the soft wall of her body close upon him as he kissed her, and into that softness he sank, toward the never-ending man and woman mystery, into its layers of sweetness and its incompletion. The pressure of her hands forced him back Her eyes had changed and now seemed to hate him, and sultry distrust had come again to her face, and her voice was old and angry: "Once before a man said those things to me."

He pulled himself away from everything this moment had been. He stood still, making his hard struggle, and said in a humiliated voice: "You have seen what I am."

"Whatever I did wrong in the past—it wasn't cheap. It wasn't, Curtis."

"A man?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And he let you slip away. The man was a fool, Elizabeth. Good night."

Tom Kertcher came down the road next morning on his big bay gelding. Kilrain stopped work on his fence and Elizabeth Marsh stepped out of the shanty. Kertcher, being the best-mannered of men, removed his hat; and since he liked her he gave her his big, friendly smile. "How's Barney?"

"Better, I think."

Kertcher nodded at the empty quarter section in the south. "If the Colpitts don't get on that by twelve o'clock tonight they'll lose it. Those two claim jumpers stayin' at Harriet's hotel have got a wagon and a camp outfit. They'll move on the claim the moment the time's up."

Kilrain said: "I don't remember the Colpitts."

"Man and wife, about forty. Three children, all towheaded. They went back to Iowa to bring their stuff here. They've got to reach Virgil on the noon train, if they're going to get here at all, though it is slightly possible they're driving through by wagon. Andy Pierce went to Virgil this morning to see if they're on the train."

"Why bother?" asked Kilrain in his skeptical voice.

Kertcher gave Kilrain a long, calm stare. "That claim is worth three or four thousand. Neighbors have to stick together. We're all in the same boat."

Elizabeth Marsh said: "Isn't there any way of getting rid of those two men?"

Kertcher chuckled. "Andy and me have discussed that. Seems no way. It is a free country." He wheeled around and cantered toward Ingrid.

Kilrain moved into the shanty with Elizabeth and stood by Barney McNair's bed. He looked closely at the boy's eyes and slid his fingers against his wrist. Barney murmured: "I'm kind of tired, Curtis. But I don't feel bad. I'm not discouraged."

Kilrain said: "I believe I'll give you a shave."

Elizabeth said: "I'm going over to Mrs. Madden's for some milk."

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It was then near noon. A little after lunch Mrs. Ellis saw Elizabeth cross the prairie toward Mrs. Madden's. Mrs. Ellis was, at the time, washing dishes but she abandoned the job and brought a chair to the window and sat before it, her face tight and her eyes as luminous as a cat's eyes. She watched Elizabeth enter Madden's and later come out. She followed Elizabeth Marsh with her glance, her breathing quick and shallow, and when Elizabeth reached the Kilrain shanty, Mrs. Ellis said, "Ah," in a kind of pained ecstasy, reached for her sunbonnet, and made her way to Mrs. Madden's.

"She was here, buying milk again?"

Mrs. Madden said: "For the sick one —for Barney."

Mrs. Ellis gave Mrs. Madden a freighted glance. "It does give her a chance to be in Kilrain's cabin a lot of time, doesn't it? She was there five times yesterday. Last night he was in her shanty for an hour. Then the light went out." She turned back to the road, detouring to reach the Jackson house, and as she walked she held her head down and her lips moved and her thoughts made a gray moist shine in her eyes. At Mrs. Jackson's she repeated in essence what she had observed and returned to her own shanty and took up her place at the window again to watch Kilrain's.

ALL the prairie had filled with its thick yellow-blue haze and heat grew rank and the thin air made breathing a labor. Mrs. Jackson went about her household chores, growing more and more disturbed; and in the middle of the afternoon, noting that Elizabeth Marsh recrossed to her own shanty, she smoothed her dress and put on her hat and set out to pay a call with a jar of mustard pickles.

Elizabeth was inside the shanty mending a dress when Mrs. Jackson appeared. Mrs. Jackson said: "I really wanted you to try these pickles. If you like them I'll give you the recipe." Upon invitation Mrs. Jackson entered and took a chair. She removed her hat with a great sigh and put her hands neatly on her lap. "When you get to be sixty this heat just warms a body's cold old bones. Young as you are though, and warm by nature, it must plague you."

"People grow to stand anything."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jackson, "they do," and gave Elizabeth a close look. But she didn't immediately press the talk. She ran idly on, speaking of Jackson who was her husband—Jackson was a restless man—and of her beginnings in Missouri—"I knew the Jameses and the Youngers very well." And somehow the conversation eventually got around to Mrs. Ellis. "A gossip," observed Mrs. Jackson, "is like one bad apple in a barrel. It is a pity people listen to scandal. But then, it is human. I imagine you get lonely."

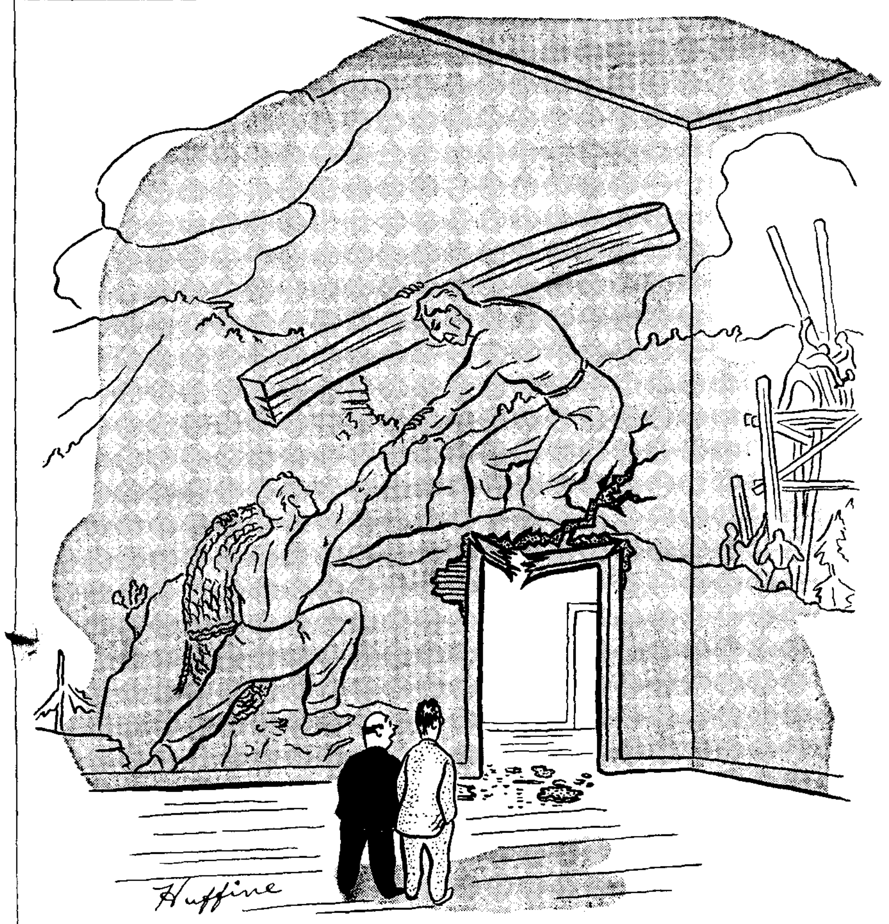
"Sometimes," said Elizabeth.

"Of course. You are young and one of the prettiest women I ever saw. You don't like people too well, do you? No use pretendin' love or charity if you don't feel it. Come and see me if you have the notion." Mrs. Jackson rose and went to the door, giving the Kilrain shanty a careless glance, and said in a mild voice: "It is nice to have a neighbor that near." Then she looked squarely at Elizabeth. "But maybe it would be the sensible thing not to give Mrs. Ellis too much room to talk." With that she went away, leaving behind her an atmosphere cleansed by the vinegar briskness of her presence.

Through the doorway Elizabeth watched the two claim jumpers move along the Colpitt claim.

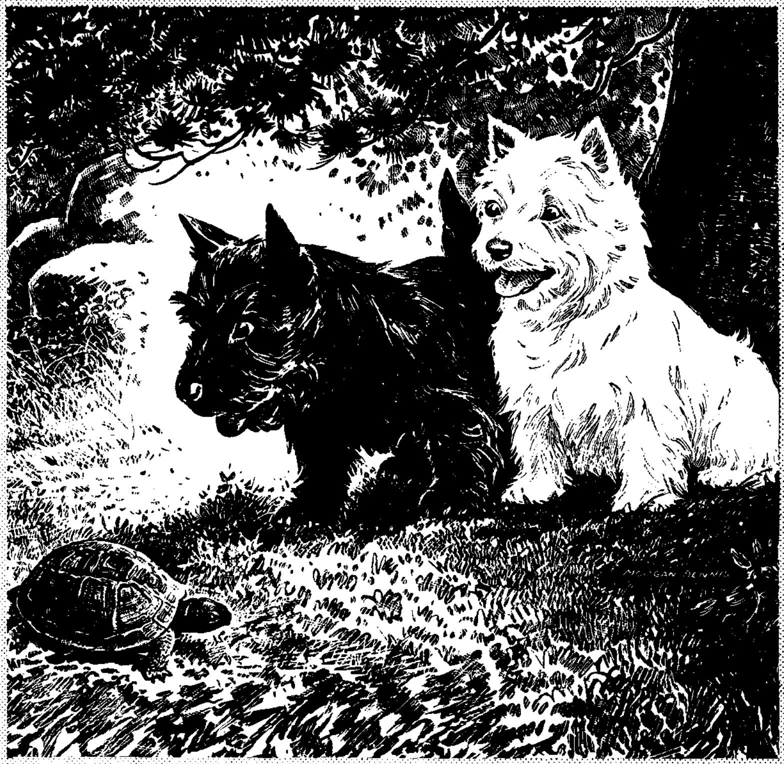
Later on, she made her quick supper and left the shanty. Andy Pierce and Tom Kertcher had ridden into Kilrain's yard and she arrived to hear Pierce say:

"Colpitts weren't on the train. Maybe they're comin' through by wagon, along the river. They got just six hours to be here. I think I'll go that way and have a look." The two of them turned off. Doctor Springer's light rig came rutting along the road, into the yard. He got down with his satchel, saying, "I had to come back to see that woman with the



"I hardly know whether to call the artist or the contractor"

D. HUFFINE



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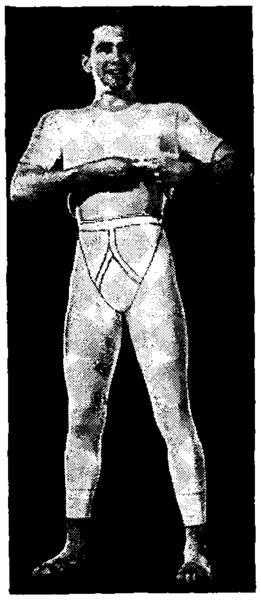

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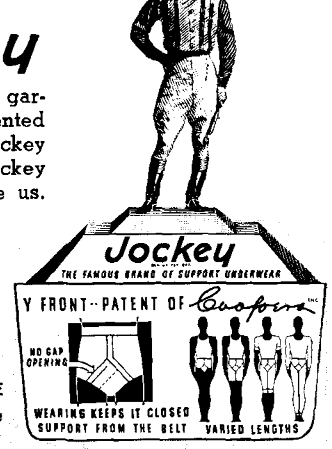
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baby. Thought I'd stop in a moment." He went into the shanty, Kilrain and Elizabeth following, and sat on the bed, looking down at Barney McNair, his finger seeking out the boy's pulse. He said: "Tired, son?"

"Disgusted," murmured Barney McNair. "Maybe I got talked out of dyin'."

"Been known to happen," said Springer, and left the cabin. Kilrain went with him and the two men stood in the yard, talking. Elizabeth heard Springer say: "When I first came here there were just a few people. Now my territory is two hundred miles square. I'm a little old for all of that."

Elizabeth moved to the doorway. Standing in it, she looked into the room and saw Springer's satchel lying on the table, and she said: "Doctor, you're—"

HE WAS near the buggy. He turned, cutting into her talk at once. "No," he said, "I'll eat at Mrs. Rand's," and when he got to the buggy seat he lifted a black satchel from the floor of the buggy and made a point of setting it beside him. "Another day," he said, and drove into the quick-falling dark.

Elizabeth returned to the shanty and stood against the wall so that she might see Kilrain's face; when he came in, his eyes struck the satchel and narrowed and grew black. Barney McNair said: "He forgot his tool kit."

"No," said Kilrain, "he didn't forget anything." He stepped to the table, opening the satchel. He looked down into it with the driest expression, but Elizabeth saw the motion of his eyes as he studied the instruments there. Turning, she left the shanty.

He came out a little later, rolling a smoke and not speaking. Elizabeth said: "I want you to hitch up and pile some camp things in the wagon. We're going down to the Colpitts' quarter. If they haven't arrived by midnight, I'm going to be Mrs. Colpitt. The claim jumpers haven't ever seen me."

"You might make that stick until morning. Then if the Colpitts haven't arrived the claim jumpers will know you fooled them—and they'll be back."

"We've got until morning."

He said: "Playing God for somebody else."

"Please, Curtis."

She took her place on the wagon seat watching him move over the yard to hitch up. Afterward he collected a few tools and lifted the stove into the wagon. He got the bedding from his bunk and a lantern and his gun. She heard him say: "Nine o'clock now." They rode south three quarters of a mile along the line of Kilrain's fence posts and swung east. As soon as they struck the tall, uncut hay of Colpitt's section Kilrain halted and unloaded and laid out the bedding. This golden, high grass ran away, faintly shining against the black, and a soft wind began to ruffle and sigh through it. "I'll have to make this look logical," he said, and drove straight east through the uncut hay to make a track through it. Half an hour later he came back, not bothering to unhitch.

The earth's heat began to thin. She dropped on the unrolled bedding and, lying full length, watched the sky. Kilrain stood at the wagon, silent and apart from her.

"Come here, Curtis."

He moved toward her, dropping to his heels by the bedding. He looked down at the round, vague glow of her face. She reached out to touch him. Deep in the distance a coyote broke the still dark, in a wild, forlorn half howl, half bark. "There's your world, Elizabeth," said Kilrain. "An empty sound in emptiness." Long afterward he took out his watch and brought the tip of a cigarette close to it. "Not long now. Those fellows know I'm not Colpitt. I'll step back when they come."

"Doctor Springer is a little like you, Curtis. He has the same eyes. They saw through you as you see through me. That's why he left the satchel."

"Take your arm away, Elizabeth."

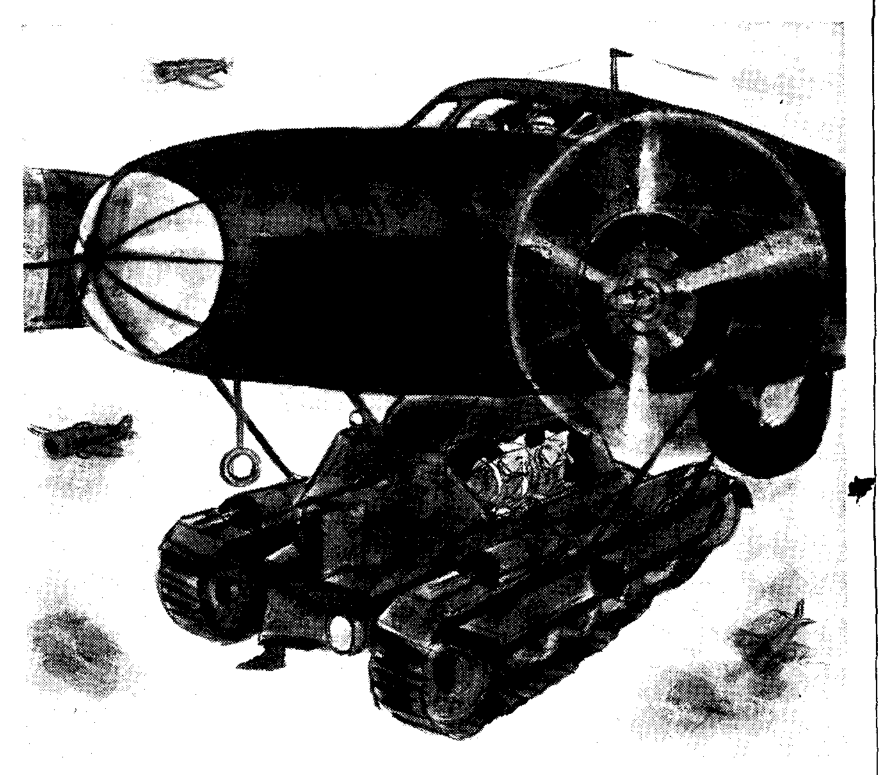
Her face moved and came nearer. "Why?"

"It puts you too close to me."

Her tone was small and inexpressibly sad: "You're not disillusioned, Curtis. You believed in some woman and she broke your heart. But you still look for that kind of woman. If I only were—"

He said: "I love you."

Sound came out of the east and a lantern made a jiggling wake in the black. Kilrain rose. "I'll be near," he said, and disappeared. She got up and moved to the wagon, now hearing voices run the night. The shadow of horses and wagon appeared and a voice called: "Who's that there?" The wagon stopped and a man strode forward with the lantern. When he got nearer she saw it to be the fat claim jumper who had been at



"And to think I joined the tank corps because I hated the air service!"

THURSTON GENTRY

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Third Year
Fourth Year
Fifth Year
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Harriet Rand's hotel. He flung the lantern overhead so that its beam hit her face. "Who're you?"

"I'm Sarah Colpitt."

He reached for his watch and his head bowed over it. "You're too late. It's after midnight."

"We were here before. You can see our wagon trail through the grass."

"Where's your man?"

"Down at the river for water."

He said: "You can't prove you got here on time. Tink, bring up the wagon."

She stepped to the bedding and reached down to seize Kilrain's shotgun. She came back against the big man, aiming the gun on him, making him give ground. His voice, half angered and half afraid, rushed at her: "You don't try—"

"Get off this claim or my husband will kill you!"

South of her somewhere she heard the slow, dry groaning of another wagon. The big man, also hearing it, said: "What's that?"

"My husband. You get out."

The second man's voice came from the background. "Come on, Bill. No use for a shootin' scrape," and the big one wheeled and went away. Elizabeth waited in fear; for if the Colpitts arrived too soon these land jumpers would see the deception. The big man was back at the wagon, swearing at her. Kilrain came from the dark, moving fast. He rolled up the bedding and lifted the stove into the wagon. A single rider scudded up through the grass and a voice—Andy Pierce's voice—cut forward, very harsh: "What the hell you doin' here?"

"It's all right, Andy. But you're a little late."

Andy Pierce got down from his horse and moved in. "I thought you were those claim jumpers. I rode along the river and found the Colpitts. They're coming up." Then he paused to think of this and stepped close to Elizabeth. "You pulled a foxy one on 'em?"

"She was Mrs. Colpitt," said Kilrain. "They didn't know her. She bluffed them off."

"Wait till I tell this," said Andy Pierce.

"No," said Elizabeth, "you can't. It was illegal, wasn't it? If the claim jumpers find out the Colpitts got here too late they'll contest the claim. Don't tell it." She was in the wagon, gently calling back: "Just tell the Colpitts so they'll understand. Come on, Curtis."

Kilrain moved the team away in a circle. The claim jumpers were down the Ingrid road, the creak of their wagon dying, and the Colpitts were halted somewhere southward on their own claim, their lantern swinging yellow arcs in the black. Kilrain came across Elizabeth Marsh's quarter to her shanty and stopped.

SHE sat beside him, her shoulder a weight on his arm; he looked down and saw her face swing to him and he heard her voice lift, so slow and so clear: "I must not step inside your shanty again, Curtis. There's talk of it going around."

"Does it matter?"

"It didn't, but it does now. I want these peoples' respect. And I want yours."

"You have mine."

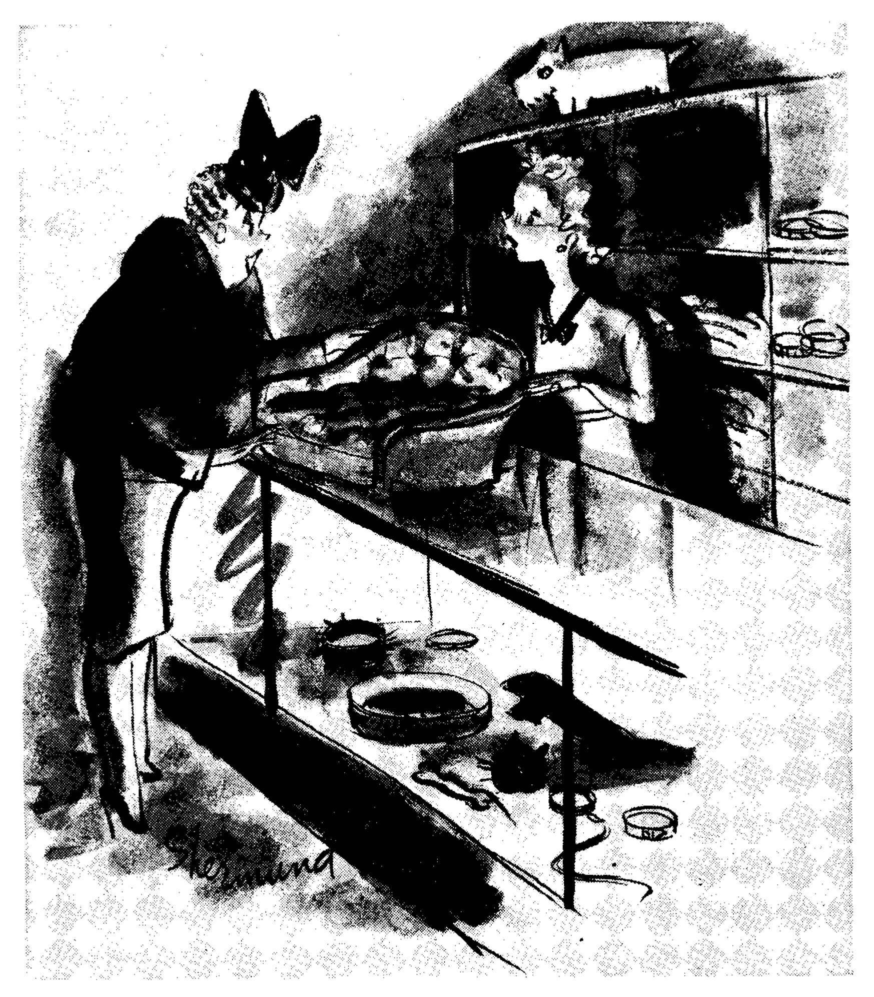
She dropped from the wagon. She was a shadow in the dark. "Perhaps you meant what you told me a little while ago. But we are so much alike in the things that have happened to us and it is not quite the same as though we were first in love, with no doubt and no bad memories. Love can't ever be something free, for us. We'll have to work for it."

He sat still, dark on the wagon seat, lost in his thoughts.

"Curtis," she whispered, "I want your respect. If you want mine take the satchel Doctor Springer left for you."

He said: "If it means that much to you, I will. Good night."

"Good night," she murmured, and watched him drive away.



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BARBARA SHERMUND

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Smarty

Continued from page 21

"Sanders."

"Pleased to meet you," Mildred said. "I hope there's a nice, friendly crowd aboard, don't you?"

Max mumbled something and sought sanctuary in Stacey Maxwell's cabin.

Stacey, sitting on the edge of his bed with an open whisky bottle in one hand and a glass in the other said, "I hear you got a divorce."

"My wife got a divorce," Max said. "Where are you bound for?"

"San Francisco. They're trying my play out on the coast."

"Is it good?"

"No," Stacey said. He sighed and poured himself another drink.

Max checked out a few minutes later, and went up on deck for some air before turning in. Corrigan was nowhere in sight but the yellow-haired one was leaning over the rail staring at the water. As Max took his place beside her he was conscious of faint regret that it wasn't five years ago. Then he hadn't known the pattern. There would have been a lift, something coming alive in him at the beginning of the game. He served the first ball: "I watched you come aboard." She turned slowly as though she was doing it because she had nothing better to do. "I made a bet with myself that you've traveled this line before and that you know the captain."

"You win," she said. "Pay yourself." She went back to looking at the water.

"You don't want to talk to me, do you?" Max said.

"Not very much."

"Then I'll say good night. My name is Sanders and I'm very tired." He chuckled as he went below. He knew this pattern too. The lady spider sits in her web and waits.

He went to bed and fell asleep feeling sorry that he and Cora hadn't made it; but it was a gentle regret and nothing that tore him inside. He wanted something to tear him inside so that he'd know his inside was still there.

Garda Standish (he found out her name from the passenger list) spun her web inside her cabin and stayed there for four days. Max ambled about avoiding the ubiquitous Mildred Corrigan, who sprang from odd corners at all hours of day. All her clothes were new. Each outfit was worse than the last. People fled from her and she was finally driven to conversing with the stewards in the smoke room.

WHEN Garda did appear on the fifth day a teamlike spirit sprang up between Max and Stacey. Each presented his report at mealtime. On the seventh day all scores were in Garda's favor. She maintained the stolid attitude that Max and Stacey were not aboard.

Stacey said at lunch, "Something is wrong with that girl. She's suffering about something."

"Lahve," Max said. He broke a corn muffin and buttered the half he retained.

"I think it's you she doesn't trust," Stacey said then.

Max grinned. "Why should she? For that matter, why should she trust you?"

"Her lip doesn't curl quite as much when she looks at me."

Max swallowed the last of his muffin. "Who gets the deck chair this afternoon?" The deck chair was, by careful arrangement, the one next Garda's.

"I do."

"You do not. You had it this morning."

"She didn't come on deck this morning."

"That," said Max, "isn't my fault. That might be called the fortunes of war."

"Take the deck chair," Stacey said. "She'll just sit and curl her lip."

Garda did nothing so unbecoming as to curl her lip. She simply sat down and closed her eyes. While Max was thinking up something startling to say such as, "I wonder if they'll be able to put out that fire on the boat deck," he was assailed by a familiar voice at his left. "Hello," Mildred Corrigan said, settling.

Garda opened her eyes quickly, as though she'd been stung, and looked. After a moment of pained regard she closed them again.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" Mildred said. "I'm beginning to relax already."

SITTING on the edge of the deck chair, leaning forward, her hands clasped tensely in her lap, she was so relaxed it hurt. One had to know, looking at her, that as she walked around the deck alone, seeking friends, a panic rose in her. In her cabin, ready to come above, she looked beautiful to herself. Once on deck everything changed. She stood apart, no part of anything, with nobody to take the friendship she offered. One knew, too, that she didn't want much. Just to have people say hello, or to wave. Max felt a grinding discomfort in his middle. It wasn't right for anybody to be so friendless, so pushed out.

She said, with a desperate kind of brightness, "I hope you won't think I'm funny but would you like to have a drink with me? A glass of beer or something?"

Max said gently: "You're very kind but I rarely drink before six-thirty."

"Maybe at six-thirty?" she said.

"I'm afraid . . . you see I've made another engagement."

A cool, cultured, devilish voice beside him said, "I *am* sorry not to have told you before but I have to break our engagement. I'd promised to have cocktails with the captain. I'm glad to know you'll have other company."

Max turned a full, withering look upon her but she wasn't withered. She was blandly grinning. It was the first time he'd seen Garda Standish having a really good time. Mildred Corrigan pinned him down before he had the strength to wriggle. "Then you can," she said happily. "That's wonderful." Drunk with success, she yammered at Garda, "Maybe you'll have a drink with me tomorrow night." She wanted lots and lots of friends, all liking her.

Garda removed herself, without moving, from Mildred's world. "I'll have to let you know tomorrow." It was a neat dismissal. Mildred got to her feet with an awkward, uncertain lunge and steadied herself against the roll of the ship. "Well, I guess you two want to be alone. Me butting in this way, imagine." She looked at Max. "I'll see you in the smoke room at six-thirty."

They sat for quite some time while Garda laughed happily. Then Max got up and said viciously, "I'm a mining engineer. Does that interest you?"

"No," Garda said.

"I'm not rich," Max said, "but I'm not poor. I'm thirty, I've only just got divorced from my wife and it occurs to me that you're just a little too smart. Does any of it interest you?"

"Not remotely," Garda said.

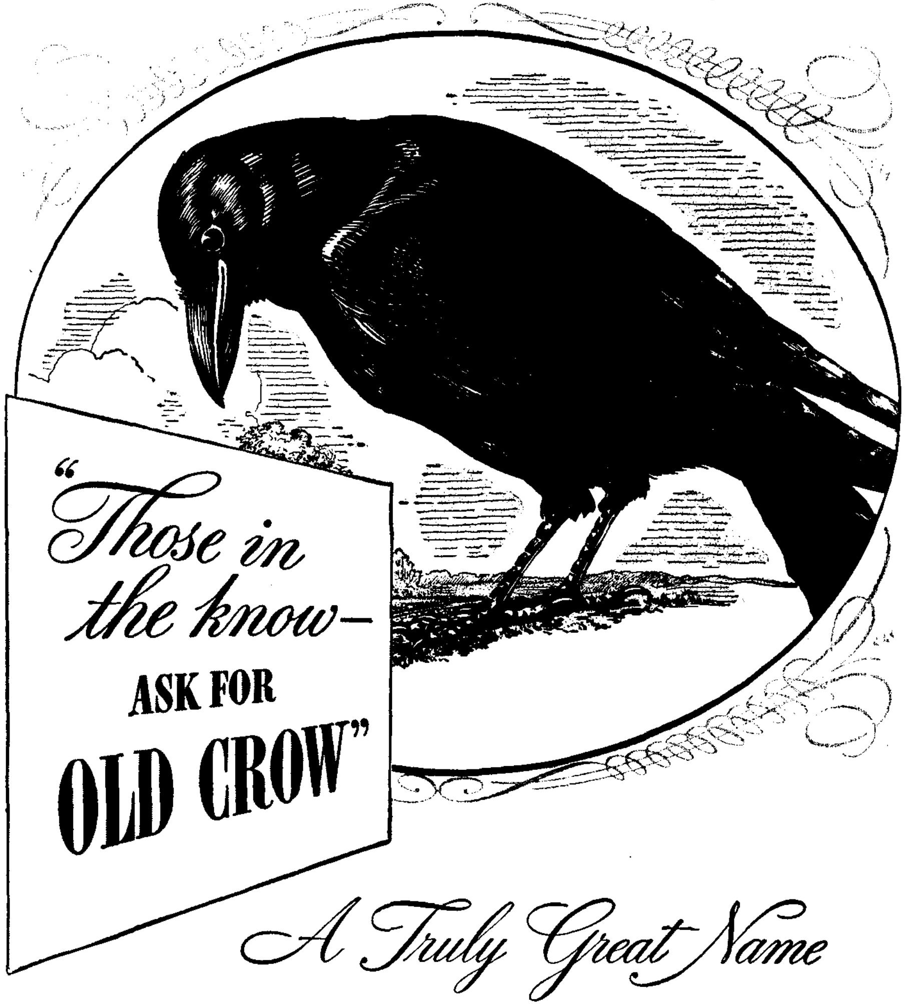
"You've let me in for a fine half-hour this afternoon."

"That interests me," said Garda. "I'll be there. At the captain's table."

Max stalked away.

At six-thirty, when he saw La Corrigan waiting outside the smoke-room

OLD CROW



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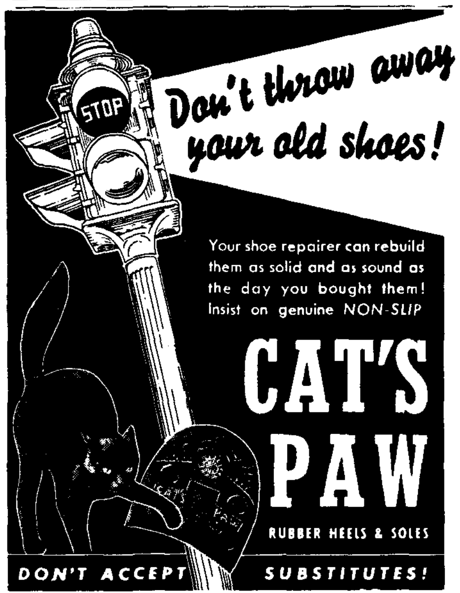

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door he knew that the three bracers he'd taken hadn't been enough. She wore an unbelievable creation of white satin, cut too low, and over it an Oriental shawl embroidered in the most hideous of colored silks. Her make-up was thicker than ever.

As they entered the smoke room Max had ample opportunity to see Garda, her nice square shoulders covered by a thin film of black net, sitting at the captain's table. She held a champagne glass with gentle consideration by the stem while she watched, with equally gentle gravity, their entrance. A curious little quirk came at the corner of her mouth but it was nothing so overt as a smile.

Mildred chose a table right out in the center of the room and consulted the wine card with awful concentration. "I don't know what I'm going to have," she announced. Her voice had a remarkable carrying quality. "What are you going to have?"

"A double Scotch," Max said morosely.

"Oh, I want that too. A straight double Scotch. That'll be just fine."

The smoke-room door opened to admit Stacey. He made for the captain's table. Max saw him bend over Garda's hand and take the chair nearest her. Mildred was twitching at his sleeve. "Tell me all about yourself, Mr. Sanders. I just know you do something terribly interesting."

"I'm a mining engineer," Max said sullenly.

"Oh, how interesting." Mildred drank most of her Scotch as though a train she wanted to catch was getting up steam. "My husband's a Navy man. Not an officer."

"Your *husband!*" Had somebody actually married her?

A queer, uncertain expression flitted across her face. After a moment it was replaced by the desperate brightness he had come to recognize. "He's stationed on shore in Panama now," she said. "I figure that we can have a home and kids and everything. When they get stationed on shore they can have a home, you know. He's attached to the airport."

SHE regarded her empty glass. Max called the steward. The steward brought another. She took a cigarette and as he lit it for her he noticed that her hand shook.

"I cabled him before I got on the boat," she said, "but he hasn't answered. I kind of expected I'd have a cable back before now but I guess cable service in tropical countries is kind of slow sometimes, isn't it?"

"Sometimes," he said.

"I haven't had a card from him in an awful long time," she said. "A friend of his told me about his being stationed on shore. He isn't much for writing. So I just decided I'd come down and we'd be together like married people should. Don't you think I was right?"

"Married people should certainly live together," Max said.

She said worriedly, "I spent all my money to come. Is it very expensive to live in Panama? I mean if he's not there or something . . . could I get work? I can do most anything."

He had a quick vision of her adrift in Panama, stumbling around the cafés looking for friends, for something to belong to, something to believe and build on. He said gently, "Things will work out, I'm sure. You look as though some fresh air would be welcome. Shall we go out on deck?" She lurched obediently to her feet and Max signed the check.

He left her at the door of the dining saloon when the dinner gong sounded. He didn't want any dinner. He went to his cabin and lay there thinking about how men and women kill each other and don't care because while you're killing you're not being killed and what isn't happening to you doesn't hurt. It wasn't just Mildred Corrigan stumbling around trying to find somebody to believe and cling to, it was everybody. Everybody in the world. For a while you'd have new hope and then you'd find out suddenly that everybody was the same. When the moment comes they run and you're alone.

Nobody knows what the moment is going to be. It may not be death or sickness or pain but just a time when you need help. And then when they're not there it hurts. If you could just once see somebody come through, stand steadfast, not wanting or gaining anything for himself. Just fighting for you. But people weren't like that. That was the way it was and the way you had to take it.

HE LAY there until eleven-thirty and then Stacey pounded on the door. He had news. "You know that Standish girl," he said. "I had a long talk with her tonight. She's wonderful."

"Yeah?" Max said.

"You'd think, to look at her, that she'd been brought up in the lap of luxury, wouldn't you?"

"And?" Max said.

"She's a coal miner's daughter. She told me all about her childhood, how they starved during the strikes and she worked in a mill nine hours a day when she was ten years old. Then she decided to better herself and she—"

Max said in a kind of agonized way, "Go away, Stacey."

"What's the matter now?"

"You, you consummate jackass," Max said. "You're the matter. Get out of here."

Stacey left in a hurt and dignified silence. Max got up, straightened his tie, put on his coat and went looking for her. He went straight up to the boat deck. There she was, wearing a little black velvet wrap, smoking and leaning over the rail looking at the water again. "So you're a miner's daughter," Max said savagely. "So you had a horrible childhood, filled with toil."

Her smile was gentle and grave. "Isn't the drum system wonderful," she said. "From hill to hill, tribe to tribe. It makes one wonder if the telephone was such a great invention after all."

"Why do you always talk as though you were going to a fight?"

"Why do I always find one?" she said.

"What are you defending that you have to be so smart and so hard? What's the percentage in making fools of people?"

"The mothers of most people saved me the trouble," Garda said.

"You're not so much smarter than anybody else."

"Yes I am," said Garda. "Look." She thrust a piece of paper into his hand. On it was written, in a large, childlike scrawl, "Mr. Sanders will be on deck between eleven and eleven-thirty re miner's daughter."

Max crumpled it and threw it overboard. Then, with unabated savagery he put his arms around her and kissed her hard. Putting her back with a thump he said, "It's like kissing a hunk of steel."

She said, "What did you expect, mush?"

"Nothing inside," Max said. "Ready to take but not ready to give. I know your kind."

"I know your kind too," said Garda.

"Let's go down and have a nightcap. This isn't getting either of us anywhere."

She laughed. "I didn't expect to get anywhere. That's where I'm smarter than you are."

Over his brandy Max said, "I don't know why I can't stop thinking about

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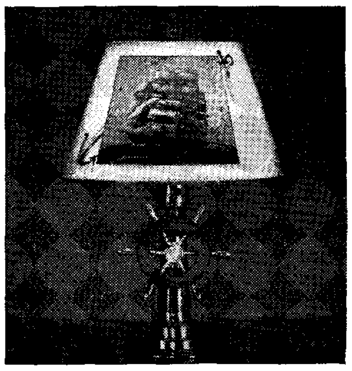

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you and following you around all the time. Maybe it's because you've made me mad."

"Maybe it's lahve," Garda said with a wicked gleam. "How did you get on with the American tragedy?"

"At least she's a woman," Max said. "At least she's had the guts to take a chance and go looking for the man she belongs to."

"You?" said Garda.

"Her husband."

"Oh, she has a husband," Garda said.

"I don't want to talk about it," said Max.

They separated at the head of the staircase. He went to his cabin and spent the night arguing with himself. Why should he be in love? Why, he didn't even know the girl. She had yellow hair and no heart, that was all he knew.

After that, when he saw her he made things worse between them. Because he so much wanted to say, "I love you," and because he was afraid he would say it, he took refuge in cruelty. Once, appraising her brutally, he said, "You'll be an old woman and alone. You know that, don't you?"

"If you're not there I'll manage," she said. "Thank you for worrying about me."

She had an effortless, maddening way of catching the barbs and returning them to him point-first.

ON THE last day out Stacey announced triumphantly that she had agreed to dine with them that night.

While he changed just before dinner, Max thought about things. Garda and he in a sailboat looking up at the sky, feeling the same spray in their faces. Garda waiting, indolent and happy, somewhere in a house. Any kind of house. This was the last night. In the morning she would say, detached and cool, "Goodby Mr. Sanders. It's been nice," and move off on some aimless, mysterious mission of her own. He didn't, he realized with a shock, even know where she was going.

At dinner he asked her.

"I haven't made up mind," she said. "I'm getting off at Panama to decide."

When they went for a walk on deck, they passed the smoke room. Max noticed that Mildred Corrigan was sitting alone at a table in the far corner. He deliberately kept his eyes turned away to forestall that preliminary, eager wave and her subsequent descent upon them.

They walked slowly. Max was silent. He knew that even if Stacey left him alone with Garda he'd still just walk without saying what was pounding against the back of his head. If she'd been given the gift of mind reading how she would laugh! Garda waiting, indolent, in a house. Any kind of house. Garda being warm and sweet with his friends. He laughed aloud. She looked up and said, "What?"

"Just thinking foolish things," he replied.

"Can't we hear them too?"

"My foolish thoughts are for my own ears," Max said.

They were passing the smoke room again. Suddenly they were halted by an awful sound coming through the open window. There was no mistaking that voice. The Corrigan was giving tongue. Moving closer they ranged along the window and peered in. Mildred was standing by a coldly infuriated group of bridge players. She must have fastened on them, and they must have said something horrible to dislodge her. She was crying; not nicely, not quietly, but bellowing like a calf that's lost its mother. While she bellowed she was giving them a piece of her mind. You couldn't have heard an anvil drop. "Who do you think you are? What right have you got to treat me like I was poison? You stuck-up, rotten, awful old louse!"

"Ouch," Garda said.

"I'm just as good as you are! All I said was he had a lot of diamonds! That's all I said! All I wanted was to be nice and talk, that's all I wanted! I even asked you to have a drink with me and I'll bet you've got thousands and thousands of dollars, too! You're a—"

Stacey said, "Let's get away from here!"

"I'm just as good as you are! I've worked hard all my life and I'll bet that's more than you can say, you old hag! I'll bet you couldn't iron a shirt if you had to. Well, I can! I get paid for it!"

Max knew he should go in and help her. She was fighting alone, fighting stupidly perhaps, but openly and honestly. He hadn't the courage to go in. What did she mean to him? Nothing. Here it was, the penalty for letting people know what you felt. You're ridiculous and people turn their heads away, leaving you alone in your fright and misery. He ought to help her. It wasn't right not to help her. While he was hating himself for his cowardice and nerving himself to take the step he heard Garda say, "Excuse me." She moved toward the smoke-room door and opened it.

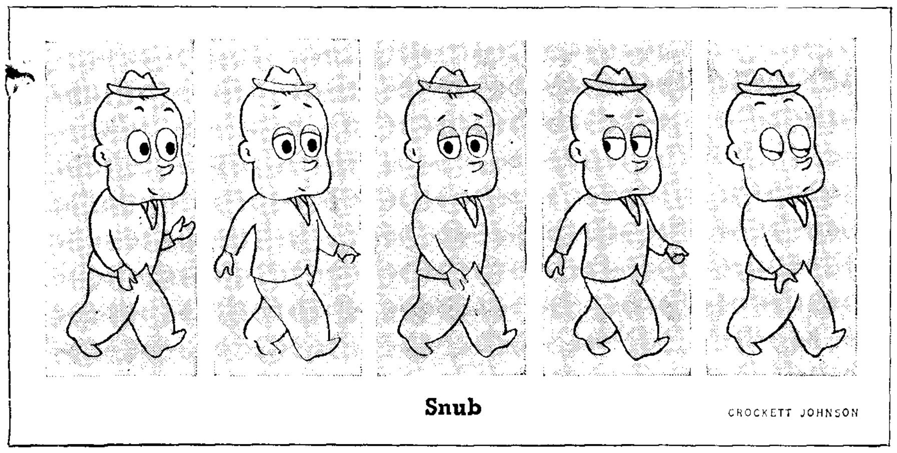
Standing there in the doorway she called clear across the room so everybody could hear her. "Mildred! We've been looking all over for you! Come out and join us on deck!"

Somehow, Mildred Corrigan got to her, stumbling blindly, ashamed now, reaching out for refuge and friendship. She found it in the circle of Garda's arm. Garda drew her out on deck and closed the door, saying, "It's all right. It's going to be all right, really it is." To Max and Stacey she said, "Mildred and I are going below, to my cabin." Mildred, sobbing convulsively against Garda's shoulder, said, "I didn't mean to. I don't know what happened to me. I didn't mean to."

"Nothing happened that couldn't happen to any of us," Garda said.

Max went sick and weak with pride. He leaned, with his head against the bulkhead, watching them go. Stacey said, "What's the matter with you?"

"What's the matter with me?" Max



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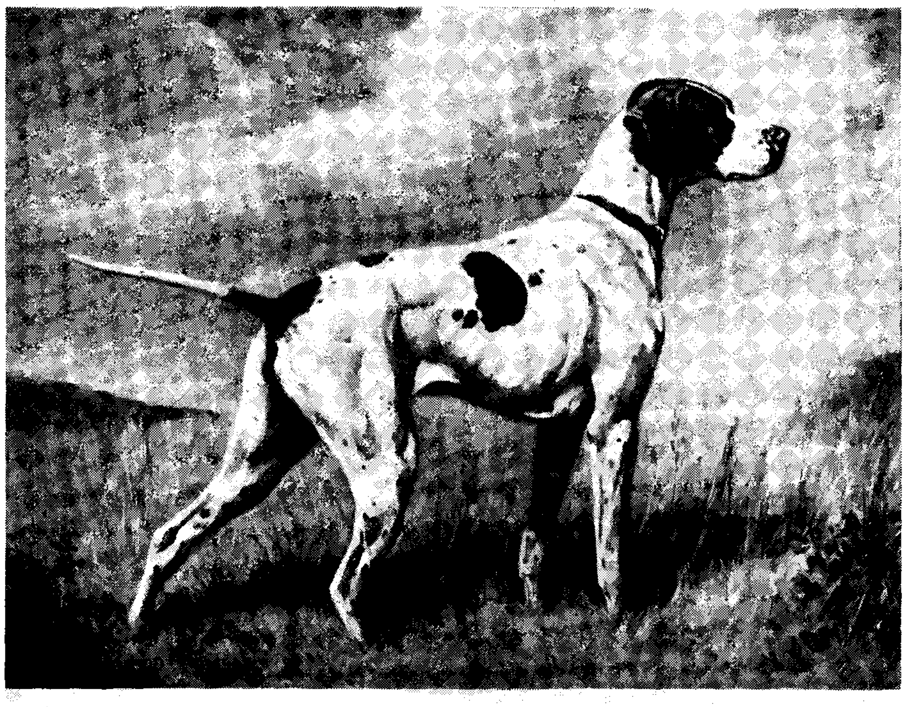

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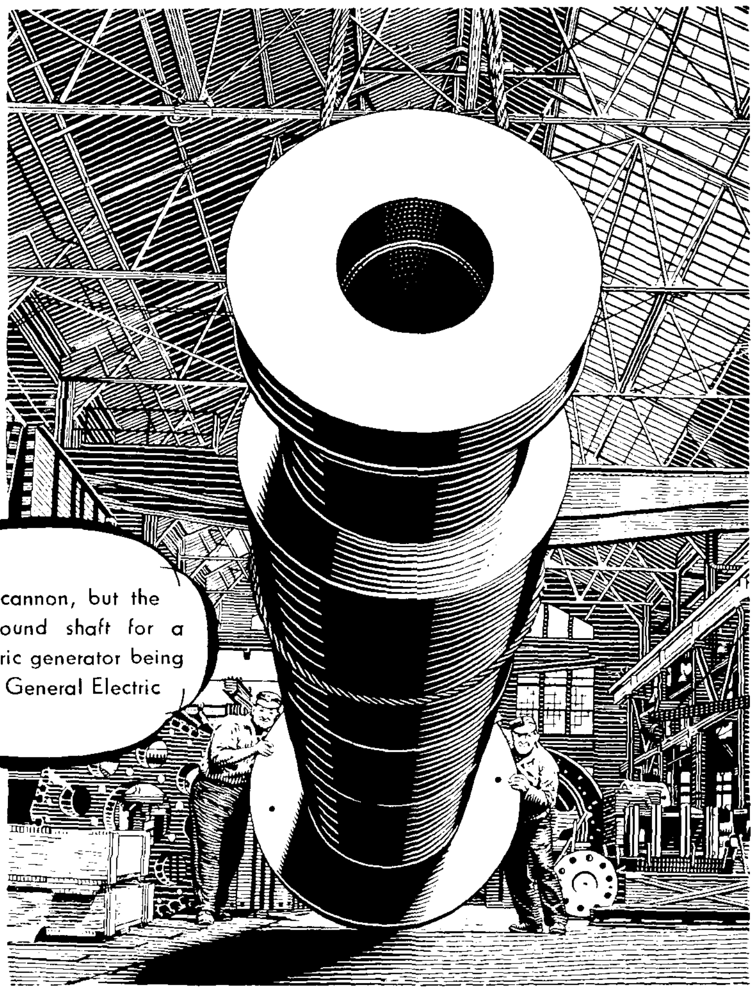
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said. "I'm a fool, that's what's the matter with me. I'm blind and deaf and a little bit crazy, that's what's the matter with me." He left Stacey abruptly and went to the radio room. Leaning on the counter he said to the radio operator, "Know a man named Corrigan in Panama? Attached to the airport station?"

"Little guy?" the operator said. "Always getting into fights?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

"Yes, I know him."

"Send him a message and tell him to meet the Venida tomorrow morning. I've got a present for him." He dropped a bill on the counter and started out.

"What'll I sign it?" the operator said.

"Sign your name."

"Where's the package?"

"I'll deliver the package," Max said.

He went down and knocked on Garda's door. She came with a wet towel in one hand and some ice in the other. Max said, "I love you. I love *you more than I've ever loved anything* or anybody. Does that interest you?"

Her smile was warm and real and interested. "I'm busy," Garda said. "Can't you see?"

"I can wait," Max said. "But while I'm waiting I'll still be loving you unbearably." He went away and waited and loved her unbearably for almost an hour. Then she appeared and leaned against the rail beside him. "What were you saying?" she said. "With a handful of ice it's hard to concentrate."

THE following morning long before they docked Mildred was hanging over the rail trying to see a familiar figure waiting.

"She picked him up on the water front," Garda said, "sick. She nursed him all one winter and worked in a laundry to support him. She had a baby and it died. People go through things, don't they?" She added viciously: "He'd better be waiting for her. If he isn't, I'll find him."

Max laughed. Garda said, "You think it's funny?"

"I think it would be funny if you found him," Max said. "I'd like to see it."

"He wouldn't," said Garda.

"I know," Max said.

Mildred saw them and walked over to them. Her eyes were shining. "He's here," she said, tugging at Garda. "My husband is here! He's down there. Oh, how long does it take to dock?" She dragged Max and Garda to the rail and then hung over it perilously, waving. The compact little man shading his eyes from the sun waved back and they could see a gold tooth gleaming in the front of his mouth. Stacey came by looking for them and Mildred clutched at him. "It's my husband," she said, pointing. "Look, he's waving. He's waving at me." She waved back frantically.

On the dock, while Mildred was opening her luggage, Max and Corrigan talked. Corrigan kept watching Max curiously. Mildred had never had friends like these before. Max said, "She sort of expected you'd radio her on the ship."

"She was on, wasn't she?" Corrigan said, grinning. "She couldn't get off, could she?"

"Sometimes women like to know what's going on in a man's mind," Max said.

"WOMEN are funny," Corrigan said. "Mildred's a good sort until she gets mad." He chuckled. "You should see Mildred mad."

"I did," Max said. "I thought she was fine."

"It's better to have her on your side than the other," Corrigan said.

Max smiled at Garda, who was snapping the lock on one of her bags. When a man felt that way everything was all right. They could stop worrying about Mildred. At the taxi, Mildred put her arms around Garda's neck and kissed her loudly on both cheeks. "I thought you were awful stuck-up," she said, "and here you're my best friend. It goes to show, doesn't it?" Corrigan looked very proud because Garda was Mildred's best friend. "Come and see us," he said expansively. "Any time at all. Mildred's friends are my friends." He patted Mildred's shoulder. "Wait for me, sugar," he said. "There's a guy on board got a package for me. I'll be right back an' we'll have a drink to celebrate."

Max let him go. He got into the taxi after Garda and Stacey and they all waved goodby to Mildred.

In the lounge of the Washington Hotel they ordered beer. Max said, "I can be back from Colombia in two weeks. Then we can go to Guatemala."

"I don't think I'd like this place for two weeks," Garda said. But she looked very peaceful and settled.

"I can't take you to Colombia."

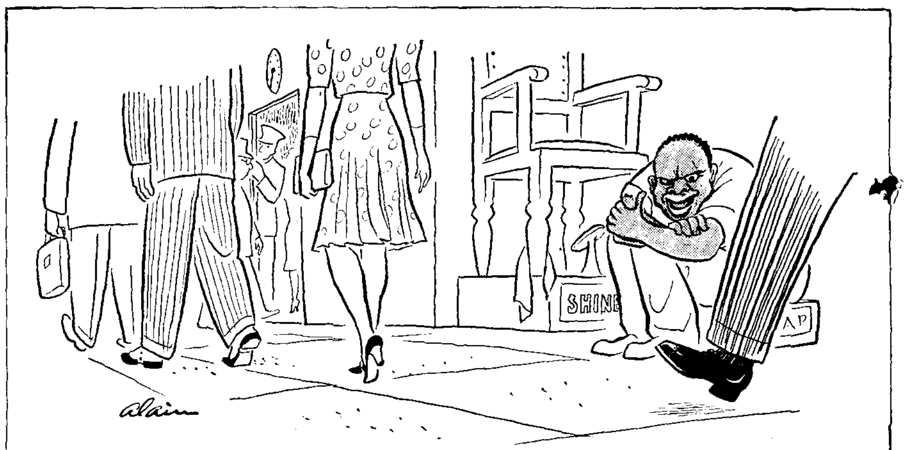
"Who asked you to?"

"You're not really so smart," Max said. "When you start waiting around for people you're not smart at all. You know that, don't you?"

"You don't have to tell me what's smart and what isn't," Garda said. "I can take care of myself right well, Mr. Sanders."

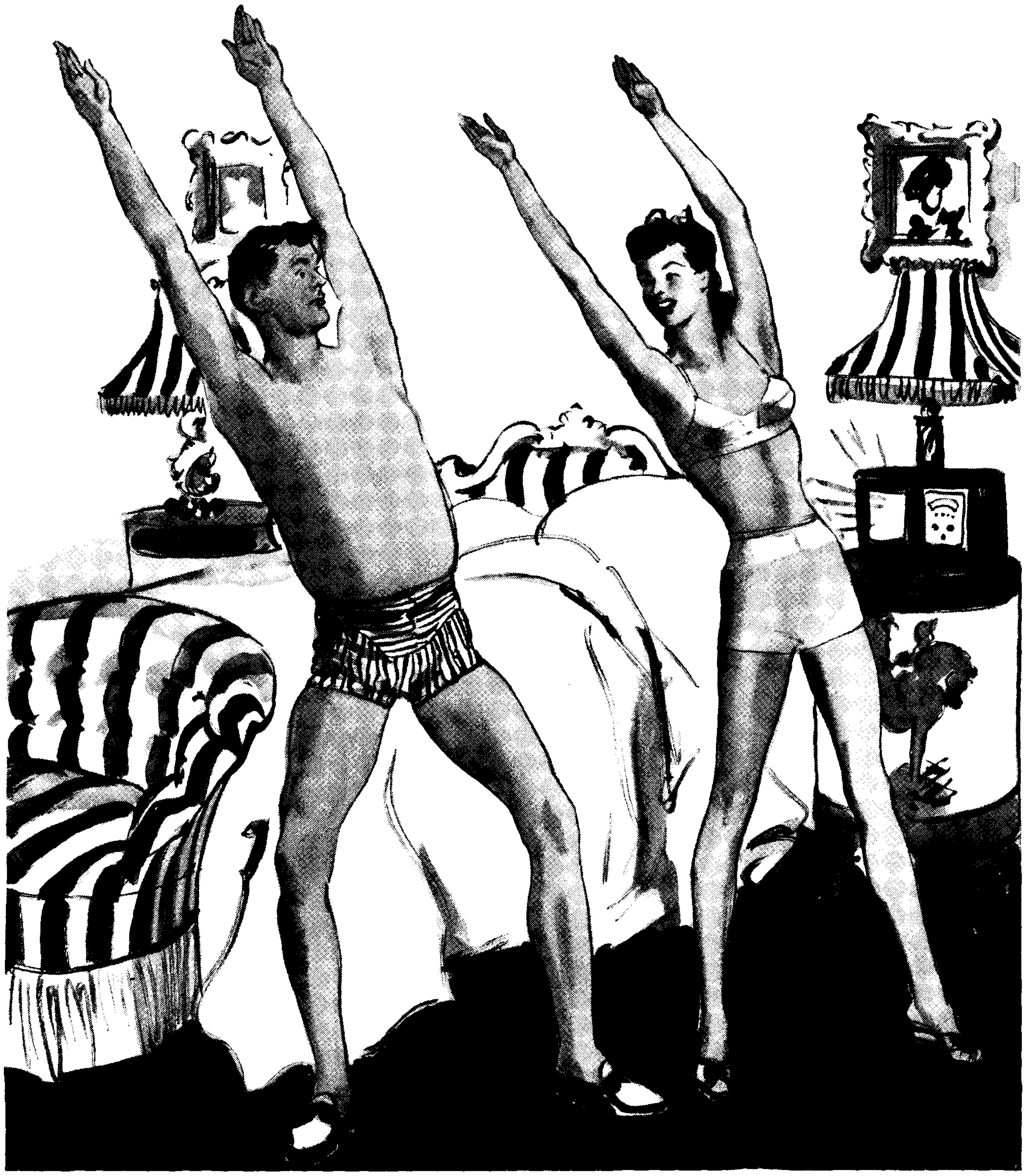
Stacey, who had been listening suspiciously, leaned forward. "Did you, or did you not, just propose to Garda?" he said. "In a way it sounded as though you had. On the other hand it sounded as though you were starting another fight. And if you did propose, what did she say? Or is it asking too much?"

Max said, "You go write a play about love. And be sure there's a lot in it about mutual understanding and patience and long suffering. Otherwise you won't sell it."



"How do you do, Mr. McCarthy . . . Good morning, Mr. Lord . . . Hello, Miss Oakley . . . How are you, Mr. Preissler . . ."

DANIEL ALAIN



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MARY: *My fault? I got "pre-shrunk" shorts, just like you told me!*

CHARLIE: Ow, I knew it! "Pre-shrunk!" Just what I *didn't* say!

MARY: *"Five—six—kick!"—Well, what do I ask for, then?*

CHARLIE: Sanforized-Shrunk! The kind you can depend on. Sanforizing takes all the shrinking out of a fabric down to a measly 1%, by standard tests.

MARY: *Don't talk per cents to me. What I'm interested in is looks! "—seven—eight—bend!"*

CHARLIE: Ouch! What I'm interested in is *comfort!* And Sanforized-Shrunk shorts won't ever shrink out of fit—no matter how often they're washed. Same thing is true of Sanforized pajamas.

MARY: *How much extra do they cost? That's where I'll feel the pinch.*

CHARLIE: Not a cent more than these terrible things you buy. "—nine—ten—" whew!

MARY: *What is it I ask for, dear?*

CHARLIE: Turn that thing off and get a pencil! I'm going to write down a complete list of what I need, with these words underlined—buy 'em SANFORIZED-SHRUNK!

"WELL, WHAT'S WRONG NOW..?"

SHE: There they are—Sanforized-Shrunk shorts and pajamas. Just what you asked for.

HE: But you didn't get me any Sanforized-Shrunk *shirts!*

SHE: What am I supposed to be—a mind reader?

HE: But you *knew* I needed some. And you can get Sanforized shirts all over town, in practically every style and make. At regular prices, too.

NEXT DAY—

SHE: There, smarty! The clerk said if all your Sanforized-Shrunk things didn't fit you perfectly every time they were washed—it's a sure sign *you* ought to do the shrinking!

SHE: And I can buy all kinds of things Sanforized now—wash dresses, children's clothes, uniforms, slacks and work clothes, slip-cover and drapery materials—anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon. If I look for the label, I'm safe!

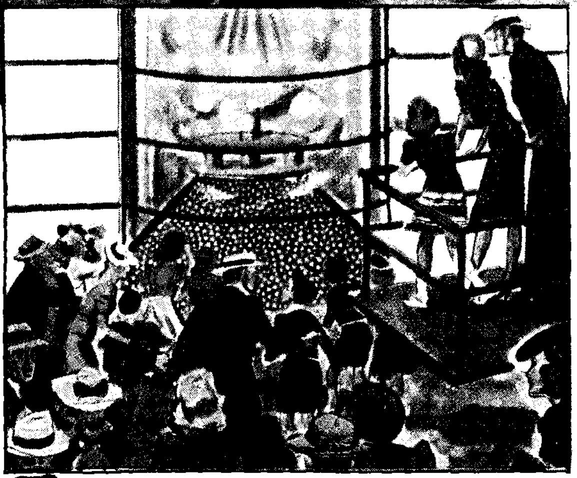
FOR PERMANENT FIT... LOOK FOR THE WORDS... SANFORIZED-SHRUNK

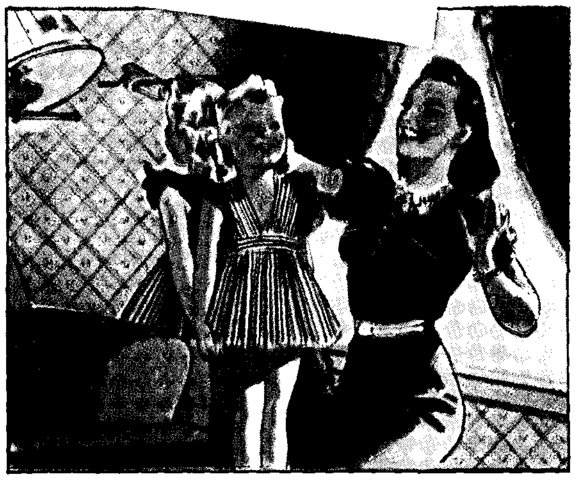
"How I Give My Family a Great Modern *Extra Advantage*"

"I'm Serving Them the New "Vitamin Rain" Breakfast Food

·{ . . . IT'S THE DELICIOUS NEW QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT AND RICE }·

NOW ALL THESE VITAMINS A-B1-C-D-G* IN ONE BREAKFAST COMBINATION





Mighty Grand, I'll say, since they've found a way to shower the new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice with important vitamins B1, D and G. Why, that "Vitamin Rain" idea doesn't cost me a cent more—yet it helps make key vitamin protection for my family so easy. It's this way . . .

Just Think! I simply serve either the new Quaker Puffed Wheat or the Rice with a favorite fruit and our usual milk. This means we get nearly half of our minimum daily needs of those key vitamins, every morning—in a meal that's deliciously satisfying for everybody . . .

It's an Extra Advantage for the Children. For, like all modern mothers, I know key vitamins are so important to youngsters for sturdy growth, good development, healthy nerves and alert minds.

Lots of Energy and Sound Nerves rate high with us, too. I'm a stickler for looking my best—and Dad's old gray matter just must keep working right these days. Yes, vitamins *do* count big. Seems this new "Vitamin Rain" breakfast food is just what my whole family needs. It makes possible such a real Modern Extra Advantage!

ONLY THE NEW QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT AND RICE BRING YOU "VITAMIN RAIN"!

*Imagine! Thanks to Quaker's "Vitamin Rain" process, all you do is serve the New *Quaker* Puffed Wheat or Rice with milk and your usual fruit (orange juice, peaches, tomato juice, etc.).

This marvelously tempting breakfast combination provides at least 40% of the minimum daily requirements of these five key vitamins—A-B1-C-D and G! It's a morning's vitamin-plenty, possible because "Vitamin Rain" supplies measured portions of vitamins B1, D and G to the breakfast food, supplemented by the vitamin content of the fruit and milk.

Why not make sure *your* family is getting this modern extra advantage? For "Vitamin Rain" unlocks the way to a daily vitamin protection everybody needs.

Remember to ask your grocer for the New *Quaker* Puffed Wheat and Rice today. Serve alternately, for this daily extra protection and delightful variety. In a new, larger package—yet costs no more. Visit or phone your grocer's now!

Famous for flavor, the New *Quaker* Puffed Wheat and Rice now bring "Vitamin Rain" besides! Always in the light-proof red and blue box to protect vitamin value and crispness.

NEW!
WITH MILK AND FRUIT YOUR VITAMIN BREAKFAST
QUAKER PUFFED RICE
NEW!
WITH MILK AND FRUIT YOUR VITAMIN BREAKFAST
QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT

WITH MILK AND FRUIT YOUR Vitamin BREAKFAST

Copyright 1940, by The Quaker Oats Company

The New QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT AND RICE

One-Two Punch

Continued from page 12

But his goal was third base, and during the next five years he often looked like a great hot-corner guardian. The Braves brought him up for trials in 1931 and 1932, but shipped him back to the minors. By 1933 he was with the San Francisco Missions, hitting .378 in late June. The Red Sox brought him east for another shot at the big show.

Just when he appeared all set, Tom Yawkey bought the Sox and began flooding the team with ready-made stars. One of the first he bought was Bill Werber, who now plays third base for the Reds. Werber ran Walters out of the Sox infield, for Bucky's hitting had slumped almost from the day he came to the Sox. It was a blow to him when he was waived out of the American League in mid-1934 and claimed by his home-town Phillies for the basic price of $7,500.

No Joke to Bucky

But even there he flopped. He became the epitome of failure, a Phillies substitute. It was a relief to him when, near the end of the 1934 season, Jimmy Wilson sent him in to pitch. The assignment was a comical one, but Walters took it seriously. He pitched seven innings that fall, finishing one game and starting another. He struck out seven men and allowed eight hits.

At training camp in 1934 he went back to third base. But during the off-season the Phils had taken Johnny Vergez in a trade. Vergez wasn't much of a third baseman, but he was better than Walters.

In an exhibition game against the Senators in Orlando, Bucky turned in his worst performance of the 1935 training season. Not only was he terrible at bat, but his fielding had gone to pot. After the game Jimmy Wilson went up to him in the locker room, where he sat in lonely despair in a corner, and told him he wanted him to ride back to Winter Haven with him.

En route to the Phils' home base, Wilson stopped the car at a roadside lunch stand. He and Walters and Hans Lobert, the Phils coach, got out. Lobert took Walters aside and began to talk to the moody infielder about the happy lot of a big-league pitcher. At the peak of Lobert's monologue Wilson, by prearrangement, sat down beside him and said, "Bucky, I think you ought to try pitching. You've got a great arm, and . . . well . . ." Wilson liked Walters too much to finish the sentence with a cursory summation of Walters' chances as a third baseman.

He's a sympathetic sort, this Wilson. He knew that Walters' grip on a big-league job was precarious enough, without further imperiling it by asking him to try the game's most difficult task. He knew Walters was married, and burdened with responsibility. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Bucky," Wilson promised. "I won't expect a thing out of you as a pitcher until June. And, listen, the club will give you a $25 bonus for every game you win. And if you flop . . . well, okay. I'll find some way to keep you around." Wilson had no idea how he would keep his word. He knew too that the owners of the Phils would not agree to pay Walters or anybody else a $25-a-game bonus. He knew that that would have to come from his own not-too-fertile pocket.

The next day Bucky went into the bull pen. He had neither curve nor change of pace nor knowledge of how to hold a man on base nor any profound knowledge of the weaknesses of opposing batters. Wilson used him in twenty-four games that 1935 season. He lost nine games and in 151 innings of work he struck out only forty batters. He allowed an average of 4.17 runs a game. But to the surprise of all he won nine games, and nine times Wilson presented him with $25 and told him that the grateful owners were giving it to him.

By 1936 he had improved, but he seemed to be getting worse. "Looking back on it, I think I had more stuff that season than I'll ever have," the quiet man told us not long ago. "I never worked as hard in my life and I guess I never will again." What he didn't say was that he was bedeviled all season by one of the worst ball clubs in the history of the majors. Walters lost twenty-one games that year and won only eleven. At the end of the year his right arm was shaped like a scimitar. It wouldn't straighten out until he took it to the famed trainer of the Detroit Tigers, Denny Carroll.

Learning the Hard Way

Walters staggered through another backbreaking season in 1937, learning something every time he pitched and somehow managing to keep sane while the Phils threw away his ball games. He won fourteen and lost fifteen, for a better average than the Phils were able to show as a team. His bases on balls significantly dropped from 115 to 86; his strike-outs rose from 66 to 87.

Walters escaped from the Phils on June 13, 1938. He was traded to the Reds for Virgil Davis, Al Hollingsworth and a sum of money which the teams placed at $55,000. Warren Giles, general manager of the Reds, said, "Now maybe we can go places," a whistling-in-the-dark boast, inasmuch as Walters' record at the time was an abysmal four victories against eight defeats. Walters won eleven games for the Reds the remainder of that season, and the Reds climbed into fourth place for the first time in years.

Then, as 1939 came along, and Walters reached his hard-earned crest as a pitcher, he suddenly and without warning recaptured his third-basing skill. The more he frustrated rival batters, the more knowledge he himself picked up about hitting big-league pitching. At bat he flirted with the .400 mark through half of the season and finished well over the .300 mark for the year. He held his opponents to a bleak .219 stick average, as time after time he broke up his own pitching battles with crackling hits in the pinch.

As for his fielding, he became a kind of fifth infielder for the Reds, making stops and throws that shamed the accredited guardians of the several sacks. Walters began to eye third base again. But he knew that the spark had come too late. He was a pitcher now. And, we hurriedly add, what a pitcher! During 1939 he won twenty-seven games and lost eleven. He pitched more innings than any National League thrower, 319, won more games, struck out more men, 137, and had the best earned-run average, 2.29. He was named Most Valuable Player in his league virtually by acclamation.

After Derringer became a pitcher he was turned down by the Cards, under Bob O'Farrell and by the Red Sox, under Lee Fohl. Fohl crushed the tall six-feet-three rookie by calling his curve a "wrinkle" and advising him to try some other trade. Twice he bounced up to the Cards for trials, then back to the sticks, and the only encouragement he

"We got enough stuff that everybody doesn't like to have a special 40-cent luncheon!"

BOB DUNN

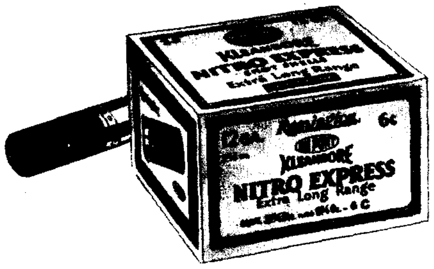
You'll have mo
fun hu
WITH A
REMINGTO
AUTOLOADING S
AND "NITRO EXPRESS

The most popular autoloaders made are the 3-shot Remington Sportsman and the 5-shot Model 11. Over half a million of these guns have been sold! The basic design came from John Browning, and as made by Remington it has never been surpassed by any other autoloading shotgun.

There is *absolutely no loss of power* in Remington autoloaders, because the breechblock is locked until after the shot has left the muzzle. The lightning-fast action and reduced recoil give you more time to swing—more time to get the right lead. Proof of the easy-swinging and easy-pointing qualities of Remington autoloaders is the fact that they are used by more skeet shooters than any other gun!

The right gun adds a lot to your shooting pleasure. See these tried-and-true, dependable Remington autoloaders on display at your dealer's.

There's POWER to spare in Nitro Express extra long range shells!


KLEANBORE NITRO EXPRESS Extra Long Range
Remington 6c
KLEANBORE NITRO EXPRESS Extra Long Range

▶ Make sure the shells you shoot hit hard enough to get what you go after! Shoot Remington Nitro Express—the shells with the extra *wallop!* They've got Kleanbore priming to protect your gun barrel and save you the bother of barrel cleaning, progressive burning powder and gas-tight wadding to keep every ounce of power behind the shot. They're Wet-Proof, too . . . won't swell or misfire when wet. Ask for the green, corrugated Nitro Express shells. Write Dept. CS for literature about Remington guns and ammunition. Remington Arms Co., Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Sportsman, Nitro Express, Kleanbore and Wet-Proof are Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Remington Arms Co., Inc.

Remington
DU PONT

got along the route came from Bill McKechnie, whom he encountered first as a Card coach and later as manager of Rochester, and from old Grover Cleveland Alexander.

"Alex taught me the most important thing I ever learned about pitching," the Duke told us not long ago. "He showed me that the only way to get control is to finish your pitch with both feet solidly on the ground. He made me appreciate, too, that you don't throw a ball with your arm as much as you throw it with your shoulder, your back, your hips and legs."

With old Alex's advice, Derringer won twenty-three games for Rochester in 1930, and he impressed the Cards so much in the spring of 1931 that Branch Rickey ordered him kept and another rookie, named Dizzy Dean, sent back to Houston—a decision which prompted Dean to squawk, "All I can say, Mr. Rickey, is that you just traded away thirty games." Rickey knew what he was doing. Derringer won *eighteen* games and pitched the Cards into the World Series.

But the next year he failed to pitch .500 ball, warred with his bosses, and in 1933 he was exiled to Cincinnati, *strictly* a cellar club, where his twenty-seven losses came within two defeats of the record for futility set in 1905 by Vic Willis of the Braves. In the minors he had battled with Billy Southworth; with the Cards he had clashed with Gabby Street, and now at Cincinnati in 1933 he ran afoul the mercurial Larry MacPhail.

MacPhail, whose flare-ups made Derringer's Kentucky temper pale in comparison, fined the Duke $250 and suspended him for three days for failing to slide into a base, although Derringer was "out" by several yards. When the three-day suspension was up, MacPhail called Derringer into his office and was excoriating him when Derringer idly picked up an inkwell and flung it at MacPhail's head. It missed by an inch and MacPhail sat down in his chair, white-faced, black-blotched and shaken.

"You might have killed me, Derringer," MacPhail gasped.

"That's what I was meaning to do," Derringer said coldly.

MacPhail suddenly reached into his desk for what Derringer thought would be a gun. But he came out with a checkbook, wrote out a check for $750 and handed it to Derringer. "Here, I'm paying you back the money I fined you."

"But what's this extra dough for?" Derringer demanded.

"That's a bonus for missing me, you blankety so-and-so," MacPhail roared, thereby ending the squabble.

Special Delivery Reproof

National League batters will tell you *that Derringer hasn't* missed anything he's thrown at since then. Gabby Hartnett got on him one day and called him a nasty phrase reflecting on Paul's ancestry.

"Don't say that," Paul said, quietly. Hartnett roared it again, as he stood at bat. Paul cranked up and hit Gabby in the neck, from a distance of sixty feet, six inches. "No sense hitting him on the head," he explained as they carried Gab away.

He probably is the most accurate thrower in baseball history. Over a span of 1,390 innings, covering five years, he walked only 230 men, many of them purposely passed. That's one walk for every 6.04 innings. During the 1939 season he walked only 35, one for every 8.6 innings. On one incredible streak he faced 208 straight batters without walking one, then broke his string by passing Morrie Arnovich purposely. It was Derringer who clinched the '39 pennant, after the Cards had turned back his buddy, Walters, in a crucial game near the end of the season. And he finished them off by striking out Medwick and Mize in the ninth.

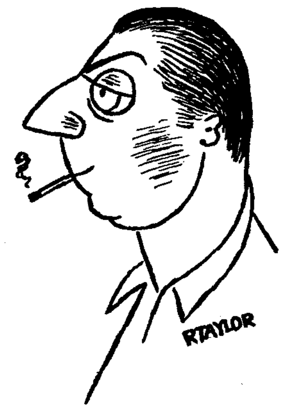
Neither pitcher could win a game against the Yanks in the 1939 World Series, though Derringer lost a heartbreaker to Ruffing, the man who tried to get him a job with the Red Sox back in 1926. Walters had the misfortune to be opposed in the second game of the series by Monte Pearson, who almost pitched a no-hitter. And Bucky was in the box, sailing along on a lead in the fourth game when his team fell to pieces around him.

The 31-year-old Walters and the 34-year-old Derringer want another crack, another One-Two Punch series competition. And they started out this season to get that chance. By August these two square pegs who had finally found the proper holes had won thirty games between them, while losing only thirteen. Walters was turning in such feats as beating the challenging Cards 6-1, and driving in three of the runs himself. Derringer was providing such performances as a *one-hitter* against the same Cards and a two-hitter against the Giants. In the All-Star game at St. Louis the American League sluggers found them untouchable, while they pitched their league's team on to victory.

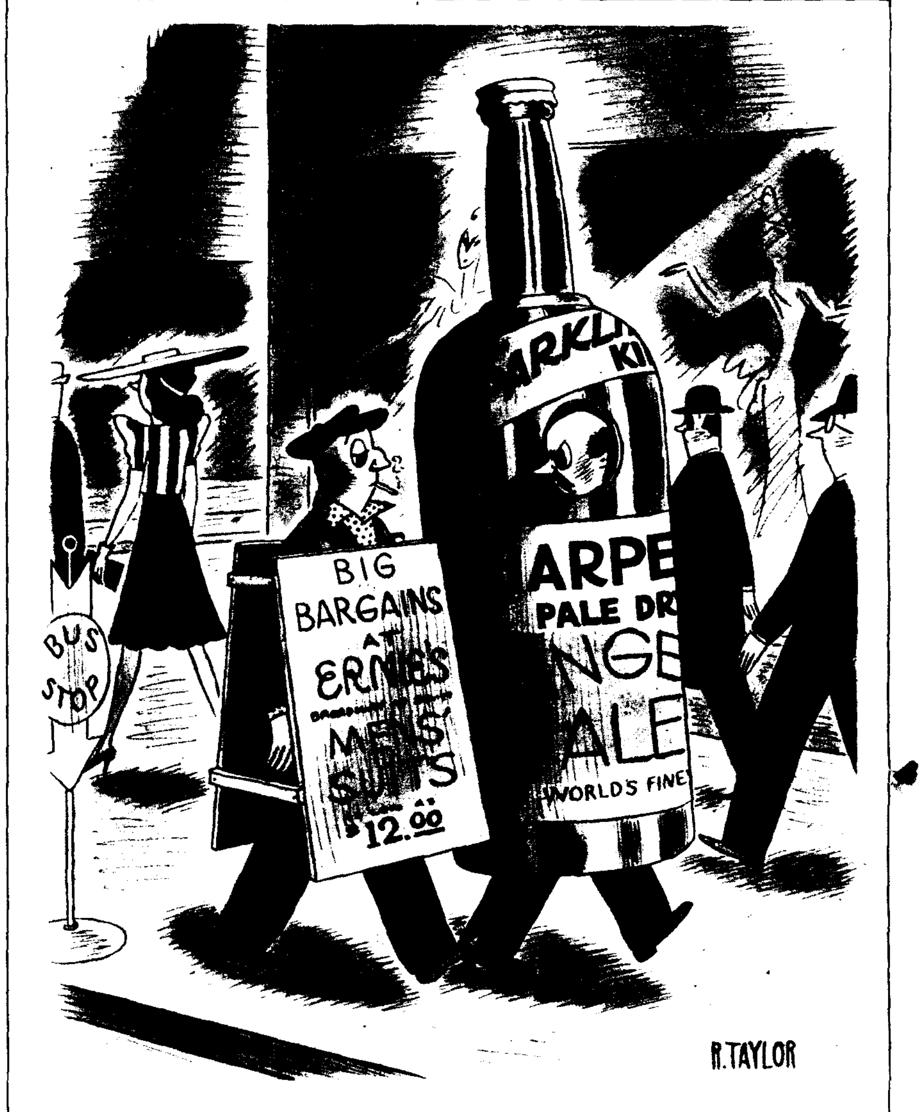
Their strange careers and their personalities bear a remarkable likeness. But on one radical point they disagree severely. Derringer is convinced that the greatest pitcher in the league is Walters. And Walters, a peace-loving soul, can work himself into an ire when he hears someone doubt that Derringer is the best.

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

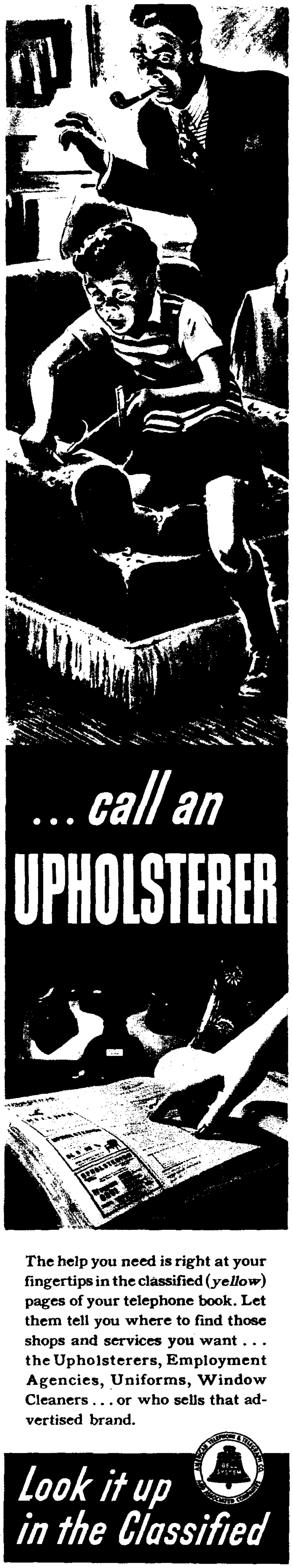
Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 5



Richard Taylor once taught art but was fired for introducing radical ideas. This accounts for his weird pictures (see sample at right)—which aren't half so weird as he'd like to make them. Born thirty-seven years ago in Fort William, Canada, he studied art in Toronto, Los Angeles and New York, and ran the gantlet of commercial work before romping into the cartoon field. Now lives in Connecticut and is fond of beer, faded wallpaper and rain.



"Lugging this thing around isn't enough! They want also I should fizz and gargle!" RICHARD TAYLOR


... call an UPHOLSTERER

The help you need is right at your fingertips in the classified (*yellow*) pages of your telephone book. Let them tell you where to find those shops and services you want . . . the Upholsterers, Employment Agencies, Uniforms, Window Cleaners . . . or who sells that advertised brand.

Look it up in the Classified

Ready when and where you need 'em, Uncle Sam

Here are some pretty solid Defense assets you have *right now*—and can count on—contributed by the TRUCKING INDUSTRY

TAKE a look below, Uncle Sam ... and you, too, Mr. and Mrs. Citizen.

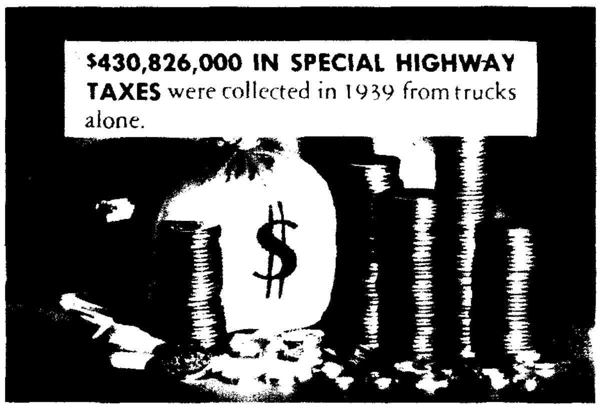
Some things there you probably didn't know...some amazing *facts* to give everybody just a hint of the vast value to the nation of the nation's trucking industry.

The tax money to maintain—*and build more*—of the world's best roads every year ... the trucks to move *all kinds* of goods—long distances as well as short... the Army of trained men, the methods and equipment to do it with top efficiency...and above all, with the *greatest overall economy*.

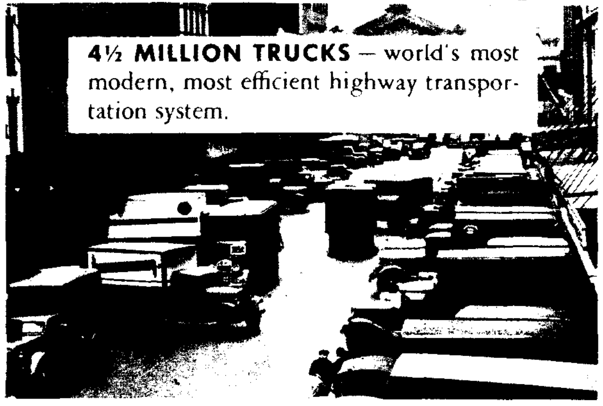
More and more—American industry, agriculture and trade are letting trucks carry the load. For trucks deliver door-to-door—over the shortest routes—with the least handling—in the shortest time. They feed our assembly lines with clock-like precision...make modern production possible by dovetailing the output of one plant into another...preventing production jams ... speeding production schedules.

And upon trucks also rests the burden of carrying food from farms to market—and finished products from industry to you. Today, practically everything you eat, wear and buy is transported all or part of the way by truck.

So, it behooves us to keep America's roads open to the unhampered flow of goods by truck. Our country must have the full benefit of this vital transportation system.

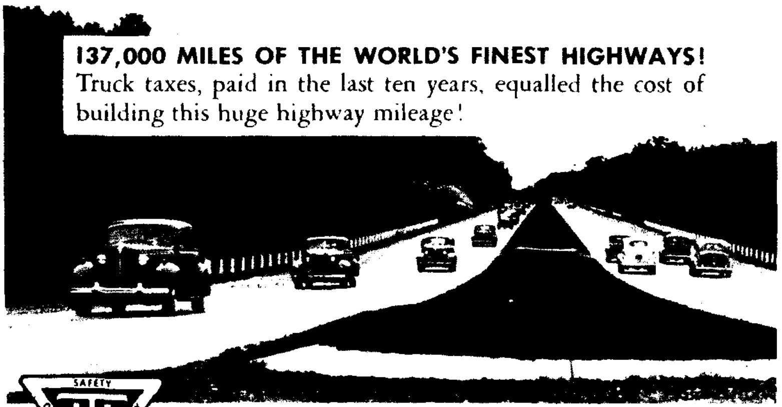


$430,826,000 IN SPECIAL HIGHWAY TAXES were collected in 1939 from trucks alone.



4½ MILLION TRUCKS—world's most modern, most efficient highway transportation system.

3½ MILLION TRAINED TRUCKING MEN—top flight drivers, mechanics and dispatchers.



137,000 MILES OF THE WORLD'S FINEST HIGHWAYS! Truck taxes, paid in the last ten years, equalled the cost of building this huge highway mileage!

ON LONG HAULS—FASTER THAN YOUR OWN SWIFT MAIL—because they travel *direct* routes—are subject to fewer delays

SAFETY ATA DISPATCH COURTESY

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DOWN WENT McGINTY
—but he's out of the dog house now!

"NO MORE CLOTHESPINS will *I* be wearin' on my nose," snapped Mrs. McGinty. "Sure and it's good riddance to an ugly-smellin' pipe!" And *plop* the pipe went in the water!

QUICK AS AN IRISH temper, McGinty plunged to save it. SPLASH! Has he a chance? Is the pipe *worth* saving? Maybe some of the caked-in bite and smell will get soaked out.

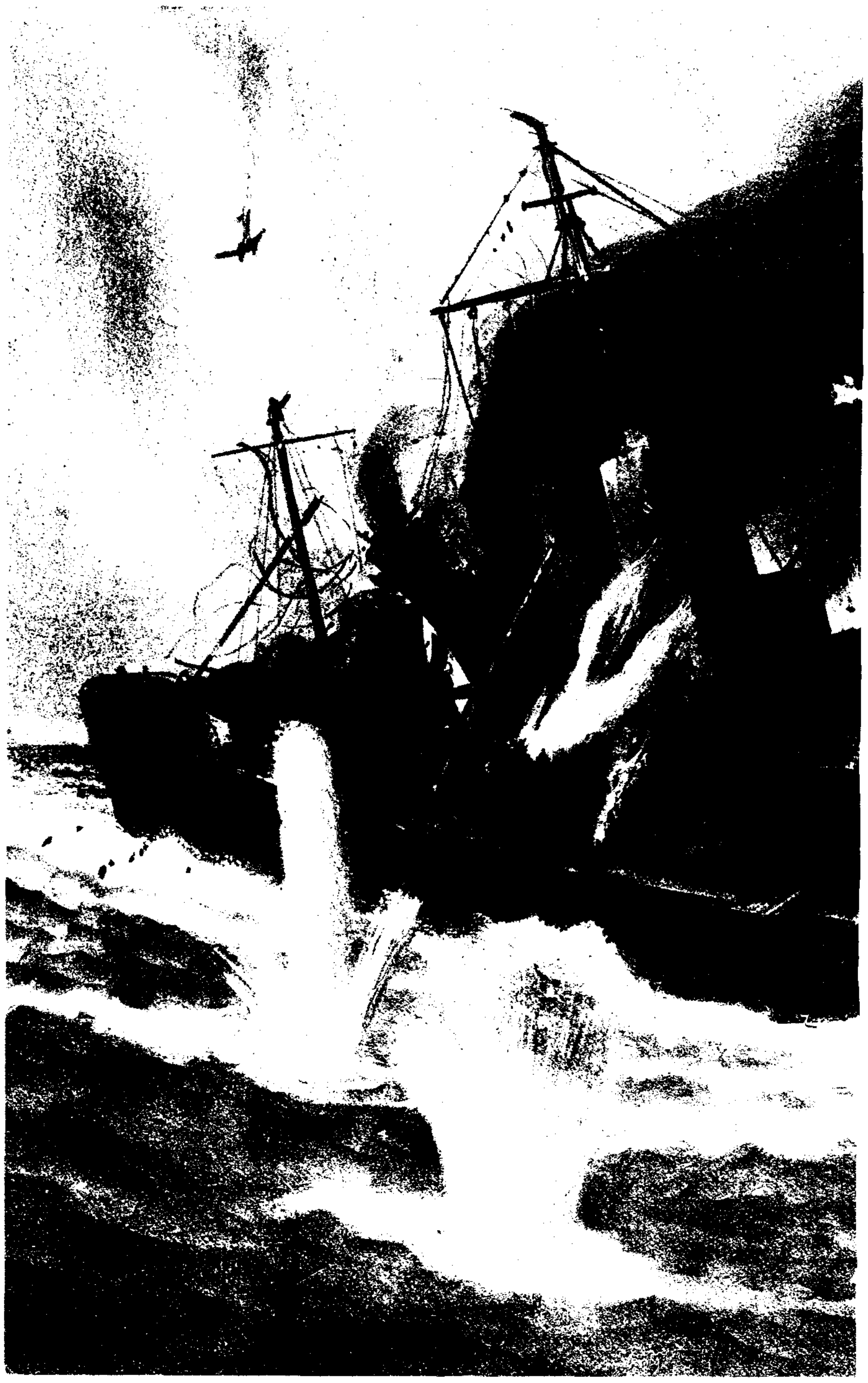
"NICE WORK, MISTER!" said a young lad on the dock as McGinty climbed back up. "But you better smoke a *milder* tobacco from now on. Ever tried this Sir Walter Raleigh?"

SORT OF A MIRACLE the way that switch to Sir Walter got McGinty out of the dog house. It's *another* win for the world's best-smelling blend of fine mild burley tobaccos!

New! Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

UNION MADE

Tune in... UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE
EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT ★ NBC ★ PRIZES FOR YOUR "DOG HOUSE" EXPERIENCE



The first flight dived. They k

Five Minutes at Daw

By Paul Deresco Augsburg

LITHOGRAPHED ON STONE BY JAMES E. ALLEN

Captain Waldon, of the British navy, wins two battles as a gentleman should

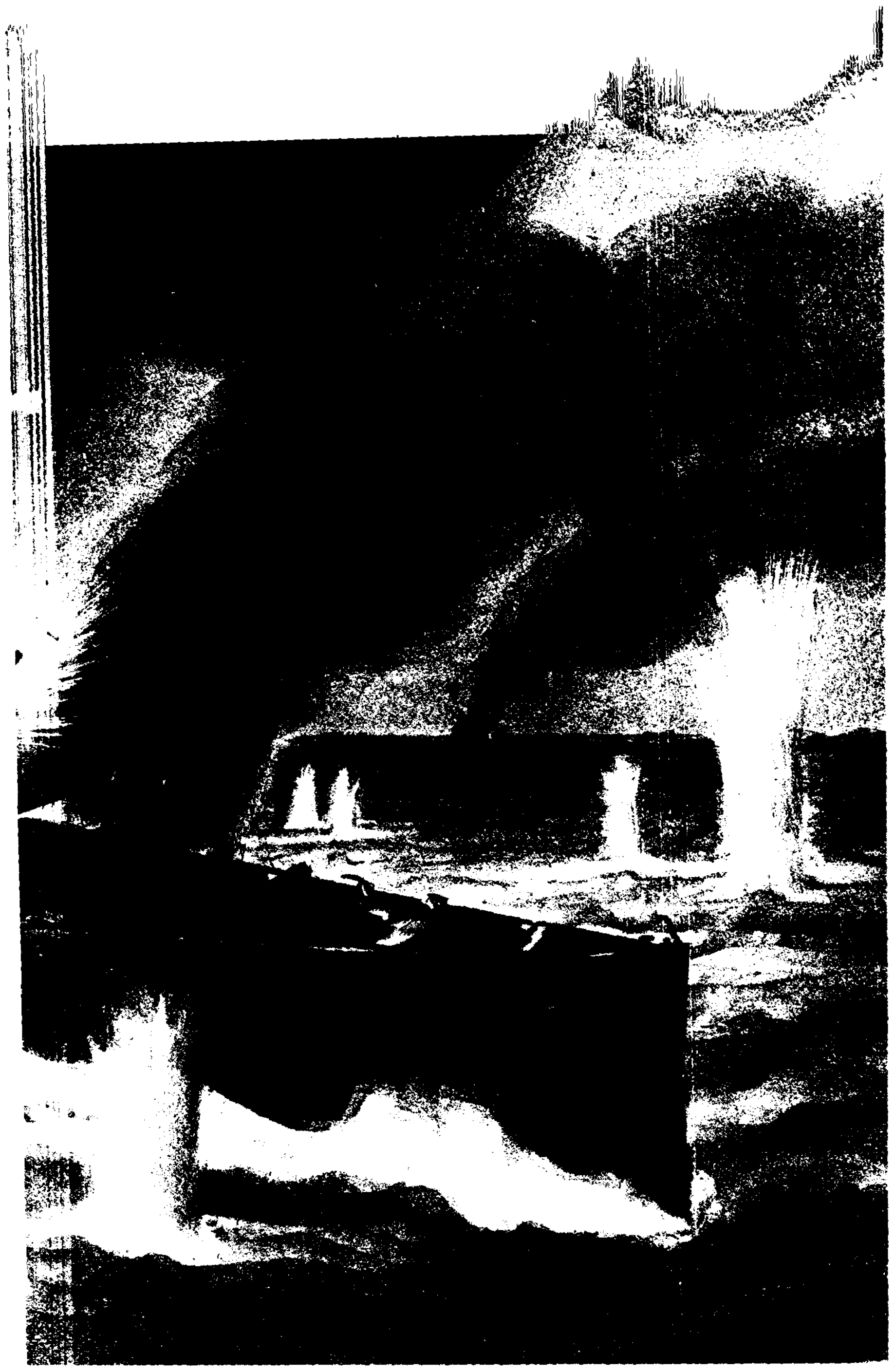
ALL stood respectfully till Captain Waldon had seated himself at the head of the mess. Captain Geoffrey Waldon, R. N. He had blood and money, a high-caste Briton with lands which came down from Elizabeth's day—lands bought with plunder taken from Spain by another captain of another ship that flew the royal English ensign.

The sea was calm. The cruiser Bideford, pushing her gray prow through the swells, barely teetered the fumed oak table covered with flawless Irish linen. Captain Waldon ate in silence. Except for Surleigh, his junior aide, there was not a man on board the Bideford whose family name could approach his own. They were good men and capable sailors, but between him and them stood a subtle barrier of social station as well as rank.

He felt it too. It was bred in him through generations of caste-proud Waldons. It had made him a humorles martinet, smug and offensively over bearing—he who now wanted, who actually yearned to be regarded as "good ol Waldon." And yet each time he made gesture in that direction, it never cam off.

Tonight, for instance. As a rule th captain dined in his cabin alone, or wit Surleigh. But tonight he had come t the officers' mess—and here he sat lik a stick, aloof, while the conversatio lagged around him! They regretted hi presence. He dampened their spirit How could they know that their skippe felt shy, self-conscious, baffled, and a *because* he wanted so much to be one o them?

Captain Waldon was tall and lea and partially bald, with florid cheek that were deepened by tan. His eye gray-blue under sandy brows, stared almost vacantly straight before him.



ectable altitude and their eggs fell wide

The voice at his ear recalled him abruptly out of a wretchedness bleak as gray fog: "A wireless message for the captain."

He cleared his throat, as if that were needed to read what was typed on the paper form. All eyes, he sensed, were watching his face in the silence that suddenly gripped the table. Small wonder, with England fighting for life, their ship off soundings and cruising a sea where an enemy raider might challenge their guns.

Waldon read the message again. The signature, Glover, was that of a man who had entered Dartmouth the year he had—now stuck at the admiralty in London, as Waldon had been when Jutland was fought.

A rare smile softened the captain's mouth while his eyes ranged down the table's length till they paused on a youthful, handsome face. Something like triumph lighted them then in that instant of meeting Lieutenant Clerker's.

"Gentlemen, this is a personal matter. My wife has presented me with a son."

He tried not to watch the lieutenant's face, but he saw the quick change on it none the less. Clerker was scarcely twenty-five, little more than half his captain's age—too young, impetuous, to hide his feelings. He was in love with Waldon's wife.

Waldon knew this, for she had told him. She had been utterly honest with Waldon. Clerker loved Claire, and Claire loved Clerker, and before she accepted his offer of marriage Claire had told Waldon in so many words just how things stood between Clerker and her.

But that had made no difference to him. He too loved Claire, and in time, he had felt, her infatuation with Clerker would pass. In England blood and money meant power. Waldon had both, while her family's fortunes had been caught in a swiftly ebbing tide. He had bought Claire, yes, in the cynical view; and yet no man could have cherished his wife with greater pride and adoration.

Impulsively Clerker rose from the table. His cheeks were flushed as he caught up his glass.

"To His Majesty's youngest sailor," he cried, "our skipper's new-born son and heir!"

The smile left Waldon's face.

"Mr. Clerker," he spoke up sharply, "you seem to be rather forgetting yourself. His Majesty's toast is in order first."

He was careful to look away from the youth, not to enjoy his hot confusion.

"Gentlemen," Waldon added, "the king!"

They drank, and that was the moment for word to come to him from those on watch. An officer entered the mess, saluted. Two enemy warships had been sighted.

Captain Waldon did not hurry. His pulse kicked faster, but his face was frozen in calm, controlled lines as he strolled from the mess. He heard the call to battle stations, the notes of the bugle tumbling pell-mell like the men who answered its quickened summons. It rang through the cruiser from stem to stern, one lad of a bugler trumpeting sounds which loud-speakers echoed below and aloft.

(Continued on page 73)

The new Filmo Auto Master—*only* 16 mm. magazine-loading camera with a turret head.

Hunting Trips are Twice the Fun

When Filmo Goes with You

● When you go hunting—take a Filmo Auto Master with you. It will double your fun while on the trip—and bring back the high spots with you.

Precision-built by the makers of Hollywood's professional equipment, Filmo Auto Master is THE movie camera for the hunter. It is the *only* 16 mm. magazine-loading camera with a turret head. On this turret may be mounted three lenses which make you master of *any* picture opportunity. For example: A telephoto lens to get thrilling close-ups of distant game . . . a super-fast lens for shots in the deep shade . . . and still another lens for average conditions. For those "now or never" pictures of fleeing game, any lens *and* its matching viewfinder unit are positioned instantaneously by a quick turn of the turret.

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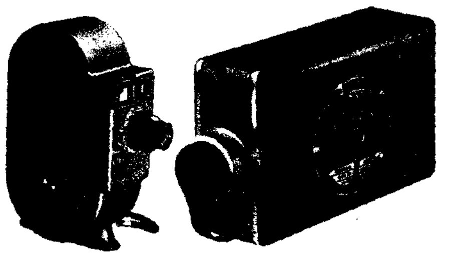
See Filmo Auto Master at your dealer's —or mail the coupon. Bell & Howell Company, Chicago; New York; Hollywood; London. *Established 1907.*



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Happier Hunting Grounds

Continued from page 19

conservation efforts are Massachusetts, Utah, Indiana, Washington, Nebraska, Minnesota, Alabama, the Virginias, the Dakotas and New Hampshire. As an example of what this sort of work can do, John Chalk estimates that in Carolina the supply of bobwhite quail right now is the largest it has been in a generation. Aided by the sportsman, the farmer has learned that the birds on his farm are often the most valuable crop he has, paying their rent not only in sportsmen's fees but also, a hundred times over, in the pests they destroy. A single pheasant is known to devour three hundred grasshoppers in one day; and on a Southern farm it was estimated recently that the birds consume a daily average of 46,000 weed seeds per acre.

Through the sportsman, the farmer has learned some simple and helpful bits of farm practice that mean many thousands of new birds each year—to throw in a handful of peas with the seed crop, for example, or to sow a fallow field with lespedeza, or to set out a few rows of chufas in the wood lot for turkeys, or to leave alternate ditch banks uncut, with their year-round food supply of elderberries, wild grapes, Virginia creeper, blackberries and sumac.

He has learned, through the sportsman, to equip his mowing machine with a flushing bar in order to scare up ground-nesting birds ahead of the knives. He has learned to fence the cattle out of his beech thickets. He has learned to avoid that indiscriminate burning-over of his fields and wood lots in the spring, which destroys not only food and cover but even the nesting birds themselves. He has learned to rig up winter food stations—wooden platforms with shelters of spruce boughs, or occasional shocks of corn straddling the fences—where the birds can come for grain when the snow is deep. He has learned to keep his house cat indoors, or not at all. Last but not least, he has learned a new respect for sportsmen.

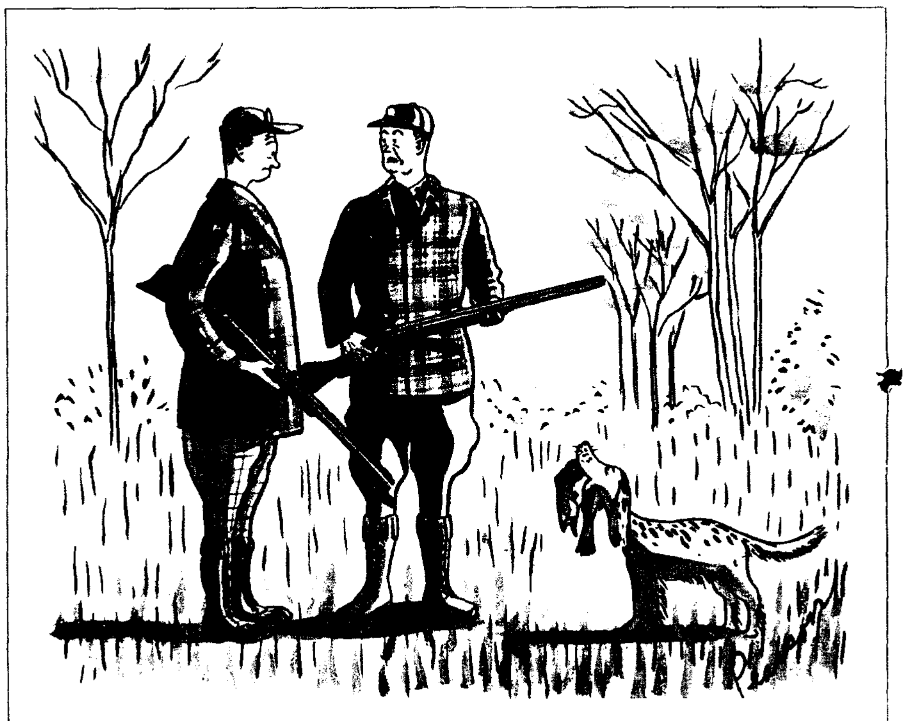
Not bad for the guy with the gun, you must admit. And yet it is only the least of the work he is doing in bringing our wild life back again. Most important of all, from any practical standpoint, is the cold cash that he furnishes each year. Without his license fees, the state commissions would have no funds to carry on their necessary protection and restocking and management. Without his duck-stamp money, the hundreds of federal migratory breeding areas, such as Mattamuskeet in Carolina or Klamath in Oregon or Bear River Refuge in Utah, could not have been purchased and developed. Without his voluntary contributions through his local fish-and-game club or through national organizations like More Game Birds and Ducks Unlimited, the state and government projects would not be supplemented by private hatcheries and game preserves.

What Conservation Can Do

Ducks Unlimited, for example—a nonprofit organization of American sportsmen interested in the conservation of waterfowl—claims to have made half a million acres of land in Canada suitable for duck breeding; to have begun similar projects on another 150,000 acres; to have spent a quarter of a million dollars in the construction of dams and dikes and erecting of barbed-wire fences and plowing of fire lanes; in short, to have been directly accountable for an estimated increase of 6,000,000 ducks in two years. "Seventy per cent of each potential duck crop is lost before the hunter fires a shot," they explain, "through droughts which dry up lakes before the ducklings can fly, through crows and magpies which eat eggs, through fire and flood and disease. Proper management of a wild-life sanctuary can cut these losses in half."

But these refuges are for the migratory birds, the ducks and geese and other waterfowl which are, actually, a federal responsibility. What about the upland game, the year-round crop of partridge and quail and pheasant and rabbit in your own back yard? For all nonmigratory game is owned, not by the government, but by the state; and the average state fish-and-game commission, with its license funds all too often diverted, cannot afford to purchase big tracts of land for breeding grounds and sanctuaries. Who takes care of our upland game?

The answer—and once again it is our old friend the sportsman who saves the game—lies in a measure passed by Con-



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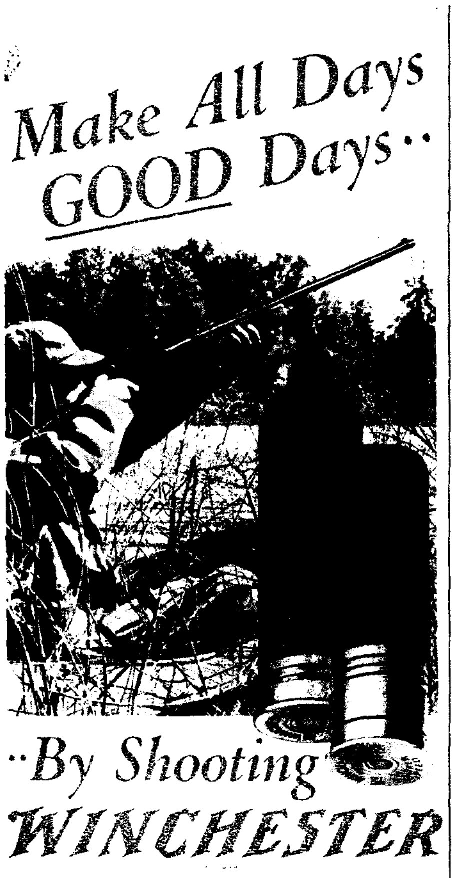

WHEN good hunting comes your way—be shooting Winchester. For big, fast and high-flying northern ducks—for wary geese, long-range pheasants, gun-wise turkeys—be shooting Winchester Super Speed Shells. Selected with big-enough shot for your game, with their high speed, Winchester-controlled short shot string and evenly balanced hard-hitting pattern, they step up your gun to peak performance—assure clean quick kills within any effective range.

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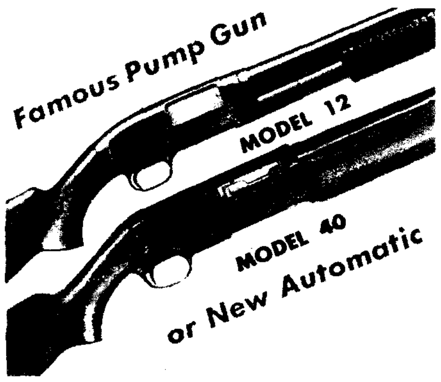

For any hunting, your choice of the above Winchester Repeaters will bring out the full effectiveness of your Winchester Shells—will do full justice to your shooting skill. Model 12, the famous pump gun with triple-safety action. Comes in a wide selection of styles and weights. 12, 16, 20 and 28 gauges. For the keenest of wildfowling there's the Model 12 in Heavy Duck gun style, built for 3-inch shells.

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gress in 1937 and known as the Pittman-Robertson Act. Realizing that (to quote Albert Day of the Biological Survey) “the existence of wild life has been increasingly menaced by droughts, floods, soil erosion, the appropriation of lands for farming and industrial purposes, the destruction of faunal habitat, and by the *fact that the supply of natural food and cover* is ever diminishing,” it was found necessary to provide for the restoration of suitable environment in which wild birds and mammals might live.

The Pittman-Robertson Act works simply. It imposes an excise tax of ten per cent on all firearms, shells and cartridges—a tax, incidentally, which was enthusiastically urged by sporting-goods manufacturers and sportsmen alike—and it allocates these funds to the various states each year, according to their respective areas and to the number of hunting licenses sold. Under the terms of the act, the United States pays seventy-five per cent of the cost of the work, the state the remaining twenty-five per cent. The projects are limited to land purchase, to land development in order to make the purchased areas more suitable for wild mammals and birds, and to practical research in wild-life restoration.

No Chiseling!

There is one string to it—an immeasurably wise and shrewd precaution. A state may qualify to receive this Pittman-Robertson aid only if its legislature has passed laws for wild-life conservation “which includes a prohibition against the diversion of hunting-license fees for any other purpose than the administration of said state's fish-and-game department.” If your own state is not benefiting today from the Pittman-Robertson funds, inquire whether it is because the selfish politicians in your legislature have refused to relax their grip on the fish-and-game funds.

Is the Pittman-Robertson Act doing the job? Ask Commissioner Chalk of North Carolina, whose eyes grow mellow at the very thought of its possibilities. Ask Commissioner Chalk to take you over to Pender County and show you the Holly Shelter Wild Life Refuge, for example, Carolina's largest development and perhaps the biggest of the Pittman-Robertson projects.

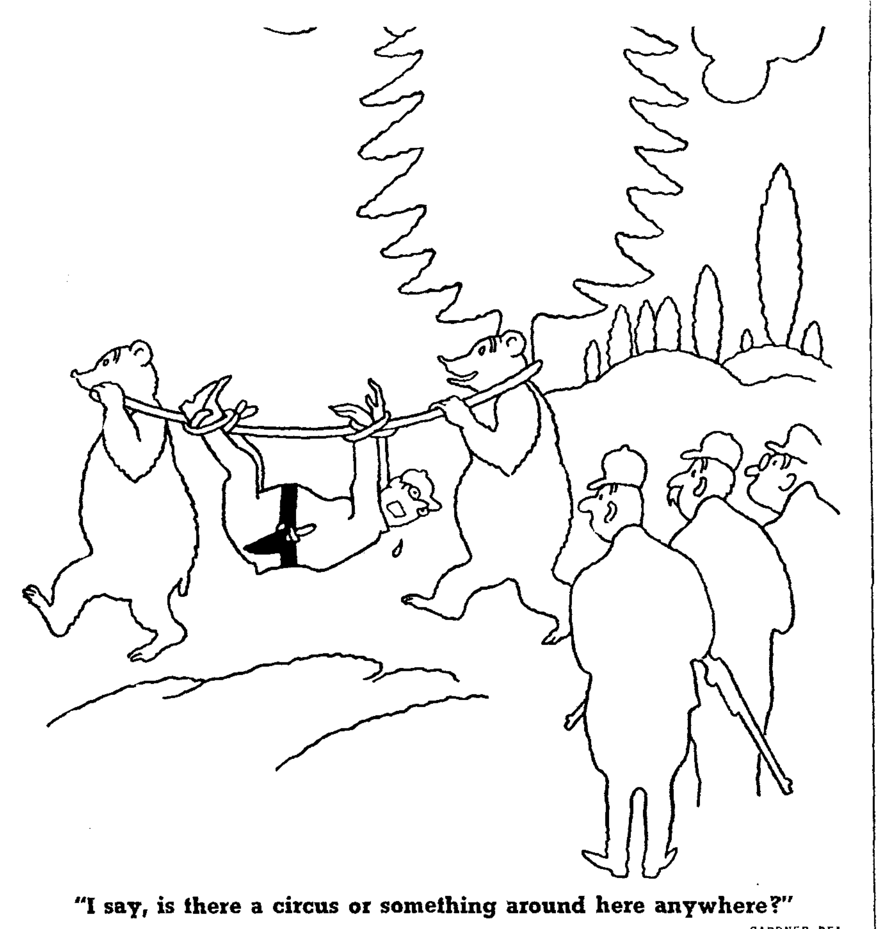
It is not a prepossessing sight, at first: a flat, impenetrable pocosin, covered with a dense undergrowth of myrtle and reed and bay, a few scattered pines, some larger stands of trees on the occasional ridges. Straight out across this wilderness extends a line of heaped black muck, eight feet wide, bordered by the deep ditch from which the muck was taken. Along this ditch, now filled with water, your skiff is poled at snail's pace past the trucks and tractors churning hub-deep in the mud, past groups shoveling sand to surface the road, past WPA workers and hard-working CCC boys.

“This main firebreak,” explains Commissioner Chalk, “will run sixteen miles directly through the center of the refuge. In addition, the entire area will be bounded by a similar fire road, and there will be smaller cross lanes and a lookout tower. Fire's our biggest problem, you see. In bad years, this pocosin dries out until it becomes a virtual tinderbox. If these recurrent fires can be stopped, the drainage controlled . . .”

His eyes grow dreamy, his face breaks into a contemplative smile.

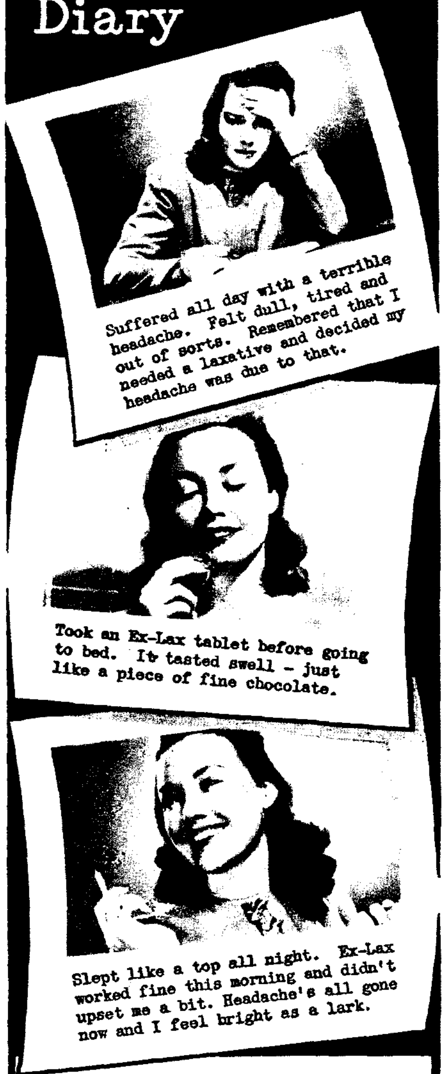
“There's 70,000 acres of good game cover here, cover that has never been adequately used before. Cover for deer, bear, turkey, raccoon, squirrel, muskrat, wood duck, quail. Once this refuge is protected from fire, as well as from violators and trespassers, the deer alone should multiply to six or eight times their present number. The annual overflow—the surplus crop that cannot be accommodated each year by the existing food supply—should provide good hunting for the surrounding countryside.”

For you in the red hunting cap and khaki coat and brier-scratched boots, you're the one who is bringing the wild life back. Directly or indirectly, your shotgun saves ten birds a year for every one it kills. Restrictions, closed seasons, posted lands—which discourage the sportsman and remove his financial support—are the worst breaks our birds and small animals can have. They owe their very existence today to the continued interest of the guy with the gun.



“I say, is there a circus or something around here anywhere?”

GARDNER REA



Private Notes from Mrs. M--'s Diary

Suffered all day with a terrible headache. Felt dull, tired and out of sorts. Remembered that I needed a laxative and decided my headache was due to that.

Took an Ex-Lax tablet before going to bed. It tasted swell - just like a piece of fine chocolate.

Slept like a top all night. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning and didn't upset me a bit. Headache's all gone now and I feel bright as a lark.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

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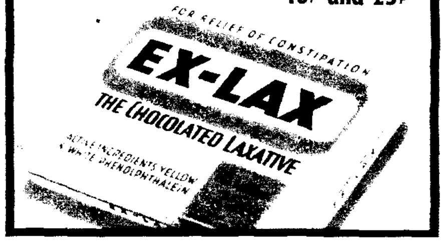

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BECAUSE THEY'RE GENUINE HARD RUBBER

Five Minutes at Dawn

Continued from page 69

The captain climbed to his conning tower over and aft of the second turret. Helped by Surleigh, he donned his coat and caught up his glasses and went on the bridge. It was chill out there, for the Bideford's course lay barely under the Arctic Circle, two hundred miles off Norway's coast.

Summer. For five more hours, at least, there would be light on this northern sea. Even after that, before early dawn, there would be light; for a pale full moon was rising out of the North Atlantic; twilight's falling would brighten its face, and the battle could rage through brief night hours.

The enemy's ships lay off to the east: a cruiser which might well be the Köln and another only slightly smaller. Two to one in number, if not in guns. After his first glance through the prisms, Waldon turned his eyes aloft to make sure the white ensign was raised to peak. A stickler, the captain, for small details.

He wrote a message to the admiralty, reporting that he was about to engage two German ships. His hand was steady. It was steady despite his thumping heart.

Then he rejoined his staff to plan the tactics of the battle. Still unhurried, still outwardly calm, he said, "We'll open at sixteen thousand yards. Concentrate on the big one first."

FOR an instant his eyes met Lieutenant Clerker's. The eagerness lighting the young man's face enhanced its attraction. Waldon felt suddenly homely and old as the thought, "If Claire could see him now!" flashed unwanted across his mind. Homely and old, alone, unloved—just at a time when more than ever he would like to think that his wife could care.

But maybe she did! She had borne him a son. Perhaps the warm tenderness felt for her child might even embrace its father as well!

He clung to this thought with the fervent hope of a shipwrecked sailor clutching a spar. It was there in the background of his mind while the words he spoke were concerned with war:

"We'll bear southeastward throughout the action."

"Our seaplanes, sir?"

The captain's glance went suddenly stony. They lay on their catapult amidship, two navy planes for scouting the foe. But Waldon belonged to the old tradition which still resented aviation. England's glory was founded on ships. On men-o'-war her fate depended.

"Visibility is clear," he answered. "Once we're engaged, we'll have no time for nursing planes run out of petrol. They will stay on board until we've closed. Then, and not before, toss 'em out."

Waldon returned to the steel-rimmed forebridge. In the guts of the Bideford the blowers whined as they lashed the boilers to seething fury. His ship, he knew, was five knots faster than either foe. He could set the action. In the director tower above and abaft him range finders tracked the narrowing gap between the Bideford and the Nazis. Below, in the citadel of his ship, officers sat at the plotting table, taking the range that was phoned to them, translating it in elevation. The turrets were swung for a broadside to port, six eight-inch guns with their muzzles lifted to pour out fifteen hundred pounds of pent-up death in one big salvo.

The captain turned as a lanky sergeant of Royal Marines gave his aide a message. Waldon's eyes inspected the fellow—blouse, cap, sidearms all in order—and then took the paper from Surleigh's hand. Again signed "Glover." Two words: "Good luck."

His jaw set grimly, he stood his bridge while the Bideford rushed like a killer whale to get at her foe. The enemy's ships had accepted battle, the swastika ensign raised to their peaks. But they did not come to engage the British. On a course only slightly east of south the Nazis steamed till the range could be closed. The dampers were drawn on the smaller German; dense black smoke rolled out from her stack; she was ready to lay a heavy curtain across her bigger-gunned companion.

"It seems that Jerry has taken to heart our tactics against the Graf Spee. H'mph!" Honest contempt was in Waldon's voice. Upstart landsmen trying to challenge a people whose blood for centuries past ran thick with salt from Britannia's seas!

"There go his planes," young Surleigh reported.

"H'mph!" grunted Waldon.

The Bideford's nose swung farther to starboard. She had almost closed to her opening range. In ten minutes more, she would be in position to fire a broadside.

The Nazi planes climbed high in the sky to outreach bursts of antiaircraft. His judgment told Waldon that he ought also to send up the Bideford's scouting planes. But stubbornness stayed him. He had said, "When we've closed," and he would hold to that decision.

He studied the Germans through the glasses. The smaller warship, rolling black smoke, was moving up swiftly to pass the other. Suddenly bright flames spurted to life, followed at once by a second burst as the lighter cruiser added her voice. Thunder rolled across the waters and there was a spreading fog of white smoke, but this was preceded by roaring geysers which leaped from the sea off the Bideford's beam.

Waldon quit the open bridge with studied care not to move in haste. Instinct told him to run to cover. His disciplined heart and his brain said, "No." Casually he remarked to Surleigh, "Dashed good aim for an opening shot."

Inside, still unhurried, he spoke through a phone, "You may send up your planes as soon as ready."

THROUGH a slit in the side of the armored tower he stared across at the enemy's ships. The smaller had passed her heavier sister, laying a screen of oily smoke. Faintly from farther aft on his vessel Waldon could hear the roar of a motor, and then the thud of the catapult's ram.

Almost at once a buzzer called and a voice, too eager to please him, reported, "No. 1 plane has cleared us, sir."

No. 2's motor was snarling now, a throaty growl and then full voiced as the throttle went wider, tuning for flight. While he watched the foe through powerful prisms the captain awaited the second thud. But a deeper, mightier sound intervened with the flashing of fire across the water; it came to him as a sullen echo of bursting shells in the Bideford's gear; fragments spat on the conning tower, and he heard the rending of quick destruction.

"Well placed," grunted Waldon. "It's our turn now."

Then the deck at his feet seemed to be convulsed, the whole ship shuddering under the shock of her six great guns. He felt the Bideford steady herself. The smoke rolled alee and gradually cleared, and he knew from what he saw in his glass that the broadside had missed.

But not by much. Soon word was re-

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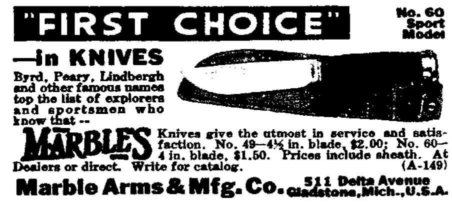

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layed to him from the plane, high over the sea, where the shells had carried. A slight reduction in elevation would make all the difference, shooting again.

Waldon regarded the plane up there. It would have to carry on now alone. For its sister plane lay a mass of wreckage still on the catapult amidship. His order—too late: a bursting shell had smashed it seconds before it could clear.

The captain grunted, his cheeks flaming hot at realization of how he had erred. But his jaw went hard and he braced himself for the fight before him.

The ships raced southeast in a running fight, locked to the death despite the fact that seven sea miles lay between them. They dodged in and out while their turrets thundered. More than eight tons of deadly projectiles, reaching to find some vital spot, had been poured from the Bideford's six big guns, and still neither side had scored a hit that really hurt its armored rival.

THE sun dropped low in the sky. High overhead two German planes, leaving a third to spot the range, attacked the Bideford's single flier. They wheeled and dipped like darting swallows, and then Captain Waldon gaped with dismay as the British seaplane suddenly dived to streak in panicky flight toward his ship.

His lips curled scornfully. Turning tail! But now he heard the bark of his archies, and realization burst on him that his youthful pilot was springing a trap. Right! A pattern of bursting shells formed in the sky—and—yes, by Jove, one of those Germans came fluttering down like a wounded fowl and splashed in the sea!

"Potted the beggar," he chuckled. "Good shooting."

Potted him just in the nick of time. For almost at once the action quickened. The Bideford's guns and the larger enemy's fired simultaneously at their marks, and the latter's broadside burst aboard with a detonation that rocked the cruiser. Too high to damage the thick steel hull, but the after turret had been knocked out—that and the antiaircraft batteries between the stacks and the tapering stern.

A fire was starting to gather fury. The boatswain's pipe shrilled out its summons to man the hoses. In his conning tower, Waldon's heart gave a jubilant jump as the smoke dissolved to reveal his foe. There were fires on the larger Nazi, too! In the lenses Waldon could see a hole that gaped at him where British shells had blasted the main director tower.

Here was his chance. The principal foe had been badly crippled, control lines shattered, observers cut off. Jerry would have to worry along with his eyes half blind, his voice half mute. He was groggy. Now, hit hard and fast. The time had come for a knockout punch.

The sun lay red on northern waters and the larger enemy stood out clear, illuminated by raging fires. Again the Bideford's great guns boomed. It was the end for the heavier foe. A monster explosion burst her asunder, the shells in her magazine turned against her, and swiftly she sank, while a pillar of smoke still hovered over her watery grave.

Captain Waldon rushed out to the bridge. He saw men sprawled on the deck below him, but he did not give them a second thought. The lust of battle was on him now. He had savored blood, and its taste was good.

All that concerned him was his ship. Wreckage was strewn on the battered deck. A fire was licking abaft the beam. The Bideford *looked* a war-scarred ruin; and yet two turrets, the citadel of her, were still intact, still eager to fight; and again her blowers began to whine as the draft was forced to crowd on speed and catch the remaining, now fleeing Nazi.

The latter's course was southeast-by-east, running desperately for haven in one of Norway's fortified fjords. They raced through a night of eerie beauty. The moon's face brightened while northern lights shimmered and faded above the Circle. Astern of the Bideford, riding the swells like a resting gull, the little seaplane sat drinking fuel from five-gallon cans dropped over the side.

Presently Waldon's servant appeared with a tray of sandwiches and coffee. He had ministered to him for twenty years, a small gray man whose patient eyes seemed cast forever apologetic. The captain, in rare good humor, smiled.

"Rather a good fight, Tuttle—what?"

"Oh, indeed, sir! The little master will be very proud when he knows what happened the day he was born."

"By jove, that's right. You've hit it, Tuttle. A bit of a natal gift for my son."

Waldon beamed at his man. Good old Tut! The moon and the lights and the swelling sea stirred him to sentiment, buoyed his hopes. *Two* enemy cruisers engaged and sunk would make him a hero home in London.

There was no getting away from the fact that the British public would lionize him. Better, far better, these men he commanded would boast of him proudly as "good old Waldon." Something suspiciously like moisture came to his eyes as he thought of that.

Through the brief summer's night the Bideford strained to draw within reach of the fleeing Nazi. As the moon climbed higher, its light revealed a faint streak of smoke in the far southwest. From man-o'-war or cargo steamer, friend or foe? Captain Waldon frowned.

BUT the smoke drew nearer with so much haste that he knew it could only mean a destroyer. No matter, then. Whether friend or foe, he still would dominate the battle.

His ship was closing upon her prey. The Bideford's guns were swung for action. He could see the muzzles lifting a mite to correct the range as the Nazi dodged—like a fist being cocked in preparation to smash a finishing blow to the chin.

Dawn was about to break on their beam. Soon, Waldon knew, the sun would make his vessel a hazy target, while that of his foe would be sharply limned.

It was young Surleigh who called his attention to the specks that were moving across the sky. Small black specks winging over the sea, seen in the first fresh pink of dawn. The specks grew larger—no longer specks. Almost Captain Waldon fancied that he could hear the drone of their flight.

"H'mph," he snorted. "Jerry's crows!"—and his rooted contempt was like a potion that gave him courage and spurred him on.

THE range had been closed. His foe lay abeam, and the Bideford's two live turrets thundered. Four guns only, but they would suffice. Their mighty roar was like noble music to him. They were England's voice, the lion's roar, and nothing that came on wings could mute them.

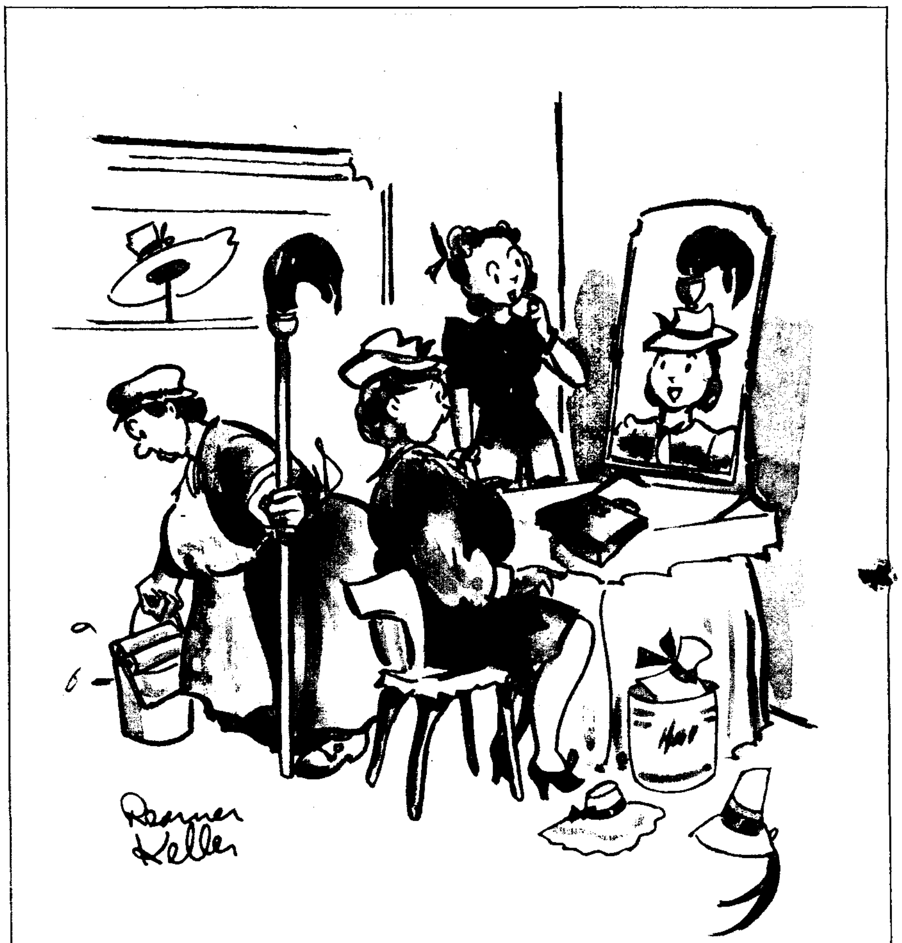
The little seaplane, miles overhead, reported down an exact correction. Again the turrets spoke their piece. Again . . . and again, till they had it right. Syntax, accent, inflection were perfect, as witness the shambles over the water. This was the kill, and the Bideford's gun crews moved precisely to finish their prey.

The bombers from Norway were coming fast. The sound of their motors filled the heavens. The little seaplane was climbing now, and Waldon stared with open mouth as his eaglet braced itself to attack. Like David about to battle the giant—not one Goliath, but actually nine!

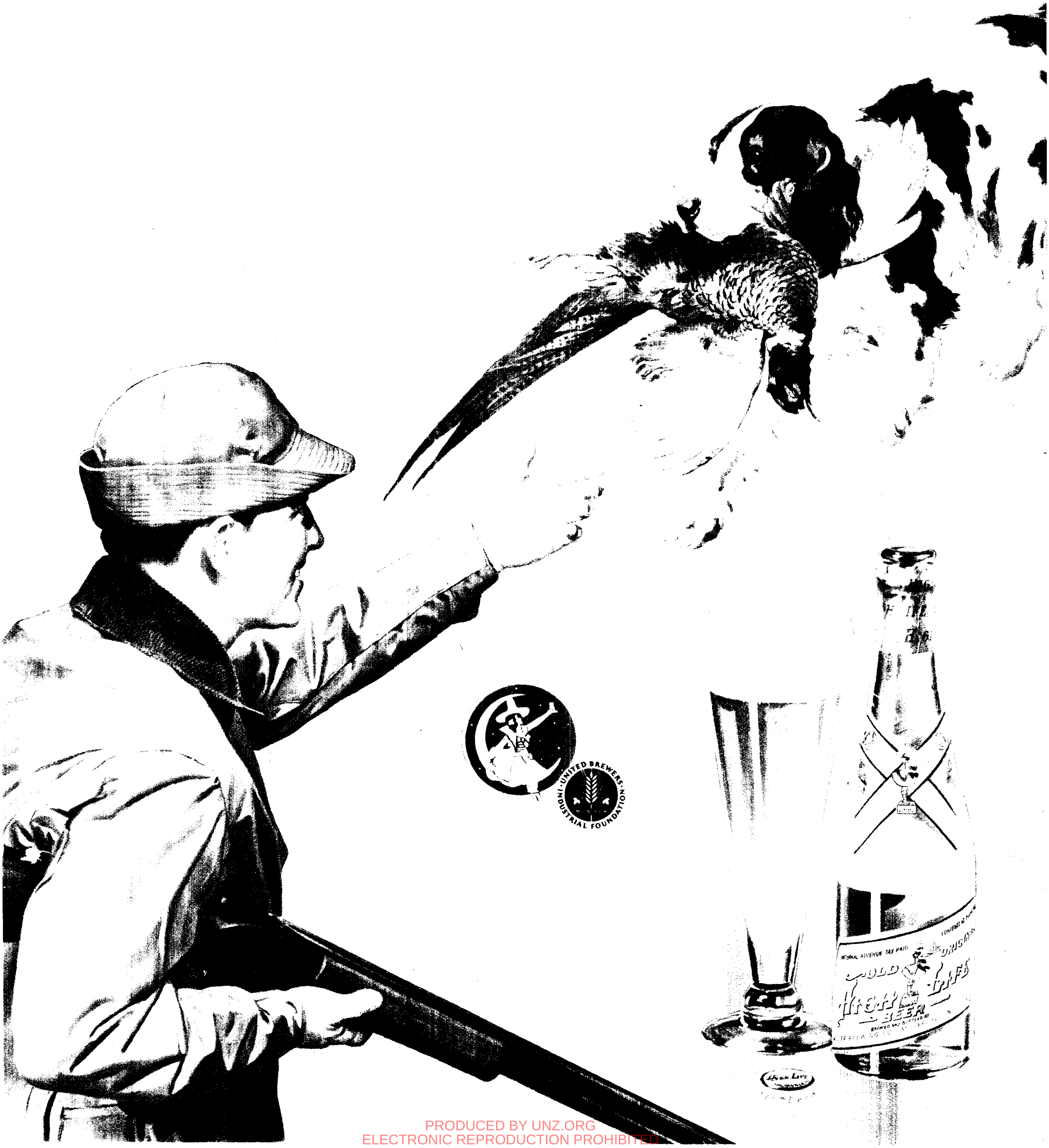
Grudging admiration claimed him. He saw the seaplane suddenly dive and dart like a hawk at the squadron leader. Its spitting machine gun struck a flame. The great bird crumpled and dropped from the sky.

"By Jove—!" gasped Waldon.

It was all he could say, for again his vessel was staggering under the kick of her guns. He stood on the forebridge waiting tensely until the smoke would disperse into air. What the captain



"Oh, this is cute!" REAMER KELLER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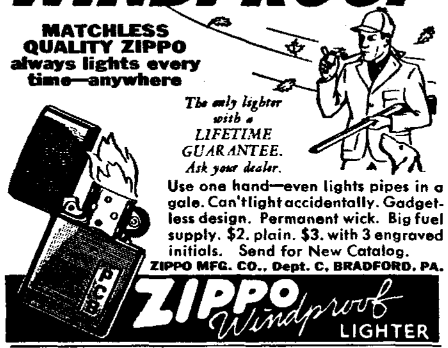

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saw when the atmosphere cleared was like scenes that only harebrained artists had thought to paint a few decades ago. For two more planes were falling in flames, and one was his gallant little eaglet—falling in flames toward a placid sea where a cruiser lay stricken, mortally hurt by bursting shells from the Bideford's guns.

"One more broadside, just for luck."

"Aye, aye, sir," a brisk voice answered. "Hadn't you better take to cover?"

"Eh? I guess you're right there, Surleigh. One never knows, their aim's so erratic, where those eggs are likely to break."

In the tower, beneath its mushroom of steel, Waldon stood with his junior aide and the lad of a bugler. The guns spoke again. As though in an echo, less loud but more sharp, the voice of the turrets was now repeated: the antiaircraft batteries forward banging away at the Nazi planes.

He heard the scream of them diving toward him, through the sighting slits saw geysers of water leaping in air as though to strike back—seven loads of explosives dumped at the cruiser, and one consignment now found its mark.

There followed a lull in which little was heard but the drone of motors receding eastward: that and the maddened cry of a man in his final agony down on the deck.

Surleigh, peering out toward Norway, reported abruptly, "Here come more!"

One, two, *three* flights winging from land with eggs of death hung poised for release. Waldon said nothing. He had done all he could. The Bideford zigzagged upon her course, eighty thousand horsepower driving her screws as she steamed to meet the rushing destroyer. The latter's archies, joined with his own, would hold Jerry's crows too high to make good.

Then a buzzer sounded. A voice on the wire. The forward antiaircraft guns were out of commission, forever stilled.

"Luck!" grunted Waldon. "But we'll come through."

Eight miles of water now separated the Bideford's prow and the lean destroyer. The latter's speed with the cruiser's added would total almost seventy knots. A mile a minute, closing the gap—yet this was a tortoise's pace compared with that of the bombers. The first flight dived. They kept a respectable altitude and their eggs fell wide of the moving target.

But the Bideford's silence had been observed. No archie bursts had flared in the sky. Only machine guns, futilely firing, had spoken up to greet their attack.

The next flight's pilots would be less cautious. And then the third's! They would dive so close that nothing could keep them from hitting the mark. It would be like shooting a crippled duck.

THEY had finished. Their wings were spread for Norway when Captain Waldon emerged at last to blink at what had once been a ship. Her screws were no longer churning the sea. Drifting, his vessel, her turbines blasted, her stern settling fast with a portside list. Through jagged holes in the armored deck he could see the sullen glow of flames. Smoke swirled about him and hid the destroyer, which must, Waldon knew, be about to stand by.

The Bideford's death was a matter of minutes—five at the most, before she would plunge. Now one thing only remained to be done: order his men overside and then, when none was left on board, dive in.

To the bugler Waldon ordered, "Abandon ship," and the call was sounded from quivering lips.

Then he stood alone, gazing with love at his gallant cruiser. Below him upon the shattered catwalk he recognized a lanky figure draped grotesquely about a stanchion. The sergeant of Royal Marines was grinning, as though in death he had found a jest richer, broader than ever heard in the music halls of his native England.

"Poor devil," breathed Waldon, strangely moved, and he quit the twisted wreck of his bridge to reach the inside stairs leading down. But someone was coming. He heard quick steps ascending the stairs.

Then Clerker appeared. His hair was singed, and his uniform hung from him in shreds. He had been wounded; one arm showed raw; but apparently it was not too serious.

What *was* serious, in Waldon's eyes, was the beauty of him, his romantic youth—ardor and spirit and physical charm blended together in near perfection. Claire could never forget this man. He was a hero as much as Waldon, and again the latter felt old and homely, a husband only by grace of law.

"Mr. Clerker," he snapped, "you heard the order—abandon ship?"

"Yes, sir. But at least a score of men are trapped below."

"Alive?" gasped Waldon.

"Alive. I talked to them through the wreckage blocking escape from the engine room, aft. I *saw* them, sir. We'll have to get torches, cut a passage."

Captain Waldon stared at Clerker, at eyes still ablaze with the fire of battle. He swallowed. Here was a fighting sailor—not just a boy, but a man who would some day merit a ship of his own.

"IT'S no use," Waldon shook his head. "The ship won't last that long. She's going."

He resumed his weary way to the deck, with Clerker behind him. He walked as one doomed. At the starboard rail, now wrenched and broken, he turned to thrust his hand at Clerker.

"I seem to recall that you swim rather well. Get overside fast."

"But, Captain Waldon—!"

He noticed the horror on Clerker's face, saw that the latter had suddenly guessed what he had in mind.

"My orders," he snapped.

"Oh, but you can't, sir! You've done all you could. Won a glorious victory—"

"Never mind that."

"But if I had known—" Tears started up in Clerker's eyes and he tried again, "I'd never have told you, if I had thought—! Don't do it, sir. You must think of Claire."

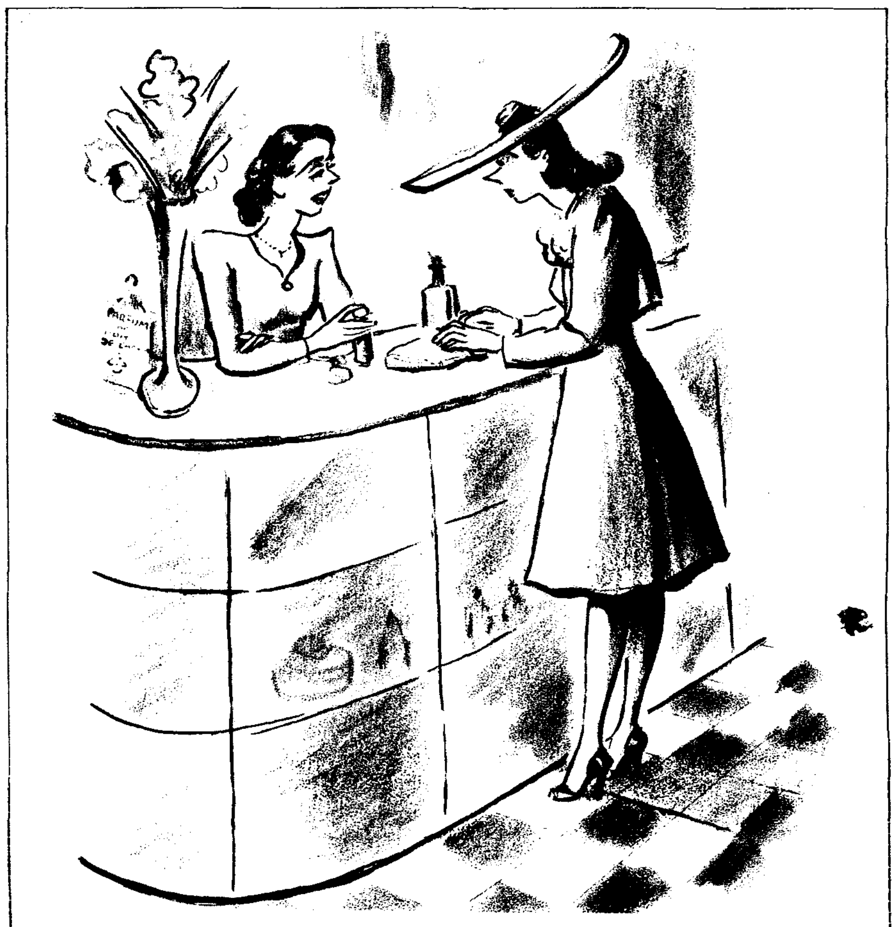
"If you mean Mrs. Waldon," the captain began. Then the formal hardness went out of his voice. "You will tell her for me—" But again he stopped. Why spoil their future by speaking words that could only cause them needless pain? "Damn it all," he blustered, "I'm still your captain. Over the side, now—look alive!"

WALDON had given his last command. For a moment he stood there, after the splash, glancing about him. The light breeze freshened. It rifted the smoke to show him his enemy sliding under, her stern going last, the brightening sunlight dancing briefly on glistening plates before she was gone.

The victor would not be slow to follow. She seemed to be tensing herself for the plunge. Waldon turned briskly and hurried aft. At least he could call to his men in their trap, could give them the comfort, such as it was, of knowing their skipper shared the same fate.

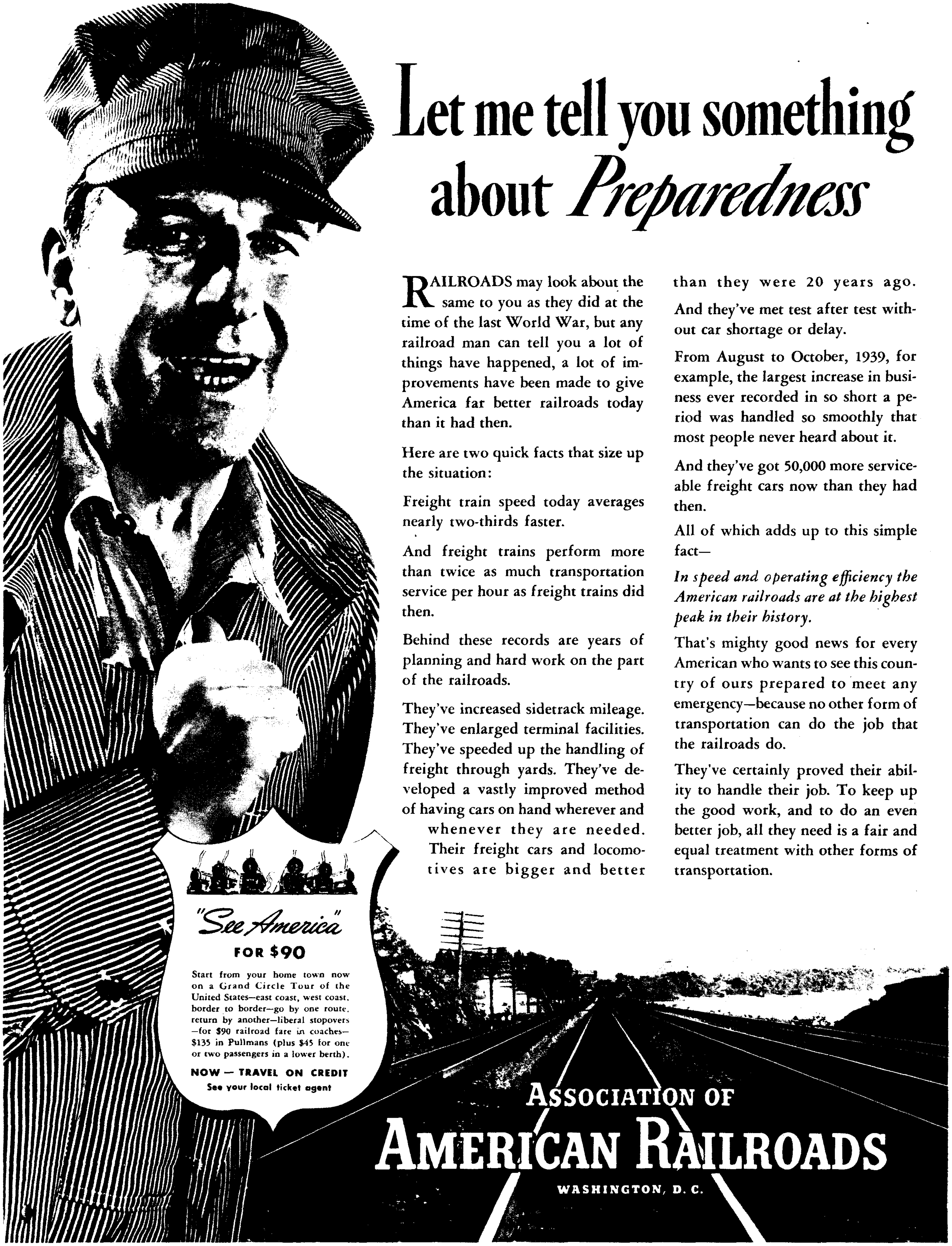
He felt no fear. He was taking his place with Drake and Hawkins, Sir Richard Grenville, immortal Nelson—captains, all. Aye, and a place in Claire's heart too. A place that, living, could never be his. She would always think of him tenderly now, even perhaps with the warmth of love. She would teach their boy to be proud of him.

All in all, he thought, it was better this way. He smiled. In a minute life would be over for him and his men trapped under the deck. He called to them. He heard their replies, heard lusty cheers for "good old Waldon." The ship shifted sharply. She was going now. Her captain still smiled as he clung to a bulkhead, awaiting the clasp of Britannia's sea.



"There probably won't be any more French perfumes for a while. Brings the war uncomfortably close, doesn't it?"

CARL ROSE



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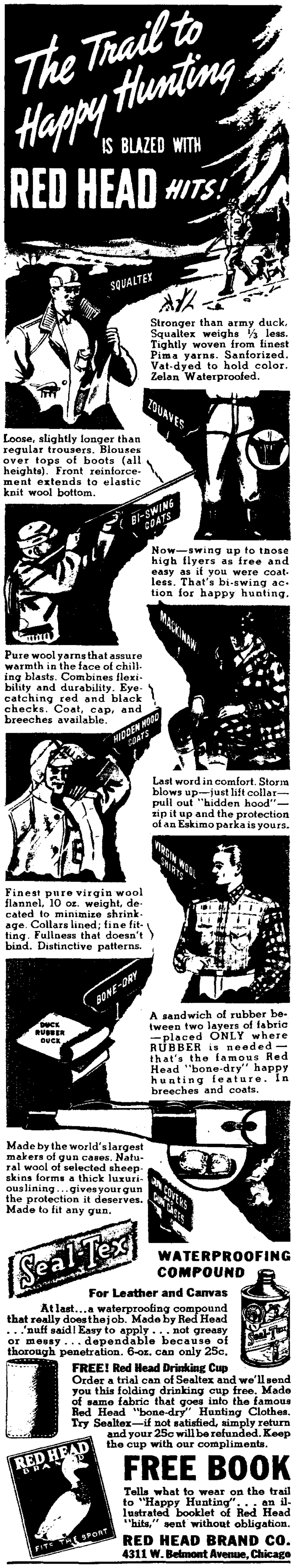

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The Patriotic Murders

Continued from page 23

"Yes. Yes, I have found her."

He sat down. And he sighed.

Alistair Blunt said, "Is she dead?"

"That depends," said Hercule Poirot slowly, "on how you like to look at it."

Blunt frowned. He said, "My dear man, a person *must* be dead or alive. Miss Sainsbury Seale must be one or the other."

"Ah, but who is Miss Sainsbury Seale?"

Alistair Blunt said, "You don't mean that—that there isn't any such person?"

"Oh, no, no. There was such a person. She lived in Calcutta. She taught elocution. She busied herself with good works. She came to England on the Maharamah—the same boat on which M. Amberiotis traveled. Although they were not in the same class, he helped her over something—some fuss about her luggage. He was, it would seem, a kindly man in little ways. And sometimes, M. Blunt, kindness is repaid in an unexpected fashion.

"It was so, you know, with M. Amberiotis. He chanced to meet the lady again in the streets of London. He was feeling expansive, he good-naturedly invited her to lunch with him at the Savoy. An unexpected treat for her. And an unexpected windfall for M. Amberiotis! For his kindness was not premeditated—he had no idea that this faded, middle-aged lady was going to present him with the equivalent of a gold mine. But, nevertheless, that is what she did, though she never suspected the fact herself.

"She was never, you see, of the first order of intelligence. A good, well-meaning soul, but the brain, I should say, of a hen."

Blunt said, "Then it wasn't she who killed the Chapman woman?"

Poirot said slowly, "It is difficult to know just how to present the matter. I shall begin, I think, where the matter began for me. With a *shoe!*"

Blunt said blankly, "With a *shoe?*"

Hercule Poirot nodded.

"Yes, a buckled shoe. I came out from my ordeal at the dentist's and as I stood on the steps of 58 Queen Charlotte Street, a taxi stopped outside, the door opened and a woman's foot prepared to descend. I am a man who notices a woman's foot and ankle. It was a well-shaped foot, with a good ankle and an expensive stocking, but I did not like the shoe. It was a new, shining patent-leather shoe with a large, ornate buckle. Not chic—not at all chic!

"AND whilst I was observing this, the rest of the lady came into sight—and frankly it was a disappointment—a middle-aged lady without charm and badly dressed."

"Miss Sainsbury Seale?"

"Precisely. As she descended, a contretemps occurred—she caught the buckle of her shoe in the door and it was wrenched off. I picked it up and returned it to her. That was all. The incident was closed.

"Later, on that same day, I went with Chief Inspector Japp to interview the lady. (She had not as yet sewn on the buckle, by the way.)

"On that same evening, Miss Sainsbury Seale walked out of her hotel and vanished. That, shall we say, is Part One.

"Part Two began when Chief Inspector Japp summoned me to King Leopold Mansions. There was a fur chest in a flat there, and in that fur chest there had been found a body. I went into the room, I walked up to the chest—and the first thing I saw was a shabby, buckled shoe!"

"Well?"

"You have not appreciated the point. It was a *shabby* shoe—a well-worn shoe. But you see, Miss Sainsbury Seale had come to King Leopold Mansions on the evening of that same day—the day of Mr. Morley's murder. In the morning the shoes were *new* shoes—in the evening they were *old* shoes. One does not wear out a pair of shoes in a day, you comprehend."

Alistair Blunt said without much interest, "She could have two pairs of shoes, I suppose?"

"Ah, *but that was not so.* For Japp and I had gone up to her room at the Glengowrie Court and had looked at all her possessions—and there was no pair of buckled shoes there. She might have had an old pair of shoes, yes. She might have changed into them after a tiring day to go out in the evening, yes. But if so, the other pair would have been at the hotel. It was curious, you will admit?"

Blunt smiled a little. He said, "I can't see that it is important."

"No, not important. Not at all important. But one does not like things that one cannot explain. I stood by the fur chest and I looked at the shoe—the buckle had recently been sewn on by hand. I will confess that I then had a moment of doubt—of myself. Yes, I said to myself, Hercule Poirot, you were a little lightheaded perhaps this morning. You saw the world through rosy spectacles. Even the old shoes looked like new ones to you!"

"Perhaps that *was* the explanation."

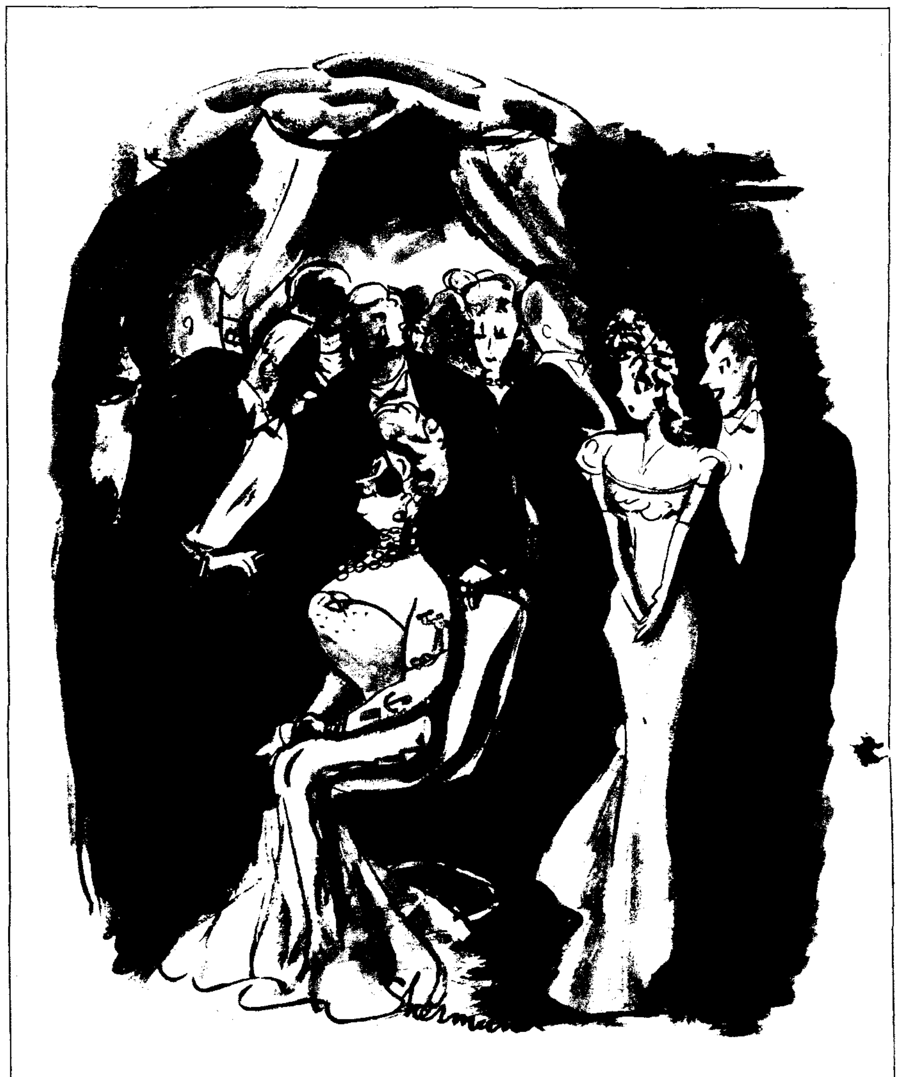
"But, no, it was *not.* My eyes do not deceive me! To continue, I studied the dead body of this woman and I did not like what I saw. Why had the face been wantonly, deliberately smashed and rendered unrecognizable?"

Alistair Blunt moved restlessly. He said, "Must we go over that again? We know—"

Hercule Poirot said firmly, "It is necessary. I have to take you over the steps that led me at last to the truth. I said to myself: 'Something is wrong here. Here is a dead woman in the clothes of Miss Sainsbury Seale (except, perhaps, the shoes?) and with the handbag of Miss Sainsbury Seale—but why is the face unrecognizable? Is it, perhaps, because the face is not the face of Miss Sainsbury Seale?' And immediately I begin to put together what I have heard of the appearance of the *other* woman—the woman to whom the flat belongs, and I ask myself—might it not, perhaps, be *this other woman* who lies dead here?

"I GO then and look at the other woman's bedroom. I try to picture to myself what sort of woman she is. In superficial appearance, very different to the other. Smart, showily dressed, very much made up. But in essentials, *not unlike.* Hair, build, age . . . But there is one difference: Mrs. Albert Chapman took a five in shoes. Miss Sainsbury Seale, I knew, took a ten-inch stocking—that is to say she would take at least a six in shoes. Mrs. Chapman, then, had smaller feet than Miss Sainsbury Seale.

"I went back to the body. If my half-formed idea were right, and the body was that of Mrs. Chapman wearing Miss Sainsbury Seale's clothes, *then the shoes should be too big.* I took hold of one. But it was not loose. It fitted



"I understand she's had quite an adventurous life"

BARBARA SHERMUND

tightly. That looked as though it *were* the body of Miss Sainsbury Seale after all! But in that case, *why* was the face disfigured? Her identity was already proved by the handbag, which could easily have been removed, but which had *not* been removed.

"It was a puzzle—a tangle. In desperation I seized on Mrs. Chapman's address book—a dentist was the only person who could prove definitely who the dead woman was—or was not. By a coincidence, Mrs. Chapman's dentist was M. Morley. Morley was dead, but identification was still possible. You know the result. The body was identified in the Coroner's Court by M. Morley's successor as that of Mrs. Albert Chapman."

BLUNT was fidgeting with some impatience, but Poirot took no notice.

"I was left now with a psychological problem. What sort of a woman was Mabelle Sainsbury Seale? There were two answers to that question. The first was the obvious one borne out by her whole life in India and by the testimony of her personal friends. That depicted her as an earnest, conscientious, slightly stupid woman. Was there another Miss Sainsbury Seale? Apparently there was.

"There was a woman who had lunched with a well-known foreign agent, who had accosted you in the street and claimed to be a close friend of your wife's (a statement that was almost certainly untrue) a woman who had left a man's house very shortly before a murder had been committed, a woman who had visited another woman on the evening when in all probability that other woman had been murdered, and who had since disappeared although she must be aware that the police force of England was looking for her. Were all these actions compatible with the character her friends gave her? It would seem that they were not.

"Therefore, if Miss Sainsbury Seale were *not* the good, amiable creature she seemed, then it would appear that she was quite possibly a cold-blooded murderess or almost certainly an accomplice after the fact.

"I had one more criterion—my own personal impression. I had talked to Mabelle Sainsbury Seale myself. How had she struck *me?* And that, M. Blunt, was the most difficult question to answer of all. Everything that she said, her way of talking, her manner, her gestures, all were perfectly in accord with her given character. *But they were equally in accord with a clever actress playing a part.* And, after all, Mabelle Sainsbury Seale had started life as an actress.

"I had been much impressed by a conversation I had had with M. Barnes of Ealing who had also been a patient at 58 Queen Charlotte Street on that particular day. His theory, expressed very forcibly, was that the deaths of Morley and of Amberiotis were only incidental, so to speak—that the intended victim was *you.*"

Alistair Blunt said, "Oh, come now—that's a bit farfetched."

"Is it, M. Blunt? Is it not true that at this moment there are various groups of people to whom it is vital that you should be—removed, shall we say? Shall be no longer capable of exerting your influence?"

Blunt said, "Oh, yes, that's true enough. But why mix up this business of Morley's death with that?"

Poirot said, "Because there is a certain—how shall I put it?—lavishness about the case. Expense is no object—human life is no object. Yes, there is a recklessness, a lavishness—that points to a *big* crime!"

"You don't think Morley shot himself because of a mistake?"

"I never thought so—not for a minute. No, Morley was murdered, Amberiotis was murdered, an unrecognizable woman was murdered— *Why?* For some big stake. Barnes' theory was that somebody had tried to bribe Morley or his partner to put you out of the way."

Alistair Blunt said sharply, "Nonsense!"

"Ah, but is it nonsense? Say one wishes to put someone out of the way. Yes, but that someone is forewarned, forearmed, difficult of access. To kill that person it is necessary to be able to approach him without awakening his suspicions—and where would a man be less suspicious than in a dentist's chair?"

"Well, that's true, I suppose. I never thought of it like that."

"It *is* true. And once I realized it I had my first vague glimmering of the truth."

"So you accepted Barnes' theory? Who is Barnes, by the way?"

"Barnes was Reilly's twelve-o'clock patient. He is retired from the home office and lives at Ealing. An insignificant little man. But you are wrong when you say I accepted his theory. I did not. I only accepted the *principle* of it."

"What do you mean?"

Hercule Poirot said, "All along, all the way through, I have been led astray—sometimes unwittingly, sometimes deliberately and for a purpose. All along it was presented to me, *forced* upon me, that this was what you might call a *public* crime. That is to say, that you, M. Blunt, were the focus of it all, in your *public* character. You, the banker, you the man behind the chancellor of the exchequer, you, the supporter of the present national government.

"But every public character has a *private* life also. That was my mistake, *I forgot the private life.* There existed *private* reasons for killing Morley—Frank Carter's, for instance.

"There could also exist private reasons for killing *you.* . . . You had relations who would inherit money when you died. You had people who loved and hated you—as a *man*—not as a public figure.

"AND so I came to the supreme instance of what I call 'the forced card.' The purported attack upon you by Frank Carter. If that attack was genuine—then it *was* a political crime. But was there any other explanation? *There could be.* There was a second man in the shrubbery. The man who rushed up and seized Carter. A man who could easily have fired that shot and then tossed the pistol to Carter's feet so that the latter would almost inevitably pick it up and be found with it in his hand. . . .

"I considered the problem of Howard Raikes. Raikes had been at Queen Charlotte Street that morning of Morley's death. Raikes was a bitter enemy of all that you stood for and were. Yes, but Raikes was something more. *Raikes was the man who might marry your niece,* and with you dead, your niece would inherit a very handsome income, even though you had prudently arranged that she could not touch the principal.

"Was the whole thing, after all, a *private* crime—a crime for *private* gain, for *private* satisfaction? Why had I thought it a *public* crime? *Because, not once, but many times, that idea had been suggested to me, had been forced upon me like a forced card.*

"It was then, when that idea occurred to me, that I had my first glimmering of the truth. I was in church at the time and singing a verse of a psalm. It spoke of a snare laid with cords.

"A snare? Laid for me? Yes, it could be. . . . But in that case *who* had laid it? *There was only one person who could have laid it.* . . . And that did not make sense—or *did* it? Had I been looking at the case *upside down?* Money

READ THIS ANNOUNCEMENT by Du Pont

BEFORE YOU BUY ANTI-FREEZE

The Du Pont Company presents its newest chemical achievement—"Zerex"—a non-evaporating ethylene glycol anti-freeze at $2.65 a gallon. "Zerex" is a companion product to "Zerone," largest-selling $1.00 anti-freeze. We believe that "Zerone" and "Zerex," products of Du Pont chemical skill, have no superiors in their respective fields.

DU PONT INTRODUCES "ZEREX" NON-EVAPORATING ANTI-FREEZE

Out of the same laboratories that developed that sensational new material, nylon, comes another chemical triumph—"Zerex," made to a new and exclusive Du Pont formula.

Special ingredients make "Zerex" different from all other premium anti-freeze brands. It protects metals in the cooling system against rust and corrosion. It is an *anti-acid* that prevents formation of chemicals that attack aluminum cylinder heads, rubber hose and pump packings. Gives improved cooling and engine efficiency—more heat from the car heater. It won't boil out. One filling does the job all winter long. Not just an anti-freeze, "Zerex" is a winter radiator conditioner. $2.65 a gallon, 70¢ a quart.

MORE "ZERONE" IS SOLD THAN ANY OTHER ANTI-FREEZE

Introduced only seven years ago, more "Zerone" anti-freeze is purchased today than any other brand! "Zerone" is so effective it could protect even at 215° below zero! Surprisingly little is needed. A car with a 15-quart radiator capacity (the average size) can often get all-winter protection for as little as $1.50 to $2.00.

"Zerone" is stable. Replacements are small. All you need is an occasional check-up. A solution of "Zerone" and water passes off engine heat better than water alone. That means improved engine performance. "Zerone" contains a rust inhibitor that keeps clean cooling systems free of rust and corrosion. For an efficient low-price anti-freeze, buy "Zerone." Only $1.00 a gallon, 25¢ a quart.

ZEREX
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freeze
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ZERONE
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So Young
WITH A TROUBLE
SO OLD!

Upset stomach is an ancient trouble . . . often the penalty of the age-old habit of over-eating. When your stomach is sour, sickish, or upset, don't aggravate the condition with overdoses of drastic physics or purges. Take soothing Pepto-Bismol instead.

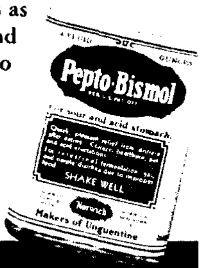
Pepto-Bismol is of great help when the stomach is upset by overindulgence, change of diet, or improperly prepared or selected food . . . when relief is desired from the distress of gas pains, nervous indigestion or simple diarrhea.

Pepto-Bismol has no laxative action and is not antacid. It helps soothe the irritated intestinal walls as well as the stomach, and is decidedly pleasant to the taste.

50¢ at all druggists.

Norwich*

*Makers of *Unguentine*



*PEPTO-BISMOL
FOR UpSET STOMACH

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

no object? Exactly! Reckless disregard of human life? Yes, again. For the *stakes for which* the guilty person was playing were *enormous.*

"But if this new, strange idea of mine was right, it must explain *everything.* It must explain, for instance, the mystery of the dual nature of Miss Sainsbury Seale. It must solve the riddle of the buckled shoe. And it must answer the question: *Where is Miss Sainsbury Seale now?*

"*Eh bien*—it did all that and more. It showed me that Miss Sainsbury Seale was the beginning and middle and end of the case. No wonder it had seemed to me that there were two Mabelle Sainsbury Seales. There *were* two Mabelle Sainsbury Seales. There was the good, stupid, amiable woman who was vouched for so confidently by her friends. And there was the other—the woman who was mixed up with two murders and who told lies and who vanished mysteriously.

"Remember, the porter at King Leopold Mansions said that Miss Sainsbury Seale had been there once before. . . .

"IN MY reconstruction of the case, that first time was the only time. She never left King Leopold Mansions. *The other Miss Sainsbury Seale took her place.* That other Mabelle Sainsbury Seale, dressed in clothes of the same type and wearing a new pair of shoes with buckles because the others were two large for her, went to the Russell Square Hotel at a busy time of day, packed up the dead woman's clothes, paid the bill and left. She went to the Glengowrie Court Hotel. None of the real Miss Sainsbury Seale's friends saw her after that time, remember. She played the part of Mabelle Sainsbury Seale there for over a week. She wore Mabelle Sainsbury Seale's clothes, she talked in Mabelle Sainsbury Seale's voice. And then—she vanished, her last appearance being when she was seen reentering King Leopold Mansions on the evening of the day Morley was killed."

"Are you trying to say," demanded Alistair Blunt, "that it *was* Mabelle Sainsbury Seale's dead body in that flat, after all?"

"Of course it was! It was a very clever double bluff—the smashed face was *meant* to raise a question of the woman's identity!"

"But the dental evidence?"

"Ah! Now we come to it. It was not the *dentist himself* who gave evidence. Morley was dead. He couldn't give evidence as to his own work. *He* would have known who the dead woman was. It was the *charts* that were put in as evidence—and the charts were faked. Both women were his patients, remember. All that had to be done was to relabel the charts, exchanging the names."

Hercule Poirot added: "And now you see what I mean when you asked me if the woman was dead and I replied 'That depends.' For when you say 'Miss Sainsbury Seale'—*which woman do you mean?*—the woman who disappeared from the Glengowrie Court Hotel or the real Mabelle Sainsbury Seale?"

Alistair Blunt said, "I know, M. Poirot, that you have a great reputation. Therefore I accept that you must have some grounds for this extraordinary assumption—for it is an assumption, nothing more. But all I can see is the fantastic improbability of the whole thing. You are saying, are you not, that Mabelle Sainsbury Seale was deliberately murdered and that Morley was also murdered to prevent his identifying her dead body. But *why?*"

"Why? Yes, that is the question. *Why?* Well, I will tell you what I think."

"Yes?"

Hercule Poirot leaned forward. He said, "It is my belief that Mabelle Sainsbury Seale was murdered because she happened to have too good a memory for faces."

"What do you mean?"

Hercule Poirot said, "We have separated the dual personality. There is the harmless lady from India, and there is the clever actress playing the part of the harmless lady from India. But there is one incident that falls between the two roles. Which Miss Sainsbury Seale was it who spoke to you on the doorstep of Mr. Morley's house? She claimed, you will remember, to be 'a great friend of your wife's.' Now that claim was adjudged by her friends and by the light of ordinary probability to be untrue. So we can say: 'That was a lie. The real Miss Sainsbury Seale does not tell lies.' So it was a lie uttered by the impostor for a purpose of her own."

Alistair Blunt nodded.

"Yes, *that* reasoning is quite clear. Though I still don't know what the purpose was."

Poirot said, "Ah, pardon—but let us first look at it the other way 'round. It was the *real* Miss Sainsbury Seale. She does *not* tell lies. *So the story must be true.*"

"I suppose you *can* look at it that way—but it seems very unlikely—"

"Of course it is unlikely! But taking that second hypothesis as fact—the story is *true.* Therefore, Miss Sainsbury Seale *did* know your wife. She knew her *well.* Therefore—*your wife must have been the type of person Miss Sainsbury Seale would have known well.* Someone in her own station of life. An Anglo-Indian—a missionary—or, to go back farther still—an actress—Therefore—*not* Rebecca Arnholt!

"Now, M. Blunt, do you see what I meant when I talked of a private and a public life? You are the great banker. But you are also a man who married a rich wife. And before you married her you were only a junior partner in the firm—not very long down from Oxford.

"You comprehend—I began to look at the case the *right way up.* Expense no object? Naturally not—to you. Reckless of human life—that, too, since *for a long time you have been virtually* a dictator, and to a dictator his own life becomes unduly important and those of others unimportant."

Alistair Blunt said, "What are you suggesting, M. Poirot?"

Poirot said quietly, "I am suggesting, M. Blunt, that when you married Rebecca Arnholt, *you were married already.* That, dazzled by the vista, not so much of wealth as of power, you suppressed that fact and deliberately committed bigamy. That your real wife acquiesced in the situation."

"AND who was this real wife?"

"Mrs. Albert Chapman was the name she went under at King Leopold Mansions—a handy spot, not five minutes' walk from your house on the Chelsea Embankment. You borrowed the name of a real secret agent, realizing that it would give support to her hints of a husband engaged in intelligence work. Your scheme succeeded perfectly. No suspicion was ever aroused.

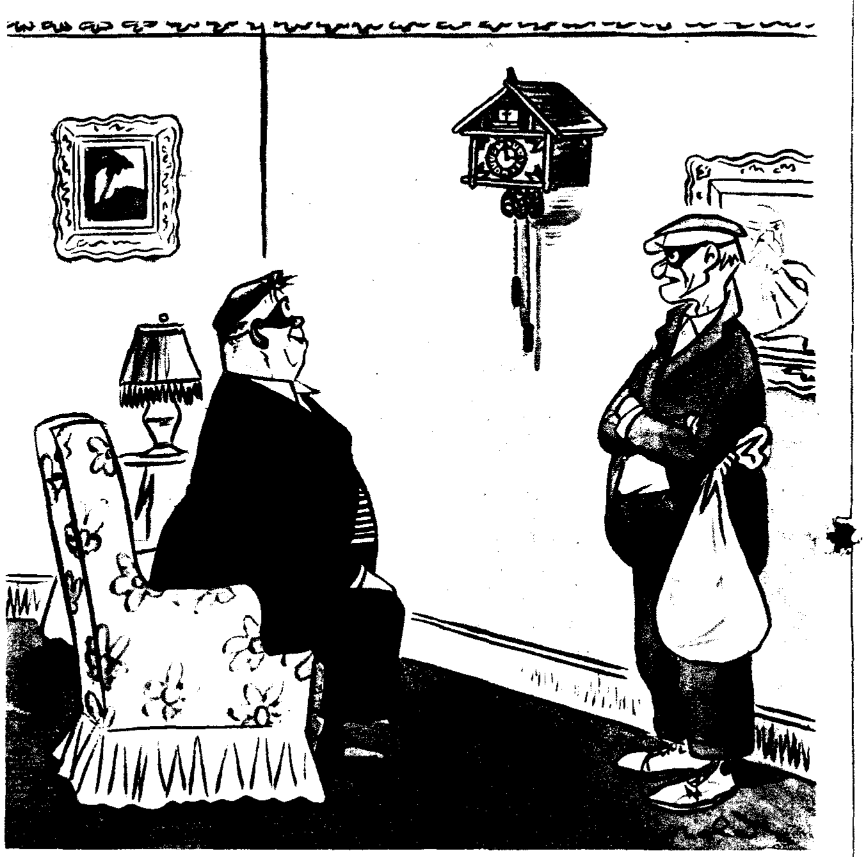
"Nevertheless, the fact remained, *you have never been legally married to Rebecca Arnholt* and you were guilty of bigamy.

"You never dreamed of danger after so many years. It came out of the blue—in the form of a tiresome woman who remembered you after nearly twenty years, as her friend's husband. Chance brought her back to this country, chance let her meet you in Queen Charlotte Street—it was chance that your niece was with you and heard what she said to you. Otherwise I might never have guessed."

"I told you about that myself, my dear Poirot."

"No, it was your niece who insisted on telling me and you could not very well protest too violently in case it might arouse suspicions. And after that meeting, one more evil chance (from your point of view) occurred. Mabelle Sainsbury Seale met Amberiotis, went to lunch with him and babbled to him of this meeting with a friend's husband—'after all these years!—looked older, of course, but had hardly changed!'

"That, I admit, is pure guesswork on my part but I believe it is what happened. I do not think that Mabelle Sainsbury Seale realized for a moment that the M. Blunt her friend had married was the shadowy figure behind the



"Remember, just once more! We got to get out of here"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"These days more people than ever before choose Wine"

report hosts and hostesses all over America

Men and women are finding they prefer to be moderate when they relax and enjoy themselves

AUTHORITIES on entertaining, famous career women, popular hostesses throughout America agree on it.

This from a young matron at Richmond, Virginia: "I've discovered more and more people like a chance to choose a moderate beverage like wine."

This from an Arizona mother, a leader in local welfare circles: "Every time I entertain it seems that more of my guests choose wine." This from a Chicago expert on homemaking: "It particularly compliments my guests nowadays when I serve wine at dinner."

Mind you, many folks believe wine has won its new popularity *because* it is a moderate drink. You discover you don't want to bolt down a glass of wine. You find yourself lingering over it like a connoisseur, sensing its satisfying bouquet and flavor.

Isn't it a good idea to follow the lead of so many successful hosts and hostesses? When you do, you'll find wine offers a simpler, more gracious way to be hospitable. You'll be surprised, too, how *inexpensive* wine is.

Among the many well-known people who report that increasing numbers of their guests prefer wine are:

Mr. Boake Carter
Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy
Mrs. Basil Rathbone
Mr. Grantland Rice
Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett
Margaret Bourke-White
Mrs. Ogden Nash

Authority on entertaining and etiquette, well known author and lecturer, *Mrs. Helen Sprackling of New York* writes: "In more and more homes I notice that wine is a favorite beverage nowadays. So many hostesses bring on a good red Claret with dinner, for instance, or serve a sweet Muscatel or Port at afternoon or evening affairs. I find this custom adds immeasurably to the charm of entertaining."

Mrs. W. S. Carr of Montpelier, Vermont likes to have friends in for dinner. "I usually serve a simple meal," says Mrs. Carr, "and then with my main course I bring to table a good wine — ruby Burgundy with steak or roast beef, or mild Chablis with chicken. I notice that most of our friends nowadays prefer to have the drink served *with* the meal."

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA:

In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. You will find them true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

THE *A-B-C* OF SERVING WINE

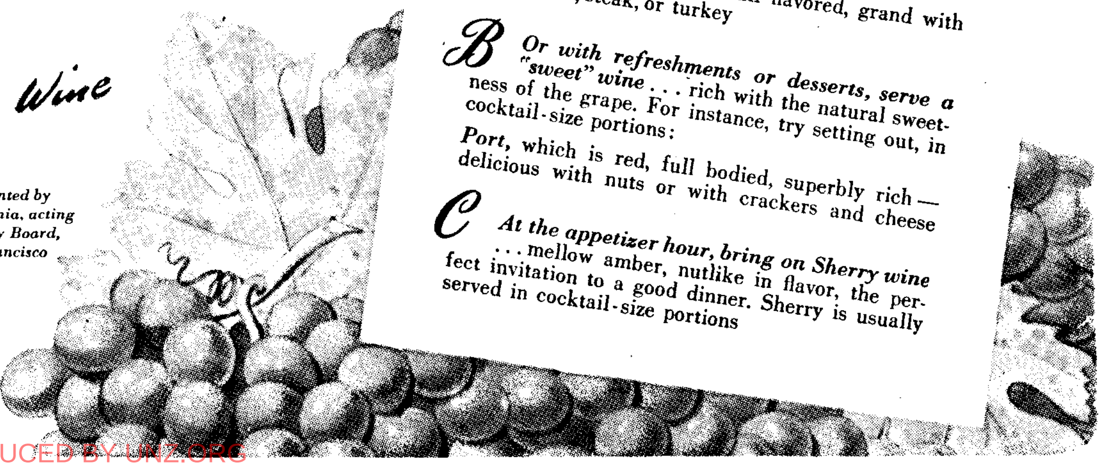
A ***With meals, serve a "table" wine,*** red or white as you prefer. Table wines are made "dry" (not sweet) especially to complement main-course dishes. With your dinner, in portions about half the size of a water glass, try:

Burgundy, which is red, full flavored, grand with roast beef, steak, or turkey

B ***Or with refreshments or desserts, serve a "sweet" wine*** . . . rich with the natural sweetness of the grape. For instance, try setting out, in cocktail-size portions:

Port, which is red, full bodied, superbly rich — delicious with nuts or with crackers and cheese

C ***At the appetizer hour, bring on Sherry wine*** . . . mellow amber, nutlike in flavor, the perfect invitation to a good dinner. Sherry is usually served in cocktail-size portions



This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco

"I Live in a Great Big Way!"

Says

KATE SMITH

"... and so I gotta have room to—well—sort of relax in. The reason I like Pullman is that it's so spacious. So really comfortable. It makes it possible to take it easy in the day and sleep at night. And the service you get on Pullman is so friendly. It's fun to go places by Pullman. *But I guess pretty near everybody knows that.*"

"HELLO, EVERYBODY!" This cheerful radio greeting is listened for eagerly by millions every week! Kate Smith's name is undeniably one of the best loved on the radio. In addition to her famous evening program, she conducts a series of daytime commentaries.

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A Lower on the Average Overnight Trip Costs a Mere $2.65*!

TO TRAVEL COMFORTABLY, go by Pullman. It gets you there quickly, comfortably, safely. And all those things are important when you go traveling.

You see, Pullman gives you plenty of room by day. It gives you a real bed to sleep in at night. And the service you get on a Pullman train makes your trip pleasurable.

You have ample room for your personal luggage, aside from the 150 pounds you can check free in the baggage car. Your shoes are shined while you sleep at night. There are clothes hangers in berth or room. And don't forget you can go to bed when you want to and turn out your light when you like; you'll be called in the morning.

You have access to the lounge or observation car carried by principal Pullman trains!

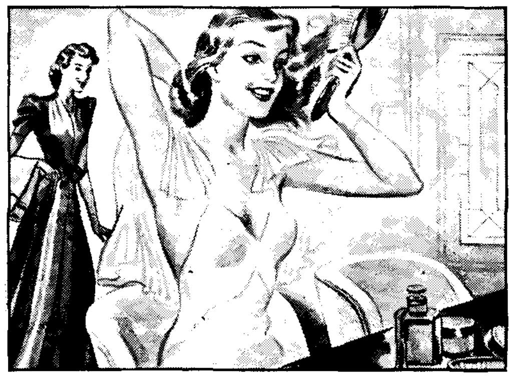
*Yet... a lower berth on Pullman costs only $2.65 for an average overnight trip (plus your first class rail fare). For a trifle more you can have exclusive use of the whole Section, with full use of both seats by day and the extra space normally made into an upper berth by night!

So why travel uncomfortably when you can go practically anywhere this way that gives you so much for so little?

Pullman's service is available over certain lines in Canada and Mexico, too! Why not see these friendly and colorful "foreign lands"?

Low Bargain Rate to See America

You can now see America at a bargain rate! Ask your railroad ticket agent, or any travel bureau, about Pullman (1st class) Grand Circle Plan. Permits a coast-to-coast round trip by many combinations of routes at an amazing low price! Tickets sold up to Oct. 31 (good for two months). Take advantage of this travel bargain!



ON PULLMAN YOU GET plenty of hot water, clean towels, pleasant surroundings. Ample mirror space and light add to your satisfaction. Pullman's comfort is a big attraction to women travelers.

A COMFORTABLE TRIP—with a relaxing night of sleep in a thoroughly air-conditioned car—gets you there looking, feeling your gay best! *Pullman travel does not "frazzle" your nerves and appearance.*

Go Pullman

finance of this country. The name, after all, is not an uncommon one. But Amberiotis, remember, in addition to his espionage activities, was a blackmailer. Blackmailers have an uncanny nose for a secret. Amberiotis wondered. Easy to find out just who the M. Blunt was. And then, I have no doubt, he wrote to you or telephoned. . . . Oh! yes—a gold mine for Amberiotis."

Poirot paused. He went on: "There is only one effectual method of dealing with a really efficient and experienced blackmailer. Silence him.

"It was not a case, as I had had erroneously suggested to me, of 'Blunt must go.' It was, on the contrary, 'Amberiotis must go.' But the answer was the same! The easiest way to get at a man is when he is off his guard, and when is a man more off his guard than in the dentist's chair?"

POIROT paused again. A faint smile came to his lips. He said, "The truth about the case was mentioned very early. The page boy, Alfred, was reading a crime story called Death at Eleven-Forty-Five. We should have taken that as an omen. For, of course, that is just about the time when Morley was killed. You shot him just as you were leaving. Then you pressed his buzzer, turned on the taps of the washbasin and left the room. You timed it so that you came down the stairs just as Alfred was taking the false Mabelle Sainsbury Seale to the lift. You actually opened the front door, perhaps you passed out, but as the lift doors shut and the lift went up you slipped inside again and went up the stairs.

"I know, from my own visits, just what Alfred did when he took up a patient. He knocked on the door, opened it and stood back to let the patient pass in. *Inside the water was running*—inference, Morley was washing his hands as usual. But Alfred couldn't actually *see* him.

"As soon as Alfred had gone down again in the lift, you slipped along into the surgery. Together you and your accomplice lifted the body and carried it into the adjoining office. Then a quick hunt through the files and the charts of Mrs. Chapman and Miss Sainsbury Seale were cleverly falsified. You put on a white linen coat, perhaps your wife applied a trace of make-up. But nothing much was needed. It was Amberiotis' first visit to Morley. He had never met you. And your photograph seldom appears in the papers. Besides, why should he have suspicions? A blackmailer does not fear his dentist.

"'Miss Sainsbury Seale' goes down and Alfred shows her out. The buzzer goes and Amberiotis is taken up. He finds the dentist washing his hands behind the door in approved fashion. He is conducted to the chair. He indicates the painful tooth. You talk the accustomed patter. You explain it will be best to freeze the gum. The procaine and adrenalin are there. You inject a big enough dose to kill. And incidentally, he will not feel any lack of skill in your dentistry!

"Completely unsuspicious, Amberiotis leaves. You bring out Morley's body and arrange it on the floor, dragging it slightly on the carpet now that you have to manage it singlehanded. You wipe the pistol and put it in his hand—wipe the door handle so that your prints shall not be the last. The instruments you used have all been passed into the sterilizer. You leave the room, go down the stairs and slip out of the front door at a suitable moment. That is your only moment of danger.

"It should all have passed off so well! Two people who threatened your safety—both dead. A third person also dead—but that, from your point of view, was unavoidable. And all so easily explained. Morley's suicide explained by the mistake he had made over Amberiotis.

"The two deaths cancel out. One of these regrettable accidents.

"But alas for you, *I* am on the scene. *I* have doubts. *I* make objections. All is not going as easily as you hoped. So there must be a second line of defenses. There must be, if necessary, a scapegoat. You have already informed yourself minutely of Morley's household. There is this man, Frank Carter—he will do. So your accomplice arranges that he shall be engaged in a mysterious fashion as gardener. If, later, he tells such a ridiculous story no one will believe it. In due course, the body in the fur chest will come to light. At first it will be thought to be that of Miss Sainsbury Seale, then the dental evidence will be taken. Big sensation!

"It may seem a needless complication, but it was *necessary*. You do not want the police force of England to be looking for a missing Mrs. Albert Chapman. No, let Mrs. Chapman be dead—and let it be Mabelle Sainsbury Seale for whom the police look. Since they can never find her. Besides, through your influence, you can arrange to have the case dropped.

"You did do that, but since it was *necessary that you should know* just what *I* was doing, you sent for me and urged me to find the missing woman for you. And you continued, steadily, to 'force a card' upon me. Your accomplice rang me up with a melodramatic warning—the same idea—espionage—the *public* aspect. She is a clever actress, this wife of yours, but to disguise one's voice the natural tendency is to imitate another voice. Your wife imitated the intonation of Mrs. Olivera. That puzzled me, I may say, a good deal.

"THEN I was taken down to Exsham—the final performance was staged. How easy to arrange a loaded pistol among laurels so that a man, clipping them, shall unwittingly cause it to go off. The pistol falls at his feet. Startled, he picks it up. What more do you want? He is caught red-handed—with a ridiculous story and with a pistol that is a twin to the one with which Morley was shot.

"And all a snare for the feet of Hercule Poirot."

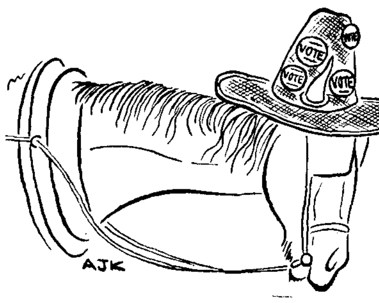
Alistair Blunt stirred a little in his chair. His face was grave and a little sad. He said:

"Don't misunderstand me, M. Poirot. How much do you guess? And how much do you actually *know?*"

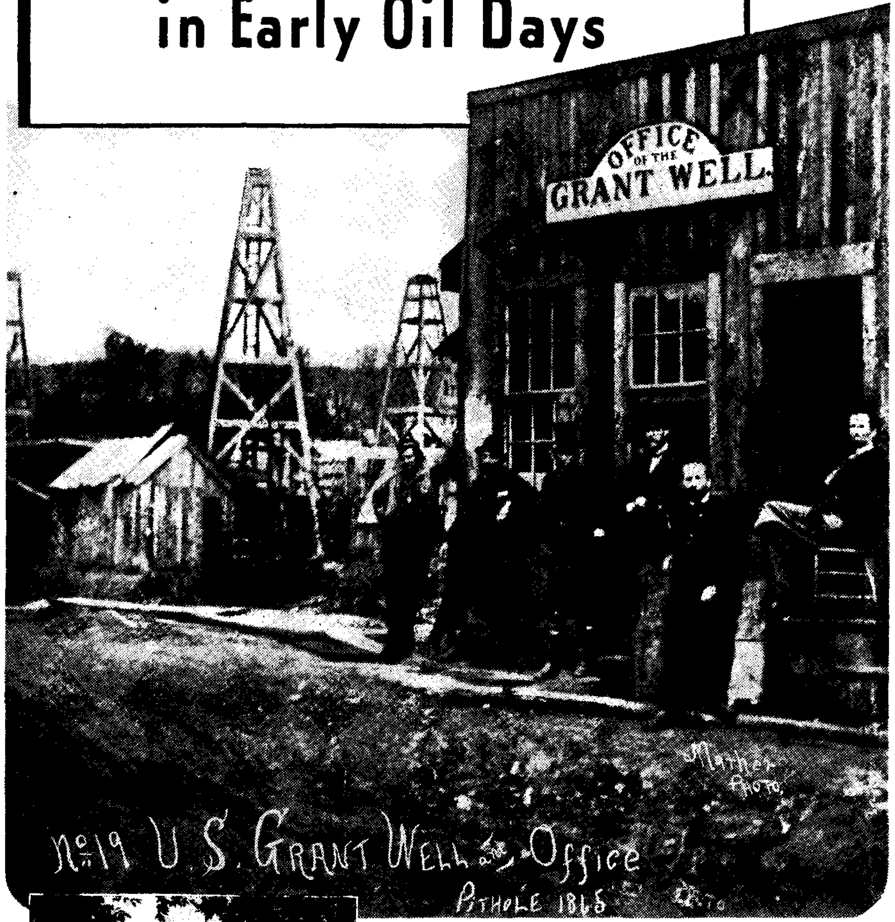
Poirot said, "I have a certificate of the marriage—at a registry office near Oxford—of Martin Alistair Blunt and Gerda Grant. Frank Carter saw two men leave Morley's surgery just after twenty-five past twelve. The first was a fat man—Amberiotis. The second was, of course, you. Frank Carter did not recognize you. He only saw you from above."

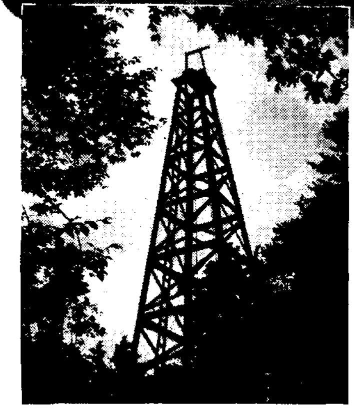
"How fair of you to mention that!"

"He went into the surgery and found Morley's body. The hands were cold and there was dried blood around the wound. That meant that Morley had been dead some time. Therefore, the dentist who attended to Amberiotis



PITHOLE... DIZZY CITY in Early Oil Days





Grant Well, at Pithole, a short-lived center of pandemonium in the Pennsylvania oil region. Fortunes flared up like rockets, and dropped like rockets' sticks. Named for General Grant, this well brought 200 barrels its first day. Next day it spouted 1,200 barrels. Like Pithole itself, the Grant Well quickly faded out, but good old Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil has never faded since the day of its "discovery" in 1859. Sheerly on quality, it has held first place in the favor of motorists everywhere.

Stately sentinel in the hills . . . a picturesque derrick marking one of the thousands of small wells in the Pennsylvania oil region which chug steadily along, producing the crude to make Pennsylvania Motor Oils . . . so you can get better service from your car.

From coast to coast, motorists were asked "What's the best oil for your car?" 82% said "Pennsylvania!" It's the nation's favorite... and rightly so.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA
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Says Davy Kerr, veteran production superintendent: "Boy, take a look at that!" He peers and sniffs appreciatively, as he watches a steady stream of precious Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil pumped from a newly-drilled well near Oil City, Pennsylvania.

UP in my plane, or DOWN in my car...
MY VOTE GOES TO
PENNSYLVANIA MOTOR OIL!

MEMBER OF PENNSYLVANIA GRADE
Guaranteed
100% PURE
PENNSYLVANIA
OIL
CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
PERMIT NUMBER
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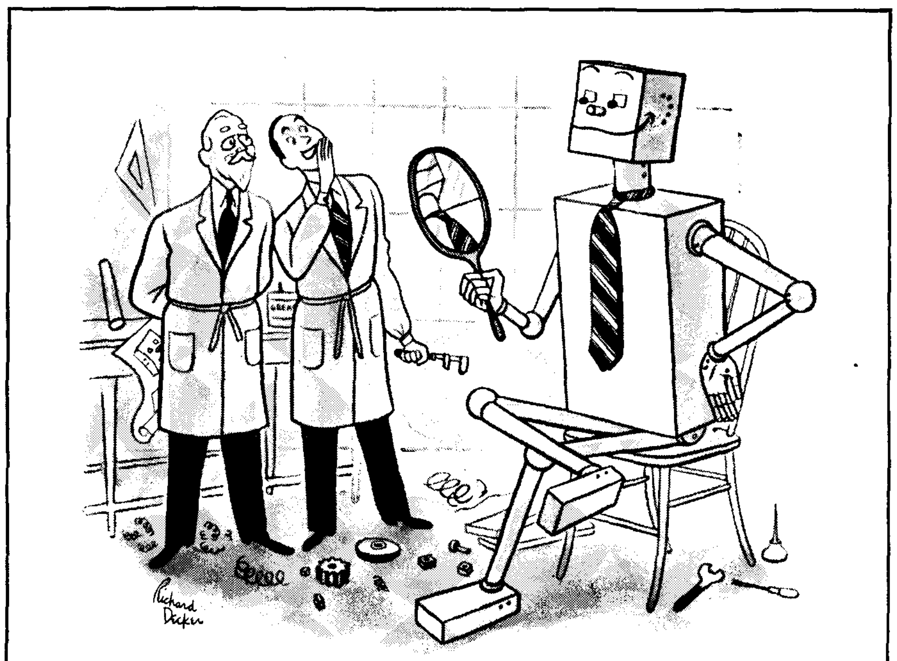

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could not have been Morley and must have been Morley's murderer."

"Anything else?"

"Yes. Helen Montressor was arrested *this afternoon.*"

Alistair Blunt gave one sharp movement. Then he sat very still. He said, "That—rather complicates matters."

Hercule Poirot said, "Yes. The real Helen Montressor, your distant cousin, died in Canada seven years ago. You suppressed that fact, and took advantage of it."

A smile came to Alistair Blunt's lips. He spoke naturally and with a kind of boyish enjoyment:

"Gerda got a kick out of it all, you know. I'd like to make you understand. You're such a clever fellow. I married her without letting my people know. She was acting in repertory at the time. My people were the strait-laced kind, and I was going into the firm. We agreed to keep it dark. She went on acting. Mabelle Sainsbury Seale was in the company too. She knew about us. Then she went abroad with a touring company. Gerda heard from her once or twice from India. Then she stopped writing. Mabelle got mixed up with some Hindu. She was always a stupid, credulous girl.

"I wish I could make you understand about my meeting with Rebecca and my marriage. Gerda understood. The only way I can put it is that it was like royalty. I had the chance of marrying a queen and playing the part of prince consort or even king. I looked on my marriage to Gerda as morganatic. I loved her. I didn't *want* to get rid of her. And the whole thing worked splendidly. I liked Rebecca immensely. She was a woman with a first-class financial brain and mine was just as good. We were good at teamwork. It was supremely exciting. She was an excellent companion and I think I made her happy. I was genuinely sorry when she died.

"The queer thing was that Gerda and I grew to enjoy the secret thrill of our meetings. We had all sorts of ingenious devices. She was an actress by nature. She had a repertoire of seven or eight characters—Mrs. Albert Chapman was only one of them. She was an American widow in Paris. I met her there when I went over on business. And she used to go to Norway with painting things as an artist. I went there for the fishing. And then, later, I passed her off as my cousin, Helen Montressor.

"IT WAS great fun for us both, and it kept romance alive, I suppose. We could have married officially after Rebecca died—but we didn't want to. Gerda would have found it hard to live my official life and, of course, something from the past *might* have been raked up, but I think the real reason we went on more or less the same was that we *enjoyed* the secrecy of it. We should have found open domesticity dull."

Blunt paused. He said, and his voice changed and hardened:

"And then that damned fool of a woman messed up everything. Recognizing me—after all those years! And she told Amberiotis. You see—you *must* see—that something had to be done! It wasn't only myself—not only the selfish point of view. If I was ruined and disgraced—the country, *my* country was hit as well. For I've done something for England, M. Poirot. I've held it firm and kept it solvent. It's free from dictators—from Fascism and from Communism. I don't really care for money as money. I do like power—I like to rule—but I don't want to tyrannize. We *are* democratic in England—truly democratic. We can grumble and say what we think and laugh at our politicians. We're *free.*

"I care for all that—it's been my lifework. And now there's the war, we must guard against inflation. If *I* went—well, you know what would probably happen. I'm *needed,* M. Poirot. And a damned double-crossing, blackmailing rogue of a Greek was going to destroy my lifework. Something *had* to be done. Gerda saw it, too. We were sorry about the Sainsbury Seale woman—but it was no good. We had to silence her. She couldn't be trusted to hold her tongue.

"Gerda went to see her, asked her to tea, told her to ask for Mrs. Chapman, said she was staying in Mr. Chapman's flat. Mabelle Sainsbury Seale came, quite unsuspecting. She never knew anything—the medinal was in the tea—it's quite painless. You just sleep and don't wake up. The face business was done afterward—rather sickening, but we felt it was necessary. Mrs. Chapman was to exit for good. I had given my 'cousin' Helen a cottage to live in. We decided that after a while we would get married. But first we had to get Amberiotis out of the way.

"It worked beautifully. He hadn't a suspicion that I wasn't a real dentist. I did my stuff with the hand-picks rather well. I didn't risk the drill. Of course, after the injection he couldn't feel what I was doing. Probably just as well!"

POIROT asked, "The pistols?"

"Actually they belonged to a secretary I once had in America. He bought them abroad somewhere. When he left he forgot to take them."

There was a pause. Then Alistair Blunt said, "I've killed three people. So presumably I *ought* to be hanged. But you've heard my defense."

"Which is—exactly?"

"That I believe with all my heart and soul that I am necessary to the ultimate success and prosperity of this country. We are at war. War depends largely on money and the management of money. You need, above all else, sound financial foundations. That's my job—and no one else can do it. It's in your hands, Poirot. It's up to you. You can, if you like, retire from the case. I can deal with Gerda's arrest—mistaken identity—I've got a lot of pull, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, what about it?"

Poirot said slowly, "You are the right man in the right place at a moment that is full of peril. That is one side of the picture. But there is the other side. Three human beings who are dead . . ."

"Yes, but think of them! Mabelle Sainsbury Seale—you said yourself—a woman with the brains of a hen! Amberiotis—a crook and a blackmailer!"

"And Morley?"

"I've told you before. I'm sorry about Morley. But after all—he was a decent fellow and a good dentist—but there *are* other dentists."

"Yes," said Poirot, "there are other dentists. And Frank Carter? You would have let him die, too, without regret?"

Blunt said, "I don't waste any pity on *him.* He's no good. An utter rotter."

Poirot said: "But a human being . . ."

"Oh, well, we're all human beings. . . ."

"Yes, we are all human beings. That is what you have not remembered. You have said that Mabelle Sainsbury Seale was a foolish human being and Amberiotis an evil one, and Frank Carter a wastrel—and Morley—Morley was only a dentist and there are other dentists. That is where you and I, M. Blunt, do not see alike. For to me the lives of those four people are just as important as your life."

"You're wrong."

"No, I am not wrong. You are a man of great natural honesty and rectitude. Years ago you took one step aside—and outwardly it has not affected you. Publicly you have continued the same—upright, trustworthy, honest. But within you the love of power grew to overwhelming heights. So you sacrificed four human lives and thought them of no account."

"Don't you realize, Poirot, that the safety and happiness of the whole nation depends on me—perhaps the whole future of democracy?"

Hercule Poirot said, "*What is it England is fighting for?* You are fighting against that spirit that says it is justifiable to murder, to torture, to persecute—if thereby the nation is benefited. And that is your argument too. That individuals do not matter! But *we* say, we who believe in democracy and freedom, that individuals *do* matter, that their lives should *not* be taken from them, that the life of every man, woman and child is as important as the life of the whole nation."

He got up.

"You may be a great financier, Monsieur, and an honest patriot but you are a murderer. And I mean to see you hang for it!"

He went to the door and opened it. There were men waiting outside. . . .

Hercule Poirot went down to where a girl was waiting.

Jane Olivera, her face white and strained, stood against the mantelpiece. Beside her was Howard Raikes.

She said, "Well?"

POIROT said gently, "It is all over. M. Alistair Blunt has been arrested for murder."

Raikes said, "I thought he'd buy you off. . . ."

Jane said, "No. *I* never thought that. But I thought he might persuade you—"

Poirot said, "I am not easily persuaded. I am a Belgian and a *bourgeois*—" (He looked at Raikes.) "I have my principles."

He laid his hand on Howard Raikes' shoulder.

"You have joined this International Brigade that goes to the north to fight?"

"I have."

Poirot glanced at Jane.

"And before you go—"

Jane said, "Before he goes we are going to be married."

Poirot said gently, "God bless you, my children. You are young. The world is yours. The New Heaven and the New Earth. In your brave new world, my children, let there be freedom and let there be pity. . . . That is all I ask. . . ."

HERCULE POIROT walked home along the deserted streets.

An unobtrusive figure joined him.

"Well?" said Mr. Barnes.

Hercule Poirot shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands.

Barnes said, "What line did he take?"

"He admitted everything and pleaded justification. He said that his country needed him."

"So it does," said Mr. Barnes.

He added after a minute or two: "Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, then—"

"We may be wrong," said Hercule Poirot.

"I never thought of that," said Mr. Barnes. "So we may."

They walked on for a little way, then Barnes asked curiously:

"What are you thinking about?"

Hercule Poirot quoted:

"*Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, He hath also rejected thee from being King.*"

"Hm—I see—" said Mr. Barnes. "Saul—after the Amalekites. Yes, you could think of it that way."

They walked on a little farther, then Barnes said:

"I take the tube here. Good night, Poirot." He paused, then said awkwardly: "You know—there's something I'd like to tell you."

"Yes, *mon ami?*"

"Feel I owe it to you. Led you astray unintentionally. Fact of the matter is, Albert Chapman, Q.X.912."

"Yes?"

"I'm Albert Chapman. That's partly why I was so interested. I knew, you see, that I'd never had a wife."

He hurried away, chuckling.

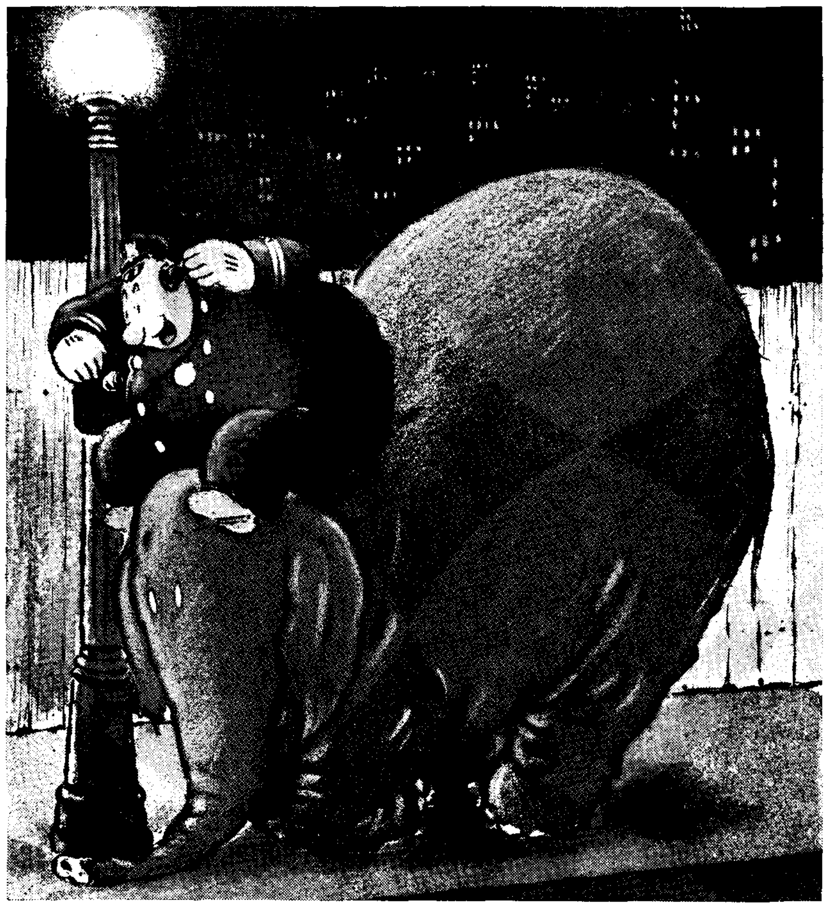
Poirot stood stock-still. Then his eyes opened, his eyebrows rose.

He said to himself:

"He did that to *me—Hercule Poirot!*"

And went home.

THE END



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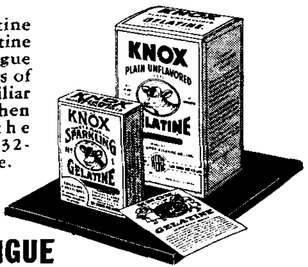

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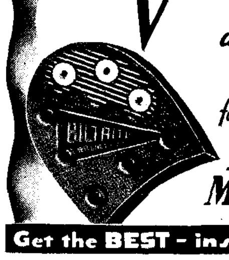

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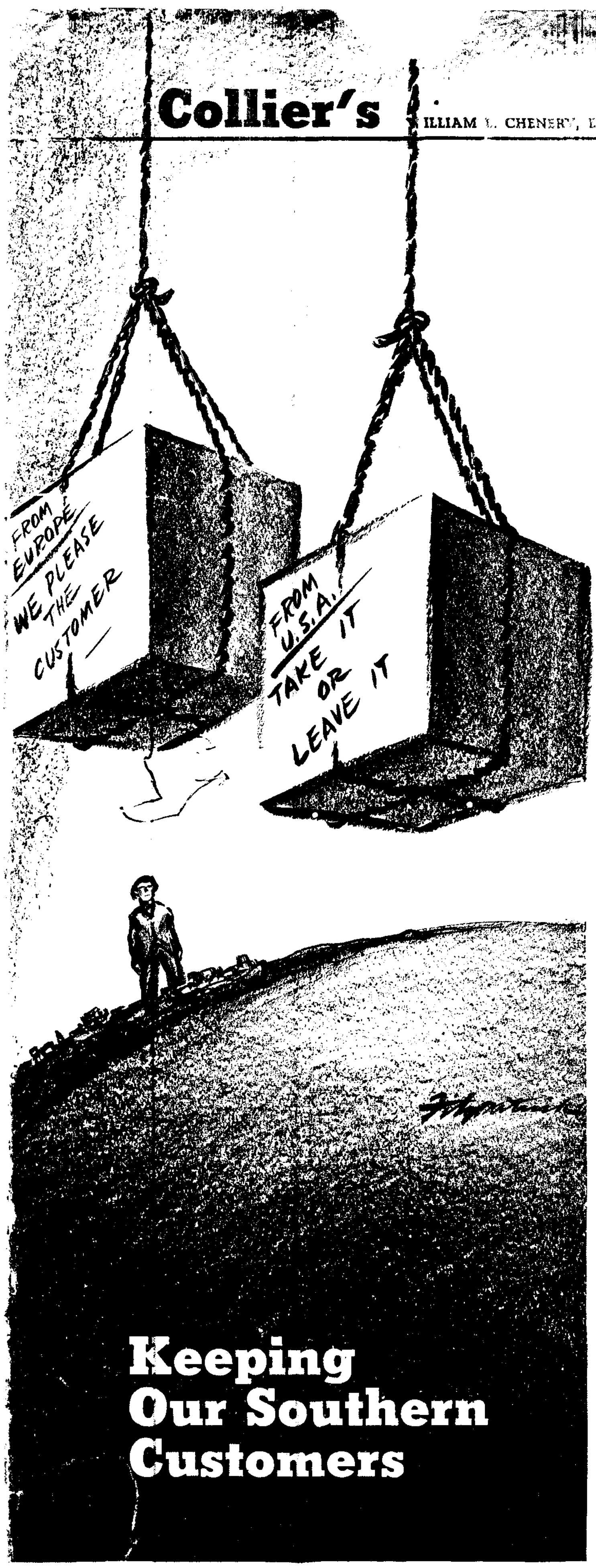

Keeping Our Southern Customers

HOW to hang onto most or all of the increased South American trade that the European war threw to the United States? That is one of the big problems facing United States business—which we hope is doing some thinking about said problem, even in these tumultuous days of world-shaking events abroad.

From private advices that we consider reliable, we hear that the problem of getting and keeping South American business good will is still pretty much what it has always been. Though there are Nazi agitators all over South America, the danger that they will bulldoze any appreciable business away from United States firms seems to have been far overestimated.

The real threat to our postwar South American business appears to be a three-ply threat, of which two of the plies are old-timers, while the third is comparatively new:

> The old-timers are these:
>
> 1. European business houses, especially German ones, have long been anxious to please South American customers in such matters as attractive prices, stretching a point or two or three when it comes to arranging credits, and packaging and delivering goods as the customer wants them packaged and delivered.
> 2. United States business houses generally, with some smart exceptions, have been just the opposite. U. S. business practice as a rule has been to put the price up and keep it there, to demand big down payments and cut the credit terms short, and to act in various ways as if South American customers ought to be humbly grateful to do business with United States firms at all.

If our boys doing business in South America can bring themselves to drop these trade practices overboard, the word is that postwar United States business in South America will have a fighting chance of holding the ground gained during the war. If not, not.

It looks like a call for some old-time American go-getterism, chiefly. The go-getters on this business battlefield, however, should be gentlemen who can speak Spanish and/or Portuguese and adjust themselves to the suave and easy way in which many South Americans like to perform a business deal.

Also, some judicious investment of United States money in productive South American enterprises would seem to be in order—in railroads, for example, and in steel mills and certain kinds of factories. General aim of this type of investment would be to help the forward-looking South American minority to raise the living standards and increase the wants of the South American masses.

It's hard to see how the United States Government can do any of this kind of work, except perhaps advance some money in proper cases. That nobody has much confidence in the government's ability to help directly is indicated by the dull thud with which the Western Hemisphere cartel proposal flopped in both North and South American business circles.

It looks like a job for private enterprise—and, inasmuch as South America is the largest, richest area now lying comparatively uncultivated in the world, a highly stimulating and potentially profitable job.

The government could help, though, by dropping its namby-pamby, one-way good neighborliness toward such things as the Mexican oil grab of a couple of years ago. By standing for this piece of Bolshevik banditry, our State Department (1) set other possible bandit politicos all over Latin America dreaming of some day grabbing United States holdings in their countries, and (2) made a lot of United States money extremely wary of going into Latin America because it couldn't be reasonably sure of ever coming out again.

This is the third and new element in the problem of getting, keeping and increasing South American business good will. We'd suggest that the government do its part toward meeting this problem. If it will, we have a hunch that most private business concerns will be willing to play ball.

FROM GENEVA TO PRINCETON

REMOVAL of most of what is left of the League of Nations from Geneva, Switzerland, to Princeton, N. J., is as fitting as anything we know of.

Woodrow Wilson was president of Princeton before he was President of the United States. Wilson dreamed the League of Nations. For all the disasters that befell it, and all the wreckage that the latest European war has made of it, it was a noble dream.

It still is a noble dream. Maybe some day men and women will grow up to the nobility of this dream. Certainly the League should go along in some form, however attenuated, so that the idea may not perish.

Perhaps after this war, when a new generation of Europeans (and maybe Americans) shall have learned the folly and accursedness of war, the League will regain its old appeal to the hearts and imaginations of people. Or it may merge into some improvement on the "Union Now" idea.

Anyway, it's a pleasure to welcome the vestiges of the organization—eight officials and their families—to sanctuary in the United States. Where the League was born once, it may be born again.

CANCER AND COMMON SENSE

WE SUPPOSE Americans do more worrying per capita about cancer than about any other disease.

The thing is so insidious—frequently takes a long time making its presence known; develops from mysterious causes having nothing to do with contagion or violation of any ordinary health rules, so far as is now known; is thought by many to be inescapably hereditary, and by others to be absolutely incurable.

Like the old-time worries, superstitions and misapprehensions about tuberculosis, syphilis and gonorrhea, the worries and superstitions [illegible] popular misconceptions about cancer are gradually being dispelled.

The work is being done mainly by the American Society for the Control of Cancer, Inc., 350 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. The society is nonprofitmaking, is run on voluntary contributions and devotes itself to furnishing authentic cancer information, not individual advice or treatments, free to inquirers. If you have any cause to worry about cancer, we suggest that this is the organization to query. Its service can be relied on up to the hilt.